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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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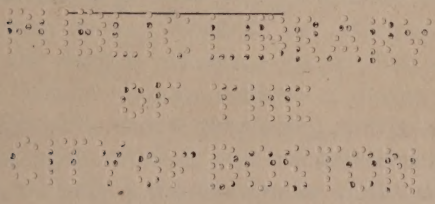

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JANUARY, 1877.

Art. I. — Points in American Politics.

The late political storm struck the ship of state at its weakest point, and as these storms return periodically there seems to be a kind of common consent that some substantial repairing or rebuilding must be done. The experience of mankind and the testimony of writers on civil polity agree that an elective monarchy is, of all governments, the most liable to disquiet, violence, and the peril of disruption. In this category they include elective chief-magistrates of sovereign states, by whatever name they are called, and however limited may be their powers. Our ancestors determined upon a form of government which gave us a single elective head, clothed with as great powers as any monarch not absolute, and they trusted to escape the dangers attending his election, not only by the contrivance of distinct electoral colleges of States, but by the aid of many conservative and counteracting provisions, circumstances, and habits, upon which it was not unreasonable in them to rely. But now, not only is the contrivance of the electoral colleges evaded, but many of those things upon which they relied have disappeared from the body politic, and new practices and new elements of danger have shown themselves which they could not be expected to foresee. No one proposes to abandon or materially change the feature of the single elective head of the administration; but, whether by amendments proposed by Congress or by

the agency of a convention, it seems plain that some changes must be made touching the method of his election. At the same time some provisions must be arranged to secure the proper counting and ascertaining of the vote, which, though in the nature of details, are yet important; but there is one subject which seems to go far deeper, and to touch the wellsprings of our political life, about which little has been said, and this we propose to treat of first.

Election by General Ticket.

Under the power allowed by the Constitution to each State to appoint the electors of President in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, it is familiar history that many of the States at first chose electors by their legislatures, and South Carolina continued that mode of choice until the Rebellion. Gradually the people asserted their preference for the choice of electors directly by themselves. As each State was entitled to as many electors as it had Senators and Representatives in Congress, — that is, two for the State, as such, and one for each member of the House, — they naturally chose one elector for each congressional district, and the two electors at large, either by the legislature or by the vote of the whole people of the State, and at length by the latter method only. This mode of choosing electors, namely, two by the vote of the whole State and one by the vote of each congressional district, was the safest and fairest method ever adopted. But causes came soon into operation which destroyed it. Having the right to determine its method of appointment without interference by Congress, the State legislatures began to require the choice of the whole college of electors on a single ticket voted for by the people of the whole State, instead of by single districts. Before that change, large States were often very nearly equally divided in their vote. In the contest between Mr. Adams and General Jackson, for instance, the district electors of New York were equally divided, while the two electors at large were carried for General Jackson.

This change did not come from any desire of the people themselves, but was rather the contrivance of the political managers and electioneering experts, who saw in it a great increase of their own power and importance. While the electors were chosen by single districts, the vote of an electoral district of New York or

Pennsylvania was not more important than the vote of a district of Rhode Island or New Jersey; and a majority, however large, in any section of a great State was of no more consequence than a like majority in a section of a small State. The vote of a citizen of a large State had no greater direct influence on the result than that of a citizen of a State of average or inferior political numbers. The minority, too, in each State had a chance of representation in the electoral college, the probabilities being that if they were considerable in numbers they would lead in some of the districts. Thus the electoral vote was fairly and equally dispersed over the whole country, and approximated closely to the popular vote in its results.

Great evils and dangers from the general-ticket system began to develop themselves, and have continued to do so, to the present time, with increasing force and malignity. Under the temptation of the great importance of carrying the Presidential election, increased to its utmost by the spoils system, frauds of the most extraordinary character, most complex and most various in their operations, have come into use. Manifold voting by ballot, personation of voters dead or removed, colonization, unlawful naturalizations, the stuffing of ballot-boxes, and, last and simplest of all, false returns by returning officers, have multiplied upon us in such manner as to excite almost as much of ridicule and amusement as of apprehension and disgust. Frauds in voting will be found wherever voters are human beings, but the extent of the frauds will depend upon the temptations offered. If the area of the operation of a great fraud is only a single electoral district, and it can determine only one electoral vote out of some four hundred, there will not be a temptation to invest in it much capital, labor, or risk. But if the area of its operation is an entire State, and it may determine the choice, not of one elector, but of thirty or forty, — one tenth of the entire vote of the Union, — the temptation is increased indefinitely. In our great cities, numbering their millions or half-millions of inhabitants, with universal suffrage and a large, ignorant, transient population, "alike unknowing and unknown," such frauds on a large scale are not difficult. And they have been practised, as every honest citizen must admit. If in a Presidential election great States, like New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, are supposed to run very close, perhaps the majority

to be but a few thousands or even hundreds, the temptation to create the necessary thousands in the worst districts of their great cities, like New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, has been found too strong for such virtue as abides with electioneering managers.

The difference between the results of voting by single districts and by general ticket may be brought home to the apprehensions of all by an illustration. Suppose all the people of the United States voted directly for President; suppose the law to require that the entire vote of each State should be cast by the majority of that State; suppose a large State to cast 505,000 for one candidate, and 495,000 for the other; the candidate having a majority would be credited with the whole 1,000,000 votes in summing up the aggregate vote of the Union. This is practically the result of this method now. Ever so small a majority throws the entire electoral vote of a State.

The unfairness of the present system, the great temptation it offers for frauds, and the great scope it gives to the operation of local frauds or even mistakes, ought to be sufficient to condemn it. But this statement does not exhaust, it does little more than begin to enumerate, the objections.

The present system of swinging the vast vote of a great State with such prodigious power as a unit in the election gives to a great State an undue preponderance over smaller States, such preponderance as almost to crush them. No matter how large may be the majority in a State of the middle rank, though it be almost a unanimity, it can carry but its 8, 10, or 12 votes, while the barest plurality in a great State swings the force of 20, 30, or 40 electoral votes. It was for this reason that we were constantly told that the late Presidential election was to be fought in a circle whose radius was ten miles from the City Hall in New York. This was substantially true. If the majority, however small, obtained for one candidate in that circle was larger than the majority given by the rest of the State of New York for another candidate, it would carry all the thirty-five electoral votes of New York, and so outweigh the largest possible majorities in States whose populations entitle them to a tenth or a twelfth part of the political power of the Union. The effect is also demoralizing upon the smaller States. It is of little import how great may be their majorities, or how

deep their feeling and interest. There is little left to them but to await in suspense the drawing of the lottery in the great State which is to control the result, however small its majority and however large an element in its composition may be fraud or mistake. It is still more demoralizing upon the great States. The knowledge that they wield this vast vote, which may be cast by ever so small a majority, offers the temptation to fraud of which we have spoken; necessarily brings to the front and gives great power and importance to the most dangerous and unscrupulous class of electioneering managers, and tends greatly to put in their power those who should be the best public men of the State. It adds greatly to the power of the spoils system. So great is the pressure for carrying majorities in the great capitals of great States that the party in power in the nation, State, or city is tempted to increase its force of servants and officers, to strain the party rein upon them to the utmost, and in fact to employ them during the whole period of the contest, in electioneering services, which they must render at the peril of losing their places. The substitution of single district voting, diminishing so much the importance of local majorities, will do something toward lessening the hold of the spoils system upon the public, as the abolition of the spoils system would restrain, quiet, and purify the contest itself.

That this statement respecting the operation of the general-ticket system is not overdrawn will appear by a recurrence to a few well-known events. The election for State officers, which Pennsylvania formerly held a few weeks before the Presidential election, was regarded as almost decisive upon the vote of the whole Union. There is very little doubt that the small majority which that State gave in her October election of 1856 for the Democratic candidates practically settled the Presidential election in the following November. The certainty almost established thereby that her twenty-eight electoral votes would be given to Mr. Buchanan had such an effect upon a highly excited and impressible community, upon the fears of one side and the hopes of the other, as well as upon the timid and self-seeking everywhere, that the national election was substantially given up in the other thirty States. In the late Presidential contest, does any one doubt that if the State elections in Ohio and Indiana had gone for one and the same party, whichever it was, the certainty how their thirty-seven electoral votes

would go would have settled the question for the whole nation? The general government cannot prevent States holding their State elections at such times as make them tentative and significant of the Presidential election; and although the two elections, with their expense of money, time, and excitement, are injurious to the citizens of the States, and many States have abandoned them, still other States have held to them against the interest of their citizens, for the sake of the political power which is thus given to their public men and to the managers of their political machinery. Everything must be done for Maine, Indiana, and Ohio, nothing must be refused them, because they vote by general ticket in November, and their September and October elections will settle and proclaim their Presidential vote.

The effect of the general-ticket system is seen in the bearing of the public men, and, still worse, of the electioneering managers from a few great States, in Congress, and especially at about the time of the Presidential nominating conventions. It is due to the public men of great States that they should receive high consideration and wield a large influence, because of the magnitude of the interests and the number of citizens they especially represent. These they will have, whatever may be the form of voting for President. But under the present system they have an undue influence from artificial causes. The Republican or Democratic Senator from a mammoth State walks about with the possible thirty or forty Presidential votes of his State in his pocket, and

> "Doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus."

Nor he alone, but every electioneering manager from a great State, whose function and capacity are solely that of marshaling or creating the hundreds or thousands of votes in his great city or district, which may be decisive of the entire national election, may, without one qualification of a statesman, have a personal prestige, and a power over all questions of policy and patronage, which it is a shame to contemplate and a peril to permit. Nay, further, every inhabitant of a great State who has any local influence, just or unjust, honest or dishonest, which may be thought to affect even a few hundred voters in his immediate locality, becomes by this unjust contrivance a possible arbiter of the fate of the nation.

Few seem to have thought much of the effect of this system on

the public policy of the country. If Congress has before it some question of public policy affecting branches of industry, which ought to be settled upon general principles, the public argument made before the committee of the House will probably be upon principle, but what is the private argument of the interested parties who buttonhole the committee-men and members of the House? "Recollect my State votes by general ticket, and throws a tenth or a fifteenth part of the vote of the country, and does it by very small majorities. Last year my district furnished a bigger majority for our side than we got in the whole State. Now, if you don't care for that majority in the coming Presidential election, very well; but if you do, you had better not touch the thirteenth article of the tariff bill." Now, if that State voted by districts, this man's majority would settle but one electoral vote, and perhaps affect the two electoral votes at large; and his argument would be weighed accordingly. It is the general-ticket system alone which gives this small, worthless personage such disproportionate power, whether over Congress in matters of legislation, or over the President and the executive departments in questions of patronage.

These disproportionate powers and influences, so wielded, are also felt in the national conventions for nominations of Presidents, and in all the contests within the party which precede and follow these conventions, and in all the dealings with patronage and appointments, high or low, prospective or in hand.

Thus it has come to pass that the selection of candidates and election of President, instead of being a power and function spread as equally as possible over the whole country, is reduced to a few great centres, where the political machinery of the few great States is in play. It has been converted from a corporation of generally diffused and pretty equally divided stock, on which each shareholder has a vote, into a lottery where a few great prizes control and absorb the entire scheme.

It is true that the States can return to the system of voting by single districts without the necessity of an amendment to the Constitution, the manner of appointing electors being at their control. But there is no probability that they will do so. The great States are not likely to lead off in it, and the smaller States will hold on to the little power they have, as their protection. No

State likes to begin. It is the case of the proposal of a general disarmament,— "Que messieurs les assassins commencent." Practically, therefore, an amendment to the Constitution is necessary, which will prohibit the election of the whole college by general ticket.

Wisdom upon this subject may be drawn from the case of the election of members of Congress. The Constitution left that subject with the States, in the absence of legislation by Congress. The politicians in some of the States soon saw the power they and their States would gain, in all parts and aspects of political authority, if they could introduce a general-ticket system in the election of members of the House. To be sure, it was something like the gambler's stake, win all or lose all; but it was the magnitude of the stake which gave the importance to those who should be playing the game. New Hampshire, New Jersey, and even as large a State as Georgia chose their entire delegation to Congress by general ticket. The political minority, however large, was unrepresented, and the political influence of the State and of the persons ruling it was increased in importance indefinitely. However unjust the method, competition and self-defence would have caused it to spread rapidly, and we might have seen the scandal of the largest States sending unanimous delegations to Congress, elected by ever so small a majority or plurality in the State at large. But Congress, in 1847, under the power reserved to it by the Constitution, interfered and required that representatives should be elected by single districts. It having no such power to regulate the choice of electors, the only practical remedy is, as we have said, by an amendment of the Constitution.

The Electoral Colleges.

If the Constitution is to be amended, the first question in logical order, though not, as we think, in intrinsic importance, is whether the electoral colleges shall be retained? There are men of eminence who think they should be retained, on the ground that if their action is only formal they are not a serious inconvenience, and that a time may come when the people may be willing to resort to them, in the manner intended originally, as the real selectors as well as electors of the President. But we see not the least probability of this. Their intended function of selectors of the Presi-

dent broke down the first time there was a contested election. In 1800 the Democratic party, through the press and popular meetings, had designated Jefferson as their candidate for President and Burr for Vice-President, and so literally did the electors carry out the will of the party, that every Democratic elector voted for those two candidates, so as to make a tie, as the manner of voting then was. This caused the Amendment of 1804. From that time on, the electors have not pretended to select the President. The respective parties have selected their candidates, and the contest at the polls has been practically between such two candidates, the forms of the Constitution being preserved by the people choosing between two sets of electors, designated by the two parties and pledged to vote for the respective candidates. We may digress a moment to reflect upon the extraordinary nature of this proceeding. Not only is it a most striking illustration of the essential superiority of human instincts and will over prepared constitutions, observing their forms scrupulously, but reversing their spirit and purpose absolutely; but it is a remarkable proof of the manner in which, under certain circumstances, faith is kept with the people. For seventy-six years, that is, for nineteen Presidential elections, no member of an electoral college has failed to vote for the candidate designated by his party, or been subjected to the imputation of being open to any influences in that direction. Yet the party takes from the elector no written pledge, and indeed exacts no oral pledge. From the fact that he is nominated by his party as a Presidential elector, the party having first designated whom it wishes to have made President, he comes under the implied obligation to vote for that candidate, and to disregard the obligation the Constitution intends to put upon him of selecting and voting for a President according to his own judgment. The number of electors who during this period have so kept faith with their parties must have been between three and four thousand.

To return to the line of our argument. The machinery of electoral colleges not only complicates the process of election, but, in our judgment, gives greater scope for fraud than would a direct vote by the people. It is true that the colleges of electors have been composed of eminently respectable men. There is a certain air of dignity which surrounds the post, although its functions have become purely formal. When such is the case, and there is no

power, profit, or patronage involved, we may ordinarily rely upon seeing a row of respectable figure-heads. But suppose the system had worked as intended; suppose these colleges, of limited numbers, meeting in secret session, and protected, as far as could be, from outside inquiry or knowledge, had the actual power of making the original selection and designation of the President, and then to dissolve without having any other function to perform, and with no field for the exercise of those powers and qualities by which fame or popularity is to be gained. How long would such assemblies have remained incorrupt? As the experiment has never been tried, the answer is a matter of opinion. But we cannot repress the fear that in time they would have become the most corrupt and most detested functionaries in the whole line of our government. Far better is the open nomination by popular conventions, with all the objections to which they are subject, and the open election by the people, than would have been, as we believe, the results of the secret collegiate elections, when brought down to such times as these, and subjected to such influences as have beset the politics of this country for many years past.

Direct Popular Vote for President, Counted by Federal Numbers.

Assuming, then, that, if the Constitution is amended, the choice by electors is abandoned, and a direct popular choice substituted, in what form shall it be cast? There have always been suggestions of a direct vote of the whole people of the country, irrespective of States, counted in the aggregate. But we cannot think such a proposition will receive even serious consideration by Congress or by any convention. It is sufficient that it sets aside State rights in the election, and what we are accustomed to call the Federal numbers, provided for the security of those rights. The requisite three fourths of the States are not likely to surrender their privileges and leave everything to the force of mere numbers, counted by the head. Besides this, such a vote would be an ordeal to which we ought not to subject anything in itself so full of dangers as the popular election of a single executive head, — in plain words, the maintenance of an elective limited monarchy.

We have been objecting that, by the general-ticket system in the choice of electors, the area of the operation of a fraud is extended from a district to an entire State, from the choice of one

elector to the choice of thirty or forty. But under the plan of simple direct voting, counted in the aggregate, the area for the operation of every fraud or mistake would be the whole Republic. The result of every such illegal act would go directly into the aggregate vote of the whole country. The temptation to procure or commit any form of illegal act now known or hereafter to be invented will be increased to the highest power known to political algebra, and no redress will be adequate. Without saying that we do not believe that our system would stand the shock, it is enough to say that there is no excuse for subjecting it to such a test. The only course that remains seems to be that of the people voting directly for President, but counting the votes in accordance with Federal numbers, that is, by States and single districts.

To be more explicit, the plan is that each citizen of a State vote directly for the candidate for President whom he prefers. The candidate having the plurality of votes in the whole State will be credited with two electoral votes, and the candidate having the plurality of votes in any district will be credited with one electoral vote for each district which he carries. The result is, that the plurality in each State counts two electoral votes, and the plurality in each district counts one vote. In the last election, for instance, Mr. Tilden would have had two votes from the State of New York at large, and Mr. Hayes would have divided with him the thirty-three Congressional districts, according as one or the other had the plurality of votes in each; while in Ohio, Mr. Hayes would have had the two electoral votes at large, and the votes of the districts would have been divided upon the same principle. In short, this process gives to each State two electoral votes corresponding to its two Senators, and as many district votes as it has members of the House of Representatives, and will require the latter vote to be counted by single districts. This method, hinted at by Story, in his "Commentaries," but receiving little attention, is revived by Senator Morton, in his proposal to amend the Constitution, and we believe that to this part of his proposal no serious objection has been offered. We believe it to be the very best security that can be proposed to the country in the exercise of its right to the periodical choice of its chief magistrate.

Term of Office and Re-eligibility.

We are strongly of opinion that the term should be extended, — not to a great length, not beyond six or seven years. The truth is, the process of king-making is a very exciting process in this Republic. What is popularly called the campaign lasts six months, and, including the preparations for the national conventions for nominating candidates, absorbs public attention one year out of four, and destroys every fourth term of Congress, and that always the long term, for useful legislation. It is not for the interests of the people at large that the air should always be surcharged with electioneering, and that the work of preparing themselves for elections and attending the polls, as well as the inevitable primary meetings and ante-primary meetings and conventions, should take up a large portion of the time of working and business men, whether in professions or in trades, mechanics or laborers, who have families to support and private duties to themselves and others and public duties not political, in abundance, to discharge. The more frequent and complex the elections become, the more the private citizen is disfranchised, and the whole passes into the hands of electioneering experts, the chief of the dangerous classes in this country. A citizen needs a breathing time in which he can think of other things, a period of repose. The choice of a member of Congress every other year, of a Senator through his legislature, on the average about as often, and the choice of some or all State and municipal officers annually or biennially, will be quite enough for him to do, quite enough to keep alive his political faculties and supply him with political information.

It must be expected that all attempts to make elections less frequent and more simple will meet the opposition of electioneering experts and men whose daily life lies in and whose daily bread depends upon what they are pleased to call politics. Such men depend upon frequent elections, as pickpockets depend upon frequent crowds. If the people themselves can once make a successful revolt against the tyranny of these low-toned and low-bred oligarchs, the country may have peace and repose, the vote of a private citizen will have responsibility and power, and the trade of the electioneering brokers and middlemen will suffer a diminution of power and profits.

We cannot but think that the effect of an enlarged term would be

good upon the President himself, but we think that with this term he should not be re-eligible. He will take the office with the knowledge that his term of six or seven years is secured to him, and that he cannot look for a second term. It is hardly possible to conceive of a position more likely to call out the best qualities of a man who has anything noble in his disposition, or who is even capable of growing up to an unwonted elevation of thought and motive. This tenure will relieve the President from that suspicion and distrust which always besets the last year of his first term of office, — that he is manœuvring for his own re-election. The objection made to the prohibition of his re-election is that the country may need him for further service. The country had to do without Washington, after eight years, and is not likely to be more severely tried again. But public opinion soon settled into the belief that it was better for the country, on the whole, to be trained in the knowledge that the term of the President's service, whoever he may be, is limited, and far better for that officer himself.

As the reader will see, we do not purpose to consider the forms or details of amendments, but only to point out the ends intended to be secured by the amendments.

The Ascertaining of the Vote.

It is quite possible that some provision may be made respecting the ascertaining the Presidential vote. The mere counting of acknowledged returns of votes, as an arithmetical process, requires only security against mistake or fraud. For that, surely, publicity, the general knowledge of results through the press, and the presence of the two houses of Congress, must be sufficient. The difficulty arises only where the question of accepting or rejecting votes depends upon some question of public law, or upon the ascertainment of the real vote of the people of the States and districts, when the votes are alleged to have been in fact different from the returns by which the electoral vote is to be counted.

Whatever provision may be made, we trust it will not be one in any way involving the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court stands in high respect. One reason of this, and the principal one, is the popular confidence that it is substantially separated from party politics. Its hold upon the public is purely moral. It is vital to our system that that hold should not be impaired. The

Supreme Court should remain what the Constitution has made it, simply a *court*, that is, a tribunal for the decision of actually litigated cases. Even in the decision of such cases, questions may be involved upon which political parties have divided. That is an accident which cannot be provided against. Even in such cases the strain upon the Court is perceptible through the country, and certainly furnishes a warning against compelling the Court to decide a question, not of legal litigation, but one which directly awards to one or the other of the great political parties of the country the sentence of defeat or success in the most heated of all controversies, a contest for the control of public policy and the possession of public patronage.

If the ascertaining of the vote is not given to the judicial department, it would seem that it must rest with Congress; for it is hardly supposable that any third tribunal can be organized which would be satisfactory. This brings up the great question how far the national government shall go in its investigations. Shall it have the unlimited powers which each house of Congress possesses, in case of contested seats, or shall the first steps taken within the States be settled by the States themselves? To the unlimited powers of inquiry by Congress, the practical objections are very great. Imagine to ourselves committees of Congress investigating the votes of individual citizens and the voting-lists in a dozen or more States of the Union, to decide upon the qualification of individual voters, the charges of local frauds or errors, to contradict the returns of the State officers! Picture to ourselves the majority and minority reports those committees will make, and the debates which will take place upon them in both branches of Congress! If it takes a single branch of Congress six months to determine the right of a single member to his seat, how long will it take both branches to make satisfactory inquiries into the qualifications of all the voters in the Union whose rights may be challenged, into all frauds charged, into all errors or intimidations suggested, and into the proceedings of all State officials which are impeached, and how long to decide between the conflicting reports in which these inquiries will mostly result? When shall we have a President by these methods?

But a more serious question is, What confidence will the public place in the result at last? The inquiries into the right to seats

in Congress are notoriously decided, except in obvious cases, by party vote. If the virtue of Congressmen has not been found sufficient to adjudge the right to a single seat which may not affect the scale of power in the House, what confidence can be placed in their decision which will determine the possession of the national administration for four years? This is no time for complaisance. The people would not trust their decision, — Congress would not trust it themselves. The exercise of these functions would increase the political electioneering power of Congress, demoralize it as a legislative assembly, and make it, more than it has ever yet been, an irresponsible electioneering tribunal from whose decision there can be no appeal. It would also greatly increase the central power, at the expense of State rights, and give new impetus to that centripetal force which is already alarmingly great.

In view of these dangers and objections, would it not be better to leave the earlier steps in the election to be taken upon the responsibility of the States themselves, and decided by their authority? It may be said that the State tribunals may be guilty of fraud, may make mistakes of law and fact, may be influenced by party spirit, and may permit and even encourage violence and intimidation upon the voters. Doubtless all this, or much of this, may be true. But we must remember that our safety consists in the distribution of all those powers among the States which it is not essential to have conferred upon the Republic. We must therefore accept the chances of the faults and failures of the States. And it may well be asked whether faults and failures distributed among forty States, counterbalancing one another, would be so great an evil as the failure of justice at the one central tribunal of last resort. And, speaking of frauds, accidents, and mistakes in the giving and counting of votes or in passing upon returns, shall we escape them by transferring the control and investigations from the State tribunals and people to Congressional committees of inquiry? When this great stake of the Presidency is played for, we must expect frauds and attempts at frauds, occasional sporadic violence and intimidation, and the unavoidable results of a suffrage embracing so much of ignorance and debased moral sense. We do not attempt to define the line of demarcation, but we believe it is possible to establish a distinction sufficiently clear to govern Congress and the States in the exercise of

their respective functions, expecting perfection of neither, but trusting to the results of that distribution of powers and consequent lessening of the dangers of the abuse of powers, upon which our federative system rests.

The questions we have been considering relate to the votes of States assumed to have the right of voting. The far greater and deeper question, whether a State is in condition to exercise this function at all, is necessarily determined by the Republic. But the exclusion of a State should be passed upon by the Republic in its highest function of political legislation, by the combined action of both houses, approved by the President in his legislative capacity, with all the guaranties and solemnities that surround legislation, and not as a mere incident to the counting of votes and as part of that process.

Civil-Service Reform.

Passing from questions of constitutional changes, we will consider the most prominent matters of legislative and executive policy pending before the country. Of these, there is one which goes deeper into the political life of the nation than any other, and affects more seriously the character and destiny of the Republic, — this is Civil-Service Reform. It has been talked about, written about, commended by legislative resolves and executive declarations, and adopted into the platforms of parties and the letters of candidates, but has been played with and evaded and misunderstood to quite an equal extent. By civil service reform is meant the change of the system upon which that service is administered. It means the abolition of the spoils system and its necessary consequences. It means the disengaging of our civil service from the baleful effects of that infamous maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils." Anything less than this is mere playing upon words, mere political trading upon phrases which the vilest demagogues and seekers and dividers of spoils may use without inconsistency. It does not mean the reforming in of one set of office-holders and the reforming out of another. We have had this kind of reform in constant operation since the inauguration of General Jackson, and the more there is of it the deeper become the ruts in which the great machine for the disposing of party plunder moves. It does not mean the putting out of unfit men and the putting in of fit men, at the

discretion of the party in power. That is something which never has been and never can be done, for the standard of fitness has been and always will be that which determines party preferment within the ranks of the party itself. The history of our civil service explains the needed reform. It is a familiar fact that Mr. Jefferson introduced the principle of party tenure, although he applied it to a small extent and in a very moderate degree. When he said that the majority of the people were Democrats, that he found nearly all of the executive offices held by Federalists (meaning the non-political and merely ministerial or clerical offices), that the Democrats ought to have a reasonable share of these offices, and that, as vacancies by death were few, by resignations none, he must remove some Federalists, as such, to make room for some Democrats, as such, he admitted the principle of the spoils system, that is, that the offices whose duties men of one party can discharge as well as men of the other party are personal gifts, to which party fidelity in the electioneering struggle gives a title, and from which the best officer may be ejected on the sole ground of difference in political opinion. The inevitable tendency of this doctrine, if allowed to have its way, was pointed out in the celebrated remonstrance of the citizens of New Haven, written, we believe, by the late Chief Justice Daggett, on the occasion of the removal of the postmaster of that place. Mr. Jefferson, without disclaiming the principle upon which the removal rested, offered assurances of his intention to exercise the power with all the fairness and justice of which it admitted. But it was something entirely beyond personal control. When once received into the system, it necessarily spread through it, became chronic, grew worse with time, and requires the most thorough treatment, with no less a purpose than its extirpation from the political system.

Until General Jackson's administration, there was no such change of parties as called for the exercise of this plan of proscription and reward; and his predecessor, Mr. Adams, who was thoroughly opposed to the spoils system, made but two removals during his four years, and both for cause, allowing opponents to his re-election to retain their offices without inquiry into their political opinions. General Jackson, with the thoroughgoing and imperious qualities of his nature, carried out to the full the system of proscription and reward, based solely upon party services. The inevitable results in

demoralizing the public service were pointed out, especially by the late Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court; but, having tasted of the spoil, the ravenous capacity of office-seekers and the selfish strategy of party leaders were developed to the utmost. The Whig party, in its victory of 1840, had not the virtue — perhaps it had not the strength — to take the noble position open to it, of renouncing the spoils system altogether at the moment it came into their hands. It made no attempt in that direction. The policy, having been thus followed by both parties, has become settled upon the country. Its evils have become developed even beyond the prediction of its most far-seeing opponents. Omitting those few high offices which it is conceded should be held by the tenure of general sympathy with the administration, and intending by the civil service that vast catalogue of offices with which party opinions have no proper connection, it may be now said that the tenure of the civil service is party fidelity. This were bad enough. But it is more. It is personal fidelity in the political and electioneering service of the member of Congress who procured the tenant his office, and has or may have the power to remove him. This secret power affects the families and friends of office-holders, and the underlings, the very boys that sweep out the office. The opinions of their parents are searched into, and notice is given if action, or at least silence, is required of them. The distribution of this vast patronage is well understood to be, with a few exceptions where the President or the head of the department has a strong wish, in the hands of the member of Congress of the dominant party for the district in which the office is exercised. Senators, by a perversion of their power of confirmation, exercise a vast control over all patronage, the exact lines of which, as between themselves, the heads of departments, and the members of the lower house, are imperfectly defined. The limits of senatorial intervention cannot be laid down. A common law or usage respecting the division of spoils has obtained some growth, and is to some degree respected between the members of the two houses, as to the offices within each State. It is enough to say, in general, that each office-holder through the country understands that he holds his office upon the terms, mainly and substantially, not only of party fidelity, but of active service at caucuses, conventions, and in his daily conversation and business, to promote the personal interests and aspirations of some politician

in one or the other branch of Congress. It has become a base and servile tenure, unworthy of the citizen of a free republic. It tends to lower the tone of all the holders of office and of all citizens who are the spectators of such a relation. The effect upon the members of Congress is quite as bad. It nurses a love of power over individuals. It accustoms them to look to the selfishness of men, their fears and their cupidity, as the sources of their own influence and the means of their advancement. It occupies a large portion of their time, to the exclusion of their proper public service. It leads them to believe that their re-election or promotion depends more upon the manner in which they have managed their patronage than upon the part they have taken and the labors they have performed in the service of the nation. Mr. Mundella, the radical member of Parliament for Sheffield, a strong friend of our institutions, told us, at the Cooper Institute, on taking leave of the country, that he thought its great danger lay in the corrupting effect of our civil service. It had surprised, shocked, and alarmed him. He said that, having perhaps the largest constituency in England, he had not a voice in the appointment of a tide-waiter, that in Parliament he had only to attend to the legislative and administrative duties of a member, and that his re-election depended upon the manner in which his constituents regarded his public service.

It may be said that, assuming our statements to be substantially true, they are generally accepted, and that nothing is of any value except the suggestion of some specific plan of reform. We do not believe this to be the case. The difficulty lies in the unwillingness to give up the spoils system. It is expecting a good deal of the virtue of members of Congress that they should be willing to surrender this patronage. They must be forced to it by an overruling public opinion. The great mass of men who have spent a lifetime in learning to run the political machine by the spoils system must lose the fruits of their labors, and retire to private life, and begin the unaccustomed business of earning a living by legitimate work of their own. The multitude of office-seekers through the country have always looked to this system, and will with difficulty accommodate themselves to any other. Public opinion must be created intelligent enough to know exactly where the evil lies, what it is that must be changed, and what result is to be looked for, with a moral sense sufficiently awakened to feel the moral dangers as well as the ignominy of our present situation.

If our civil service were divorced from electioneering, how great and beneficent would be the effect upon every election! Let any one ask himself, as to our Presidential elections, what portion of the excitement, expenditure of time and money, and useless and costly demonstrations, is to be attributed to the struggle for the retention of office, and for obtaining office in the civil service. What portion of the corruption and of those various demoralizing labors, known by the names of pipe-laying and log-rolling, capturing and managing of caucuses and conventions, is attributable to this system of rewards and punishments? How largely has it controlled our State and municipal elections, for no reasons affecting State or municipal policy, but only for the purpose of controlling their patronage? If this divorce can be secured, our elections will turn far more upon the pros and cons of public measures and upon the merits of candidates. The potentates of the custom-house and the post-office must dismiss their pretorian guards and corps of janissaries, paid from the public Treasury for personal services, and make room for men employed and paid, upon business principles, for the performance of the duties of their office, and none other.

If the people of the country come to a full knowledge and deep sense of the demoralizing effect of the spoils system, they will demand its abandonment and the substitution of a system by which the business of the Republic shall be intrusted to men whose tenure of office, however long or short, shall be an independent one; who need fear nothing but official misconduct or disability; who need no longer watch the smiles and tremble at the frowns of the member from the district or his electioneering agents; who need not fear the reproach of being any man's political body-servant; who may stand erect in the consciousness that they have been appointed, upon their merits, to perform certain specific public services, for a known compensation, for an established term of time, with the right to think and vote on public questions as their intelligence and conscience shall dictate.

We do not think that public opinion has acquired the force to insist upon this reform, against interests and habits so firmly established, and against the influence of the masses of our most selfish, skilful, power-loving and active politicians. We think the best service we can render, in an article like this, is rather to attempt to aid in advancing such a public opinion than by

suggesting modes and methods of carrying out such a reform, before the need of it shall have become sufficiently felt and the demand for it sufficiently strong.

Seats of Cabinet Ministers in the two Houses.

Few of those who have interested themselves in this subject seem to be aware what a revolution will be made in our entire political system by the adoption of this change. They point to England, as if members of the Cabinet there had officially seats in Parliament. But this is not so. No Cabinet minister has a seat in Parliament as such, and a member of Parliament vacates his seat by accepting a place in the Cabinet. But he may be re-elected, notwithstanding his seat in the Cabinet. The truth is, that in England the Cabinets are formed from members of Parliament. The Ministry is a kind of standing committee of the two houses, to carry on the government under their sight, subject to their daily observation, obliged to report and to explain to them in person, *viva voce*, all the measures of legislation and administration in which they are engaged. And whenever this committee of the two houses cannot command their support, it is unmade, and a new committee of members substituted. We state this in a rough way, as the substantial result of the condition of things in England, aware that the formalities and ceremonies give it to a common observer a somewhat different appearance. But no analogy can be drawn from the British Parliament to our Congress. Parliament governs the British Empire in administration as well as legislation, subject to no constitution and no objection to its acts by any judicial tribunal, and does all this through a Ministry which has become in fact its committee,—Parliament being all the while supreme in legislation and administration. What analogy can be drawn from that system to our own, composed of three independent departments of government, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial? If we have made a mistake in separating the legislative from the executive, and in giving the executive a tenure independent of the legislative,—in other words, in reversing the British system,—we can correct it only by a reconstruction of our whole frame of government from the beginning. It is easy to see the advantages of having ministers in the two houses to explain and defend the measures of the government, but are we

prepared for the consequences? Are we willing that these ministers appointed by the President shall frame and initiate measures in Congress? Do we intend that they shall resign if they are outvoted, and that the President shall appoint a new Cabinet in harmony with the majority of Congress? If we do, what becomes of the Presidential prerogative? Will not the person chosen by the people to administer an independent executive department, with a veto power over acts of Congress, become a mere name and form; the Cabinet leader in Congress becoming the principal figure before the people; the President following his advice, as does the Queen that of her minister; and Congress, by its control over the Ministry, becoming supreme in administration as well as legislation? It may do for England to trust herself entirely to Parliament. She has done so up to this time without apprehension, or perhaps reason for any, because in that supreme council is gathered and continued for life (practically in the Commons as well as in the Lords) all that England has of political experience, public distinction, popular favor, and stake in the community, of rank, wealth, landed estate, and leading positions in trade, agriculture, and manufactures. There, too, are her eminent judges and lawyers, and all the foremost of her naval and military commanders. It is an assembly the composition of which has never been approached or likened in the world's history. The British system is absolute parliamentary government, and England must needs have in that assembly every element of wisdom the Empire can furnish, experience in all departments of public service, and the greatest stake in all the forms of wealth and industry in the country, and a membership which shall be the highest object of pride to the British subject. The fate of England depends upon the character and composition of her Parliament. We, on the other hand, have not, and have determined that we will not have, and without a radical revolution, including the destruction of the States, can never have, such an assembly. As a democratic Republic, we have trusted to the distribution of powers between the States and the Republic, and between the different departments of the government in each, and not to the concentration in one assembly of all the conservatism, political intelligence and experience, fame, éclat, and stake in the wealth and industry of the land. Indeed, it is a contradiction of terms to suppose an assembly in

this Republic fit to be intrusted with parliamentary government, and at the same time to maintain the separation of the legislative from the executive department, and to preserve to the States their full powers and dignities. Where are the distinguished men, the great judges and lawyers, the great captains on sea or on land, the great merchants, manufacturers, agriculturists, the philosophers and men of letters, — the men who most fill the public eye? Some of them are occasionally in the Senate, others in the executive service at home or abroad, and large numbers are in the public service of the several States. This is as it should be under our system, which is one of dispersion, rotation, and distribution. We exclude a large part of our most eminent citizens, and we prohibit all officials, State or national, from seats in Congress. The members of the lower house are practically, though not by law, limited to representing the districts in which they live, consequently the lower house is an assembly of little else than ephemeral, district men, mostly of district reputations. No American who has thought at all deeply upon his country's institutions would dare to confide to such a body greater powers than it now possesses.

It will be said that no such serious change is intended. Doubtless not. Yet we cannot but think that either the proposed measure will entirely fail, or Congress will gain through it a great accession of power, the Presidential office be shorn of its strength, the independence of the executive bureaucracy be seriously impaired, and its great function lost.

Resumption of Specie Payments.

This subject has been so fully discussed heretofore in this Review, and so presented to the public by the press and pamphlets, and by speeches in Congress and before the people, that a repetition of the arguments would be inexcusable. It is not a want of understanding of the subject, so much as it is a reluctance to perform a hard duty, that stands and has always stood in the way. Soon after the close of the war, certain prominent politicians, distrusting the people, as demagogues always do, at the most vital point, that is, their moral sense and intelligence, thought they could ride into power on the wave of public opinion by advocating the payment of the national debt in paper promises to pay. They relied upon the maxim which one of their leaders quoted with approval: "The

public conscience is never awakened by crimes from which the public itself expects to reap some advantage." The public was more honest and intelligent than they supposed, and the national credit was saved. The next attempt of the same class of men was to defraud the national creditors by laying what they called a tax, of ten per cent, upon the interest to be paid on our bonds. This form of repudiation was also rejected by the people. Substantially the same class of politicians have been found opposing the return to specie payments. With some, this is sustained by the theory that the government's promises need not be based upon specie at all; that they may rest entirely upon the vague notion that they command the whole wealth of the country. Doubtless some men of a theorizing turn of mind, not drilled in practical life, may actually believe in this proposition. But with the practical electioneering politicians we believe it to have been put forward, *quantum valeat*, to cover the practical measure of delaying payment. The objection to specie payment is put forward now almost entirely in behalf of what is commonly called the debtor class, that is, those persons who, having contracted a debt at a lower rate in the value of paper, fear that they must pay it at a higher rate. The injustice and fallacy of this proposition have been repeatedly exposed. Ever since the Legal Tender Act had its natural effect, private promises to pay in the future (except in special contracts to pay bullion as merchandise) have had a speculative value. Both parties to the contract knew that at the time of payment the paper in which it would be made might be worth a great deal more or a great deal less than when the contract was made. Each side took its risk of profit or loss coming from that consideration. All persons engaged in business have known that the market value of the government paper, though with occasional and slight fluctuations, has been steadily rising toward the value of the specie which it nominally represents. It has been matter of speculative opinion among business men whether and how soon it would of itself rise to the value of gold. An act of Congress fixed the time for the resumption of specie payments at January 1, 1879, giving five years' notice to all the world. Under such circumstances there is no reason in the cry that a resumption of payments in specie in 1879 will work injustice upon those who have debts to pay. All these things enter into the motives and considerations of buyer and seller, lender and borrower.

Besides, it must be remembered that the Act for resumption of specie payments is not the measure of a party, but the deed of the country. Our system is government by majorities. The President and the Congress, when elected and instituted into office and in the performance of its public functions, are the agents of the Republic. Whatever they do, within the scope of their authority, partaking of the nature of a promise or an offer on which people have a right to rely, binds the whole country, and must be performed as treaties are performed, irrespective of changes of majority, or, if necessarily abrogated, must be abrogated upon terms consistent with equity and the honor of the country. The public has learned that there is not only a sufficiency but a surplus of government paper in circulation for the business needs of the country, that the issuing of more paper would be folly; and even the most ignorant have come to understand that government paper is not a gift to be equally distributed among communities, but a value which will go only where it is paid for; and there is very little doubt remaining that it is the conviction of the business men of the country that it is fully in our power to secure a return to specie payments by the time designated without any extraordinary strain upon the country, or any other loss to one class of dealers or gain to another than each has taken the risk of and has been bound to prepare for.

Relations of the Republic with the late Rebel States.

Nothing is weaker in statesmanship than indulgence in wishes and afterthoughts. The nation has completed its work of reconstruction, and that has become a part of the settled public law of the country. It has been based upon the equal rights of all, with the gift of the unlimited right of suffrage to the whole body of emancipated slaves, in all their ignorance, weakness, credulity, and brutishness. And we have restored to the exercise of their civil and political franchises the men who but a few years ago were belligerent and bitter enemies of the Republic, the masters of those slaves whom they were determined to hold in subjection, and the advocates and propagators of a slave system, to which they pledged their lives and fortunes, and for which they stood up bravely against the sword, famine, and penury. We early readmitted these States, with such populations and under such influences, to the full exercise of their functions as States internally, and in the administration

of the Republic. If the emancipated slaves did not enter upon the discharge of their political duties mainly ignorant, timid, credulous, and brutish, then slavery was not what we have always believed and represented it to be. If the late masters did not cherish a great deal of resentment against the flag and arms of the Republic, which overthrew their cherished system and brought them down from their proud position as a master race, ruling over four millions of slaves, and holding the substantial political control over the entire Republic; if they have not the desire to regain, in such form as they may, something of their old prestige, then we have been equally mistaken as to the effect of slavery upon the masters. If the result of two hundred years of slaveholding has been the transforming of millions of pagan African negroes into persons capable of at once entering upon the duties of citizens of a republic, capable of administering its complex affairs with skill, patience, and intelligence, or of selecting their own rulers and representatives with judgment, insight, and forecast, we ought frankly to acknowledge that our opposition to slavery was a mistake, and that we should have encouraged instead of restricting its propagation and progress. Believing that we were not mistaken in any of those positions, and having established reconstruction upon those principles, as to which perhaps the genius of our institutions left us no choice, we were bound to contemplate and be prepared for the consequences. The truth is, the antipathies and collisions between the races, and the resentment of the master class against the Republic, have been less than we might well have anticipated. It is true that the ignorance and credulity of the blacks have made them the dupes of the worst of white adventurers from the North, and the two together have brought many of the States into bankruptcy and disgrace. It is not for us to complain, or affect surprise, if the sudden possession of so much power and influence by the late slaves, their sudden transfer from unpaid labor and the crack of the driver's whip to seats in senates and at the receipts of customs, has quite turned the heads and overturned the principles of the best of them. If the large portion of the "mean whites," headed by the worst of the late slavemasters, have taken again to the handling of the knives and guns, in the free use of which they were brought up, and which were necessary to the control of their slaves in the last resort, and use them now to secure their

own political supremacy, it is childish in us to complain, and act as if we were taken by surprise. If a dominant race of educated whites finds it difficult to bear the experience of being outvoted by their late slaves, and of having their small remaining properties mortgaged for public debts contracted by ignorance and fraud, and impatiently takes to unlawful methods of redress, it is no more than should have been foreseen by that common knowledge of human nature which every man, holding himself out as a statesman, is bound to possess. Further, while it is true that the late master race did at the beginning, in their pride and folly, refuse that share of public duties which the reconstruction allowed them, it was no unnatural effect of such a state of affairs upon such tempers as must result from generations of slaveholding. Bound to have foreseen all this, we have embarked upon this plan of reconstruction, and we must carry out the experiment in accordance with the system of the Republic, which is the planetary system, or our system and institutions will disappear together. The States must act with the full powers of States, and the Republic must abide the consequences, unless their action reaches to the point of what is actually and *bona fide* civil war, or insurrection which cannot be repressed by the authorities of the State. There has been no ground given for fear that any part of the South will rise in insurrection against the Republic. The cases of violence presented, frightful enough, have yet been sporadic, local, and relating to State affairs. Extreme care should be used in applying the military power of the Republic in such cases as these. It is better that the States should learn by sad experience, it is better that we all should suffer, than that the balance should be impaired or destroyed in which the elements of our confederate Republic are held together.

There seem to us to be dangers from two sources so long as this antipathy of races and the struggle between them for political power shall have enough of strength remaining to make it an instrument in the party politics of the Republic. As the history of the political parties has been, it is natural that the manœuvring leaders of one side should turn to the blacks, and the other to the whites, with faces full of sympathy and hands full of ballots. It is natural that each side should exaggerate the patience and forbearance of their supporters and the incapacity and evil deeds of

their opponents. In this state of things it is hard to get trustworthy information. The main practical question is, when the military power of the Republic shall be invoked, and how far it shall be used. If the State governments come to understand that they can have the Federal troops as a police whenever they are in trouble, if they but cast their request in the form required by the Constitution, they will lose the habit and capacity of exercising State government at all. The spectacle of the bayonets of a different dynasty in the legislative halls, judicial chambers, and voting-rooms of a State, though that dynasty be our own and of which we are citizens, officers, and subjects, is not and should never become an agreeable or a tolerable spectacle. We have seen those bayonets used in Kanzas to force a slave constitution upon an antislavery people, and in Boston to draw chains around the State court-house and enforce the surrender of a fugitive slave, for which the marshal was abundantly able to provide, while the police of the city and the militia of the State were abundantly able to preserve peace; but we had hoped that such things were the natural results of the rule of the slave power and would pass away with it. In England no part of the regular army is permitted to remain within a certain distance of the voting-places, or to stand guard over deliberative assemblies; and when the Chartists were to march, as they proclaimed, by tens of thousands to the House of Commons to present their revolutionary petition, the Duke of Wellington, in whose hands the preservation of the public peace was placed, while he lined the streets with a special police of the best citizens, organized for the purpose, did not permit a soldier of the regular army to be seen, although they were so stationed that they could be brought in at the last, if the procession had ended in a mob, and all civil methods of repression had failed. This was a tribute to the liberty-loving instincts of the masses of the English people. Our people should never deaden these instincts, and to that end our rulers should respect them to the utmost. If a case arises where the despatch of Federal troops to a State of the Union to take any part whatever in its internal affairs is necessary, it is the duty of the civil authority, which always commands them in chief, to see that their instructions are such that they cannot err. It must be remembered that the officers of our army are gentlemen whose education, from the time they enter West Point, has

been exclusively and technically military. They are not trained in the atmosphere nor used to the habits which generate or follow civil ideas, and in the army are not permitted to hold civil or political office, while the instances of civilians of mature age entering the army are very rare. Indeed, our officers, as a class, are more purely military in their ideas and habits than are those of most of the armies of Europe, certainly more so than those of England, where men pass with ease and frequency to and fro between civil and military life and employments.

It should be the rule that the ring of sabres and the flash of bayonets should not be seen or heard in halls consecrated to civil legislation or to the voting by a free people. The army should only be called in to preserve the peace and suppress insurrection when the civil authorities fail. If, to preserve peace, it is necessary for troops to take possession of court-houses or legislative halls or voting-booths, they must understand that it is no part of their duty to discriminate between the rights of one and another class of claimants to seats in the legislature and upon the bench, or to the right of casting votes. Disputed claims to seats or votes are entirely civil matters, and must be passed upon by civil authorities only; and it is essential that claimants shall be admitted to be personally present in the assembly to which they claim membership. The soldier's first idea is to obey orders, and he looks to some one to give them. Relying on this, the first to gain possession of the seat of authority order out their opponents, and the soldier blindly executes the order. We do not mean to speak of any particular cases past, but of the natural and necessary results of military interference, if it is not most strictly preserved and guarded. The uneasiness of thinking men, not blinded by partisanship, arises from the fear that the military may be needlessly called for and used beyond their just functions.

But there is one conviction we hope will be always foremost in the minds and hearts of the American people. It is that we owe our first duty to the subject race which we have emancipated. The promise of this nation that they shall have freedom and civil and political equality is the most sacred promise we ever made. It is the most sublime and touching act in our history. Nothing can so much disgrace us as to violate it, or palter with it in a double sense. There is danger that this may be done. They are the

weaker race in every respect. The whites do not need protection against them, while the blacks do need the vigilance and power of men wiser and stronger than themselves, to protect their rights. The line of conduct is difficult to trace, in advance and in the abstract, and still more so, to be followed out in actual operation. The Republic must keep faith with the negro. For this, force — civil certainly, military possibly — must be used. The Republic must also respect the right of the States to manage their internal affairs, and to furnish their own police and militia for the preservation of order. It ought also to allow the white men of the South, who still furnish far the greater part of its education, its influence in the commonwealth, and its political capacity, to attempt to regain their control of affairs, irrespective of their having been once rebels; but they must understand that no part of the pecuniary consequences of their rebellion is to be shifted to the shoulders of the Republic. Violations of the Constitution or laws of Congress are individual acts, to be prevented or punished by civil methods, not to be mixed up with party politics, and to be regarded irrespective of race or former condition of master or slave, loyalty or disloyalty. All these considerations make the duty of those in office difficult of determination and execution; still the duty is one which can be performed, and there are some things which will make its performance easier. It is something towards peace to satisfy both classes at the South that the government of the United States is not a machine, run mostly in the interests of office-holders, and of such office-holders as we cannot always call on them to respect. In this view the Civil-Service Reform will be a great peacemaker. It will be still further in the service of peace if each class is made to understand that it is not regarded as purchasable material, — purchasable, we mean, not grossly, by money, but by political promises. It is obvious from this line of remark that we consider a great deal to depend upon the personal character and political purposes of the President, his counsellors, and the party leaders in Congress. If their will is in the right direction, there will be a way found, though it may be narrow and hard; if their will is not in consonance with these principles, they will doubtless find the broad road open, and tempting before them.

RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

Art. II. — Daniel Deronda.*

It is a common remark that, since the publication of "Adam Bede," the appearance of a new work by George Eliot is welcomed, not as an ordinary literary incident, but as an important literary event. Accordingly "Daniel Deronda" has been, during the past season, the one book which has attracted all classes of readers, which has been the subject of general comment, and which has elicited criticisms as diverse as the different points of view from which it has been surveyed. During the serial publication of the novel there was manifested as little disposition to deny the reality as the originality of the leading character; for he took a strong hold on the sympathies of readers: questions as to what he would do next, and whether he would marry Mirah or Gwendolen, were warmly, sometimes fiercely, debated; and to judge from the tone of the disputants, he appeared to be a much more real personage to them than Mr. Tilden or Mr. Hayes. The notion of assailing him as a reflecting puppet, a sort of personified meditativeness, has sprung up since the almost universal disappointment at the unanticipated conclusion of the story, — a conclusion which many readers have resented as though it were a personal grievance or affront. It would, however, seem that no embodied abstraction could have thus become the object of such intense personal interest; and the vexation at the *dénouement* is the strongest of all proofs that the character has the reality which marks all great imaginative creations.

In classifying works of fiction, the general rule is to discriminate between novels of incident and novels of character; between novels in which the main interest is in what the persons *do*, and novels in which the main interest is in what the persons *are*. "Daniel Deronda" is a novel both of incident and character; and, in addition, it exhibits a wealth of subtle, deep, and comprehensive thought altogether unexampled among the novels of the time. One feels in reading, rereading, and studying the book that, in

* *Daniel Deronda.* By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

respect to mere largeness of intellect, it is unmatched among the works of the most distinguished novelists of the century. Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray may excel George Eliot in their special departments of fiction; but if we apply the intellectual test, and ask which of the four has mastered most thoroughly the knowledge and advanced thought of the age, the judgment of all cultivated persons would be given unreservedly in favor of the author of "Daniel Deronda." In sobriety, breadth, and massiveness of understanding, in familiar acquaintance with the latest demonstrated truths of physical, historical, economic, and intellectual science, and in the capacity to use these truths as materials for a philosophy of nature and human nature, this woman is the acknowledged peer of such men as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. Leaving out of view the peculiar powers which make the great novelist, and fastening our attention on the understanding alone, it is obvious that George Eliot might hold, in one corner of her broad brain, all that portion of Scott's intellect which dealt with the philosophy of history as distinguished from its picturesqueness; in another corner, all that part of the intellect of Dickens which, in dealing with political economy, was prone to substitute benevolent sentiments for inexorable laws; and in still another corner, all that portion of the intellect of Thackeray which penetrated beneath the social shams he pitilessly satirized to the principles which make society possible. It is difficult to conceive of either of these eminent masters of characterization as adequately treating any subject requiring great powers of analysis and generalization; but a thoroughly reasoned treatise on ethics, politics, social science, or the philosophy of history from the pen of George Eliot would excite no surprise at all, as her intellect is plainly competent to such a task. This general largeness of mind, this tranquil grasp of the outlying problems of human life and human destiny, distinguishes her from all the other novelists of the age; for she not only looks at things and into things, but she looks through things to the laws of life they illustrate and by which they are governed. She dispels that pleasant illusion, fondled by most writers of fiction, that the individual is dominant in human affairs, and gets what he desires if he has the energy to struggle for it. The pitiless laws of existence, which are independent of human wish or will, and which crush all who oppose their action, she

perceives with a sad certainty of insight. To the egotist and sentimentalist, raging or moaning at the constitution of things, Nature seems cruel and Providence seems cruel; but she, looking at individuals in relation to the mighty external forces they obey or resist, sees that unselfishness is the condition both of usefulness and happiness, and that Providence has no pets.

But George Eliot has wide-ranging sympathies as well as large discourse of reason, delicious humor as well as affluent thought, a shaping and realizing power of imagination as well as manifold resources of observation and experience. Indeed, all her faculties and qualities are but the varying expression of one large, noble, and opulent nature. In depicting human life her power of characterization stoops to the humblest and rises to the loftiest types of human character. It ranges from Mrs. Poyser to Dorothea Brooke; from the frivolous Hetty to the superb Gwendolen; from the mentally imprisoned rustic worthies who gather at the alehouse in Ravenloe to the crowd of emancipated mechanics who fearlessly debate all questions in their London tavern club; from representatives of religious prudence, provident even in their hesitating trust in Providence, all the way up to such embodiments of the fervors and exaltations of religious genius as Dinah in "Adam Bede," and the Rev. Mr. Lyon in "Felix Holt," and Mordecai in "Daniel Deronda." Indeed, if George Eliot be not what is technically styled "a believer," she is incomparably skilful in exhibiting the interior moods of all classes of believers. The phenomena of the spiritual world, as reported in the experience of saints and martyrs, she has studied with more intentness than the phenomena of the material world; and her great powers are never more conspicuous than when, concentrating the full force of her sympathetic imagination, she records with soul-awakening eloquence the ecstasies and the agonies of lofty spirits, touched, either in approval or reproof, by the spirit of God.

In presenting this wide variety of character, George Eliot employs two methods of characterization, each of which is good of its kind. In the majority of her humble personages, whose minds are necessarily restricted to a few ideas and experiences, the characters are represented as fixed, and the object is to make every act and word logically true to their strongly conceived individualities. Many critics consider these characters as her best, and loudly be-

wail her departure from that region of stagnant village life where she won her first laurels. But she also has the higher art of exhibiting character, not as grown, but as growing, and of indicating the most refined changes produced by external circumstances in the vital processes of its development. By the first method we are made acquainted with persons whose limitations have been reached, and of whom we can only say that they *have* lived; by the second, we become expectant witnesses of the acts of persons whose limitations are yet undetermined, and of whom we can only say that they are intensely *living*. We know what the mother of Felix Holt is from the beginning; we cannot tell what Gwendolen will be until the end. Still, whether George Eliot portrays character as grown or as growing, she ever appears on the scene as a looker-on, pouring forth a stream of remarks, wittily wise or tenderly wise, and all tending to the moral that individual life is subject to the laws of life, and that ignorance, caprice, self-will, and revolt will have a hard time of it whenever they come into impotent conflict with the constitution of things. As an apparently disinterested observer of her own creations and of the progress of her own devised story, she impresses the cultivated reader with a never-ceasing wonder at the singular closeness, applicability, compactness, and fertility of her thinking, whenever an occasion is offered or is seized to insinuate it into the substance of the narrative. This tendency of her mind has reached its height in "Daniel Deronda," which so overflows with thoughts that an ordinary novel-reader, dazzled by the blaze which is intended to enlighten him, is tempted to complain that he is impeded rather than assisted by the subtle meditation which is brought in to reinforce clear representation. A reference to the greatest creator and delineator of human character that the world has ever seen is always in point. Shakespeare is open to the objection that, considered strictly from the point of view of the dramatist, he laid upon his characters a heavy burden of superfluous thought, which retarded the action of the play, and at the same time added nothing to our knowledge of the *dramatis personæ*. Whatever violation of the rules of dramatic art Shakespeare may have committed, and however superfluous much of his thinking may appear to dramatic critics, the great body of his readers could ill spare the undramatic thinking he so profusely poured into his dramas; but if we could imagine Shakespeare as a

writer of novels after the modern pattern, it is easy to conjecture that he would have retrenched some of the maxims of general wisdom which he put into the mouths of his characters to be spoken from the stage, and used them in commenting on his personages and on the incidents in which they appeared. He also might have been his own critic. George Eliot is no Shakespeare; but her simple presentation of Daniel Deronda as a character who, like Hamlet, speaks and acts for himself without any side explanations from the author of his being, might give rise to much of the same kind of criticism which has been profusely expended on Hamlet. There are almost as many Hamlets as there are professors who endeavor, each on his own hypothesis, to reconcile the contradictions of Hamlet's character. But suppose that Shakespeare had himself annotated Hamlet as George Eliot has annotated Daniel Deronda.

Passing from this general consideration of George Eliot's genius to the work immediately under review, the first thing that strikes a careful reader is a certain clumsiness in its construction. Many of the misconceptions regarding the purpose of the book are due to the fact that, in the two introductory chapters, Gwendolen is at once introduced to us as glorying in her pride of beauty, and in her power of domination, — a mood of mind which even the news of the financial ruin of her family does not materially alter. Then follow eighteen explanatory chapters, giving the previous history of Gwendolen and Deronda, up to the time they accidentally met at Leubronn, and the necklace which she had pawned was restored to her by this intruding stranger. A vital point in the story — the fact that Deronda had rescued Mirah from suicide, had placed her with the Meyricks, had heard her pathetic narrative, and had been strangely impressed by such an entirely novel example of guileless maidenhood, before he saw Gwendolen at the gaming-table — is a fact generally overlooked by readers, owing to the method which the author has adopted of beginning her novel, as it were, in the middle. George Eliot is understood to be a writer who never reads any reviews of her books, and undertakes the task of being her own critic. We think that, on the whole, she is her best critic. In the explanatory headings of many of her chapters, intended to give the clew to her meaning, she imitates very happily the quaint, stately, and picturesque diction of English prose-writers, two centuries or two cen-

turies and a half old, reproducing the style of Hooker or Burton or Sir Thomas Browne as felicitously as Scott reproduced the style of the Elizabethan dramatists in his frequent quotations from an imaginary "Old Play." But the starched sentences placed at the head of the first chapter of "Daniel Deronda," the object of which is to explain why she does not begin at the natural beginning of the story, are pedantic and heavy, giving no adequate idea of her usual skill in this kind of imitation. She certainly had at hand, in Spenser's letter to Raleigh, expounding the design of the "Faery Queene," a sentence pat to her purpose. A historiographer, says Spenser, "discourseth of affairs orderly, as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions: but *a poet thrusteth into the middest*, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to things forepast, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all." In addition to the ingenious and elaborate obscurity of the heading of the first chapter, the first sentence in the chapter itself contained a word which seemed to most novel-readers portentously scientific, and which has enabled gentle dulness to indulge in many a feeble joke. "What," the author asks in reference to Gwendolen, — "what was the secret of form or expression which gave the *dynamic* quality to her glance?" If the mild scoffers at this terrible word will intermit their innocently malicious giggling for a few minutes, and turn to their dictionaries for the information they so evidently need, they will not only ascertain the meaning of dynamic, but understand why the term is specially applicable to the genius of the author who sees fit to use it.

Casting aside such obvious objections to "Daniel Deronda," and coming directly to the question whether the novel indicates a decline in George Eliot's power of creating character, and of vividly imagining scenes and incidents in which character finds adequate expression, we are inclined to think that it shows a palpable advance on her previous works. Of course it is hopeless to argue against those who consider her genius limited to the representation of the rustic English life pictured in "Silas Marner," or the provincial town life so delightfully portrayed in "Middlemarch." Such persons are so confirmed in their just admiration of these that they resent her abandoning the secure field, which she has made her own, for the new regions which she seems ambitious

to occupy. They are not affected by the argument that the author may naturally be reluctant to go on repeating herself. Indeed, they have something of the feeling of the boy who, having taken an extravagant liking for one juvenile story, insisted that his uncles, aunts, and cousins, if they desired to make him a present of a book, should select that particular tale, because, he said, he *knew* that to be good, and was uncertain as to the interest of any others. But the hopeful sign in "Daniel Deronda" is, that the range of George Eliot's genius has not yet reached its term, that her vigorous faculties show no symptoms of decay in their present exercise on new phases of human life and human character, that the power which delighted us in her previous novels is independent of circumstance and locality, and that she will hereafter produce works as different from "Daniel Deronda" as "Daniel Deronda" is from "Adam Bede."

The special admirers of George Eliot, those who think her genius is confined to the reproduction in vivid forms of the rustic life of that portion of England in which she happened to pass her youth, must admit that in the present work she has shown almost equal power in depicting the life of the gentry and of the upper middle classes of provincial England. The general tone of the society is finely indicated, while every individual in it is distinguished from the rest by some subtle stroke of characterization. In the first book, Mrs. Davilow and her daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne, Rex Gascoigne, Anna Gascoigne, the Arrowpoints, Lord Brackinshaw, are made as well known to the reader as to Gwendolen, the heroine. Passing to the city, what an image of domestic life is presented in the household of Mrs. Meyrick and her daughters! Some readers may be intolerant of Mordecai the Jew; but nobody can fail to enjoy the exquisite humor exhibited in delineating the Jewish family of the Cohens, including Cohen himself, his wife, his mother, his astonishing little son, Jacob, and his hardly less astonishing little daughter, Adelaide Rebekah. Sir Hugo Mallinger and Lady Mallinger, Mr. Bult, Mr. Vandernoodt, Mr. Lush, not to mention others who move more or less in what is called London society, are as real as any persons we daily meet in the street. The perfection of characterization in all these persons, whether they are honest or dishonest, is unmarred by a single touch of caricature. The representation is bold and distinct; but

no temptation of wit or humor, no impulse of sympathy or antipathy, is allowed to exaggerate or obscure a single trait of their natures; and the mirror the author holds up to them reflects their mental and moral lineaments so exactly that each of them would, in a moment of pleased or vexed surprise, wonderingly admit the accuracy of the likeness.

Should we, therefore, confine our attention merely to such persons as we have named, the book might properly be considered as a remarkable one; for characterization of such nicety, fairness, truth, and strength is an exceptional gift, and a more exceptional virtue, among the novelists of the time. But, in this praise, we have not touched the heart of the book, or named the characters which should justly give it a prominent position among the great novels of the century. Still, let us first quote a few examples of George Eliot's power in describing, characterizing, and satirizing some of the aspects of English life. The opening chapter of the book places us as spectators in one of the fashionable gambling-hells of Germany, — "one of those splendid resorts which the enlightenment of ages has prepared" for this species of pleasure "at a heavy cost of gilt mouldings, dark-toned color, and chubby nudities, all correspondingly heavy, — forming a suitable condenser for human breath belonging, in great part, to the highest fashion, and not easily procurable to be breathed in elsewhere in the like proportion, at least by persons of little fashion." Can anything exceed the penetrating force of this satire? The foul air of the gambling-room, which makes those who breathe it physically sick, has still the grand recommendation of being the condensation of all the breaths of all the people of fashion therein congregated, and therefore gives a kind of gentility to every plebeian who has the good fortune to inhale it! Again, how many persons are hit in this description of Mr. Vandernoodt, a diner-out welcome in every society: "He was an industrious gleaner of personal details, and could probably tell everything about a great philosopher or physicist except his theories or discoveries." As to scholarship, this gentleman professes his contempt for those "Dryasdust fellows, who get a reputation by raking up some small scandal about Semiramis or Nitocris. . . . . I like to know the manners of my time, — contemporary gossip, not antediluvian. . . . . I don't care a straw about the *faux pas* of the mummies." The picture of the Meyrick family is

probably as felicitous as anything that the author has ever done in what some people deem her limited sphere of characterization. Both the reality and the lovableness of the mother and her daughters are so startlingly true that we can hardly resist the impression, as we read, that they are among our valued personal friends and acquaintances. The account of their reception of Mirah, when Deronda, after rescuing her from suicide, brings her to their perfect home, and the scene in which Herr Klesmer appears to pass judgment on Mirah's musical capacity, are admirable illustrations of the writer's power of giving lifelike reality to what she sympathetically depicts. It is odd that such a mother, shrewd, kind-hearted, and practical, should have for a son such an eccentric, tempestuous, and scatter-brained personage as Hans Meyrick, — an artist of "irregular" genius, subject to fits of incalculable caprice, yet commonly held within bounds by his affectionateness, and distinguished from the Bohemian of Balzac by a restraining British constitution of nature. He is one of the most marked among the minor characters of the novel, radiant in humor, and good-humor, and never knowing what he will say or do a moment beforehand. Deronda objects to Agrippa's legs, in one of his historical pictures. Hans replies that they are good realistically. "But they are impossible legs," urges Deronda. "Then," Hans retorts, "they are good ideally. Agrippa's legs were possibly bad; I idealize that and make them impossibly bad. Art, my Eugenius, must intensify." It is hopeless to caution him against the effects of his sudden impulses. "Since," he says, "I got into the scrape of being born, everything I have liked best has been a scrape for myself or for somebody else. My painting is the last scrape; and I shall be all my life getting out of it." When Deronda assures him that Mirah can, under no conceivable circumstances, marry him, the half-grave, half-merry egotist is not a bit abashed. "I go," he declares, "to science and philosophy for my romance. Nature designed Mirah to fall in love with me. The amalgamation of races demands it, the mitigation of human ugliness demands it, the affinity of contrasts assures it. I am the utmost contrast to Mirah, — a bleached Christian, who can't sing two notes in tune. Who has a chance against me?"

A character almost as picturesque as Hans is Herr Klesmer, "a felicitous combination of the German, the Sclave, and the Semite,

with grand features, brown hair floating in artistic fashion, and brown eyes in spectacles," — one of those forcible men who hold their right rank in well-dressed, well-bred conventional society, though their clothes never fit them, and though their manners have a brusqueness which is ever in danger of violating the conventional rules of good breeding. As an artist who has identified himself with his art, his imperiousness of demeanor and emphasis of speech seem to spring from his feeling of the dignity of the art he represents, rather than from any arrogance of personal disposition. In all matters regarding music he speaks with that dogmatism which is based on certain knowledge; what Mrs. Gamp calls "the torters of the Imposition" could not wring from him a polite compliment to a mediocre performance; and Gwendolen's beauty, on his first introduction to her, only forced from his gallantry the equivocal praise, "It is always acceptable to *see* you sing!" Nothing can be better than his retort on Mr. Bult, — the "political platitudinarian," whose "monumental obtuseness" he hated as the awkward mimicry of the dignity of a gentleman, — when that wooden politician patronizingly informed him that he was sure he had too much talent to be "a mere musician." "No man," replied Klesmer, "has too much talent to be a musician. Most men have too little. A creative artist is no more a mere musician than a great statesman is a mere politician. We are not ingenious puppets, sir, who live in a box and look out on the world only when it is gaping for amusement. We help to rule the nations and make the age as much as any other public. We count ourselves on level benches with legislators. And a man who speaks effectively through music is compelled to something more difficult than parliamentary eloquence." Mr. Bult's only resource is to turn to Miss Arrowpoint, and, with undiminished gravity to remark, "Your pianist does not think small beer of himself." But the great musician's whole soul comes out only in his interview with Gwendolen, when she desires to learn his judgment as to her capacity to succeed in public as an actress and singer. The emotions which are stirred during the conversation give all the more emphasis to the thoughts which it elicits. The interview is strictly an event in the progress of the story, for Gwendolen's fate depends on Herr Klesmer's decision; but the principles of art announced in it apply to hundreds of other cases, which resemble Gwendolen's only

in the one particular need of converting a means of elegant amusement into a source of income. Fortune enables a great number of young women to acquire sufficient training in music to sing and play acceptably in drawing-rooms, and sufficient training in elocution to win applause in private theatricals; and when a reverse of fortune occurs they are commonly smitten with Gwendolen's ambition to be singers in public concert-rooms and actresses on the public stage. It seems to them easy to win applause from the sensitive, vulgar public, after the fastidious critics of the drawing-room, persons notoriously existing in a constant state of semi-boredom, have condescended to confess, in that fashionable drawl which is the happiest of all developments from the imbecility of the baby's drool, that they have been quickened and inspired by what they have listlessly seen or yawningly heard. But the moment the public is faced, the amateur is made cruelly conscious of the difference between the criticism of parlors and the criticism of theatres. The very persons who would have considered an invitation to the private entertainment as a compliment deserving of any number of compliments in return, become the bitterest critics of the public exhibition; and those fashionable friends who delighted in the performances of the opulent amateur are not wont to buy tickets for the benefit night of the unsuccessful actress. Herr Klesmer unveils to Gwendolen the austere facts of the profession which her self-confidence impels her to choose as a means of recovering fortune. "The gods," he declares, "have a curse for him who willingly tells another the wrong road"; and then, full of remorseful pity and tenderness for the beautiful creature whose expectations he must disappoint, proceeds to unfold those inexorable laws by which alone success in any of the fine arts can be attained. In the course of a hurried conversation, broken now by pauses and now by outbursts of passion, a true philosophy of art is evolved. That conversation, indeed, is a text-book for all amateurs who aspire to be artists; and if diligently studied will serve both as a guard against the delusions of self-esteem, and as a guide in the paths which lead to excellence.

It would be easy to go on enumerating the minor details of incident, character, and reflection which contribute to make the appearance of this book a literary event. But there are four characters which stand out from the rest with such a stamp of power and

originality on them that they impress the least thoughtful reader as altogether beyond the ken and grasp even of such novelists as Dickens and Thackeray. These are Gwendolen Harleth, Daniel Deronda, Mirah, and Mordecai.

Gwendolen is a masterpiece of characterization. The conception, delineation, and development of this specimen of haughty maidenhood are alike admirable. Many novelists create characters; but few, like George Eliot, create souls as well as characters; and the soul which she creates, embodies, and calls by the name of Gwendolen Harleth, she also constantly watches, so that the reader is allowed to note all that throng of interior emotions, thoughts, volitions, and events which precede outward acts, whether the acts be comparatively unimportant or absolutely momentous. As the beholder as well as creator of this soul, she never seems to lose sight of it, either by day in its conscious feeling and thinking, or by night in its vague fears and perturbing dreams. The scrutiny is as relentless as that of a naturalist who has a jelly-fish under his microscope, and as tenderly considerate as that of a mother who holds her new-born babe in her arms. While freely handling this palpitating mass of spiritual life, her touch is so delicate as never to inflict a bruise. And during all the time that the soul is subjected to this intense imaginative observation and analysis, the bodily presence animated by the soul is as vividly apparent to the external eye as is the invisible, mysterious essence within it to the eye of the mind. This is assuredly masterly characterization; but the statement still does not cover the whole ground. Gwendolen is not only thus made spiritually and physically alive, but the outlying social and spiritual laws she obeys or violates are discerned with the same sureness of insight which penetrates into the depths and records all the changes of her individual being.

It is an indication of George Eliot's skill that from the first she connects Gwendolen's self-assertion and self-confidence with perfect bodily health. Nature teaches humility by deranging digestion as well as by heaping up impediments to the schemes of pride; in both cases humility comes from the perception that the inward power is weak before the outward obstacle; but up to the time that a banker's knavery had made wreck of her mother's fortune, Gwendolen had encountered nothing that was stronger than her own determination. Exulting in her health, her beauty,

and her inborn instinct of commanding, possessing "a decision of will which made itself felt in her graceful movements and clear, unhesitating tones," with "a certain unusualness about her" which acted with the effect of a potent charm, and giving to petty objects, surveyed from her heights of self-exaltation, a kind of "hazy largeness," she reduced all persons in immediate relations with her to the position of confessed inferiors. Her meek governess predicted that she would never rest until she had brought the world to her feet. Her mother, whom she caressed and tormented by turns, always appeared before her "in an apologetic state of mind for the evils brought on her by her step-father." Her half-sisters were compelled to be satisfied when they excited her contempt in a milder form than was common. As to the great mass of human beings, she did not, like Grandcourt, call them beasts, but she was determined not to be sacrificed "to creatures worth less than herself," to make "the very best of the chances that life offered her, and conquer difficulties by her exceptional cleverness." Her ideal "was to be daring in speech and reckless in braving dangers"; but beneath this autocracy of disposition there was a furtive spiritual element, which, though inefficacious as a spiritual restraint, occasionally surprised her by betraying her superstitious liability to fits of spiritual dread. On her first day at Offendene, when her spirit of maidenly domination was at the highest, her little sister Isabel happened to open a hinged panel in the wainscot of one of the rooms, and revealed a picture of "an upturned dead face, from which an obscure figure seemed to be fleeing with outstretched arms." For a moment she shuddered with an unspeakable horror, the vague spiritual dread at the heart of her being shooting suddenly up, through layer after layer of pride and self-complacency, to affright her with a prophetic glimpse of the upturned face of her future detested husband, struggling with death in the harbor of Genoa, and she, the obscure figure of the picture, fleeing in thought from any sympathy with his desperate attempts to regain the boat.

The transitory emotion, however, passes rapidly away; and she proceeds in her career with a supreme confidence in her courage and in her sense of superiority. As a high-spirited maiden, untouched by love, and too full of exulting health to be contaminated by sentimentality, she graciously receives the admiration and

adoration of men as long as they keep at a respectful distance; but when her cousin, Rex Gascoigne, makes love to her in earnest, and presumes to take and press her hand with the imploring eagerness of a feeling which she does not share, she becomes a mountain of ice, freezing him to the heart's core. "Pray don't make love to me," she exclaims; "I hate it." She feels a maiden's horror at the slightest profanation of her person. She cannot endure the thought that her hand or lip should be passionately touched by a man who has not succeeded in taking possession of her soul. After rejecting Rex, she puts her arms round her mother's neck with "an almost painful clinging," sobs, cries, protests that she can't love people, but on the contrary hates them, and ends by declaring, "I can't bear any one to be very near me but you." The emotion is doubtless to be referred to a kind of remorse. She knows that out of mere pride of domination, and of delight in seeing her admirers reduced to the position of slaves to her caprice, she has lured her obedient friend and servant, Rex Gascoigne, to the point of declaring his love. She breaks his heart as cruelly as the most hardened coquette could have done; and yet she regrets that she has made him miserable. Still, the feeling that prompts her resentment of his familiarity is purely maidenly, and is, indeed, the instinctive defence of women against the first approaches of men to establish a more intimate relation with them than that of friend. It is better that the hearts of men should be broken — easily mended as experience proves them to be — than that the girl-woman should sanction the least liberties taken by that importunate affection which is too eager to ask the question whether it be reciprocated.

It is characteristic of Gwendolen that, never having felt the attraction of love, she should be pleased by the sobriety and reserve of Grandcourt, who conducts his courtship in the grand style, without any of those disagreeable incidents of kneeling, kissing, and fondling which attend the sentimental style of wooing. In Grandcourt's suit her ambition is reconciled with her girlish feeling; for this rich landed gentleman never pesters her with any of the preposterous outbreaks of emotion which mark the attentions of a lover whose heart flashes forth in every act and word. The courtship seems to be proceeding happily on the way to marriage, when Gwendolen's pride is stung and her conscience wounded by the apparition of Mrs. Glasher and her children, — revealing to her

the fact that she is on the point of connecting her fresh vitality with an outworn life, full of "backward secrets," and respectful to her, not from the restrained fervor of an ardent love, but from the mere exhaustion resulting from a previous passionate experience. She flies from him with a mingled feeling of terror and disgust. At the gambling-table at Leubronn she first comes under the notice of Deronda, who is sufficiently interested in her "dynamic glance" to return the necklace she has pawned. She is recalled to England by the news of her mother's loss of fortune. Her confidence in her power to conquer circumstances, and to make life what she wills and wishes it, is not dashed by this calamity. She resents the idea of descending to the office of being a teacher in a school or of becoming a governess. She aspires to be a singer and an actress, compelling applause from the public as she has compelled it in every private circle in which she has appeared. Herr Klesmer, with cruel kindness, demonstrates to her the impossibility of success in that direction of her talents. Baffled on every side where she thinks to make her will efficient, she at last commits the crime of marrying Grandcourt, with the feeling that his will must yield to hers, and that she can serve Mrs. Glasher, and do justice to Grandcourt's children, while she at the same time carries out her own dream of dominating every society in which she appears. A month of married life proves to her that her girlish, petulant imperiousness is no match for the persisting will of her husband, — a will that has the quality of a crab or a boa-constrictor, which goes on relentlessly "pinching or crushing" without the slightest regard to the active or passive resistance of its victim. "Any romantic illusions she had in marrying this man had turned on her power of using him as she liked. He was using her as he liked."

Grandcourt is one of that detestable class of human beings, instinctively hated by all good men who regard the rights and feelings of others, and by all bad men in whom depravity has not extinguished every generous instinct of human nature. He is just the person who, if he were encountered on our Western plains by the wild, semi-savage freebooters who give the law to that region, would be very properly selected as a person to be "shot at sight." In civilized society, and in civilized society alone, could such a sneering, selfish, cynical, and cruel specimen of aristocratic insolence be tolerated. He looks upon all members of the human race

outside of his immediate associates as simply brutes; even the persons he necessarily meets, when residing at one of his country-houses, he drawlingly designates as "rather a ragged lot"; and the experience of vice, having destroyed whatever of soul he may have originally possessed, has left him with the exterior manners of a conventional gentleman, with a conventional gentleman's supreme disdain for all creatures who do not belong to his set, and with a conventional gentleman's continual and unlimited liability to be bored. Morally isolated from his race, and selfish to the inmost core of his being, his will grows doggedly strong as fast as his human sympathies contract; and he deliberately brings this will to bear on Gwendolen for the purpose of slowly crushing out of her all soul and individuality. His parasite, Mr. Thomas Cranmer Lush, contemptuously recognized by Sir Hugo Mallinger as a kind of "half caste among gentlemen," happens to be the object of her special aversion, and this is considered a sufficient reason to employ him in the business of tormenting and insulting her into abject submission. The natural result is, that she hates her husband mortally; but she fears as well as hates him. In her misery she seeks some moral support. She finds it in Deronda.

Daniel Deronda appears to us one of the noblest and most original characters among the heroes imagined by poets, dramatists, and novelists. His relation to Gwendolen is one fertile in immoral possibilities. "You are a dangerous young fellow," says Sir Hugo Mallinger to him, — "a kind of Lovelace who will make all the Clarissas run after you instead of your running after them." Indeed, the situation is exactly that which French novelists have delighted to represent; and it is easy to understand how it would have been treated by novelists of such widely differing characters and genius as Honoré de Balzac, George Sand, Jules Sandeau, Theophile Gautier, Prosper Mérimée, Alexandre Dumas, and Charles de Bernard. They would all have agreed in lowering the moral standard both of Gwendolen and Deronda; they would have made the sensuous elements in their natures gain the ascendency over the spiritual, in the complications of duty and passion which the polite pitilessness, the ceremonious brutality, of Grandcourt would have constantly multiplied; and the result would have been an inculcation of the rights of passion in a highly wrought tale of guilt and ruin, in which every step in the downward path would

have been indicated with marvellous precision, and subjected to the most refined processes of psychological analysis. George Eliot pursues a different method, because she, of all novelists, penetrates with most certainty of insight through the hollowness of all theories of the rights of passion, and most firmly grasps the central idea of duty, which underlies all reasonable and moral life. Deronda, when he discovers he has unconsciously established a spiritual mastery over the soul of Gwendolen, and that she looks up to him as the one person she has met in life before whom her pride and ambition are abashed, is placed in a position more delicate than that of a Jesuit priest before a distressed beauty. He is really her father confessor, from whom she hardly dares to expect absolution, but whose aid she still pathetically implores. Acting from the instinct of one of that rare class of gentlemen who have been aptly styled "God Almighty's gentlemen," he comes to her, not after the French fashion, as a half-conscious, half-unconscious seducer, but as a respectful, magnanimous friend and helper, tenderly, wisely, even austerely, giving her such aid and counsel as it is in his power to bestow. It has been objected that he offers to her only the commonplaces of consolation, and directs her to use only commonplace means of resisting the hard conditions of her fate. This objection overlooks the fact that truisms are vitalized into truths when uttered from his lips, that these truths have been inwrought into the substance of his character, that purity of heart and justness of judgment have in him been organized into powers, and that neither his heart nor his intellect can be imposed upon by any of the grand French fallacies of passion, which, if followed out, could only rescue her from her present degradation by plunging her into a degradation worse than that she now experienced. In short, he influences her by the magnetism of his character rather than by the agreeableness of his opinions; and the proud creature, reduced to an ignominious vassalage by her detested husband, receives Deronda's practical precepts with a pathetic humility. He is her outward conscience, and sees clearly into her moral condition from the first. "Strange and piteous," he says, "to think what a centre of wretchedness a delicate piece of human flesh like that might be, wrapped round with fine raiment, her ears pierced for gems, her head held loftily, her mouth all smiling pretence, the poor soul within her sitting in sick distaste of all things!" What was the

experience and the discipline which thus made him a discerner and consoler of souls?

George Eliot gives the answer to this question in every mode that a novelist can adopt, — by description, by analysis, by reflection, by the direct presentation of Deronda in scenes of intense dramatic interest. The essential fact is this, that Deronda differs from other heroes of romance in being a man of comprehensive intellect as well as of comprehensive sympathies. There is, however, a doubt as to his birth, which, while it increases his toleration of other individualities, infuses into his nature a subtle melancholy which somewhat impairs the resolute exercise of his will. Still, the essential excellence of his nature is in his quiet abandonment of that element of self-assertion which enables most forcible persons, indifferent to the rights and interests of others, to obtain the prizes of life. His special peculiarity consists in taking the point of view of all persons with whom he comes in contact or collision, and in his disposition to surrender his own claims to theirs. Such a person must be considered a strange phenomenon in romance; for in romance the reader instinctively sympathizes with the hero who dominates other individualities by the superior force of his own personality. In literature the most remarkable instance of this combination of intellectual grasp with intellectual modesty and charity is found in Shakespeare. That this disposition of mind deserves to be classed among the highest and most difficult of all virtues is shown by the example of Him who, nailed to the cross, in the utmost stress of mortal agony, still recognized the natural prejudices of his tormentors, in his prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they *know* not what they do." Towards this highest ideal of moral and intellectual manliness Deronda was obscurely striving from his youth upwards. Self-sacrifice for others was combined in him with a compassionate, interior knowledge of the egotisms, of the sufferings, of the wrongs of others; but while he thus admitted every claim on his sympathy, he was in danger of losing that impulse of moral wrath at wrong-doing which is the general condition of efficiency in the work of well-doing. Deronda, however, has his critics constantly by him in the persons of his warmest friends. When, at college, he gives up his own chances in order to aid Hans Meyrick in obtaining a much-needed scholarship, Sir Hugo Mallinger tells him: "My dear boy, it is

good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow-trade; you must know where to find yourself." Even Hans Meyrick warns him against a disposition he has to take even "an antediluvian point of view, lest he should do injustice to the megatherium." This comprehensiveness of sympathy and intelligence makes him the most charitable and the most helpful of friends; but it leaves him without a definite aim in life. That aim is supplied by his love for Mirah, the fascination exerted over him by Mordecai's eloquence, and by the discovery of his Jewish descent. It is difficult to conceive how such a character, as elaborately analyzed and represented by George Eliot, could have found an object which would have concentrated its energies, in any of the ambitions presented by ordinary English life. By his nature he is bound to devote himself to some grand, unselfish cause, where a kind of Shakespearian toleration for the infirmities of individuals is to be combined with a hero's purpose to overcome seemingly hopeless obstacles, and a martyr's vision of the grandeur of the ultimate object which it is the hero's purpose to realize. It happens, as it were, by accident, that his latent capacity for self-consecration is directed to the re-establishment of the Jewish nation. He had become keenly aware that his "too reflective and diffusive sympathy" was impairing his power of will, and he longed "for some external event, or some inward light, that would urge him into a definite line of action, and compress his wandering energy." In the path of duty he selected the author has been careful to surround him with disgusts and dissuasives such as all ideal reformers, all champions of an overmastering idea, have to overcome. The Jewish family of the Cohens, as far as they are representative, make his grand project apparently hopeless; and Sir Hugo Mallinger is at hand with his sound common-sense to expose what he deems the illusions of the sense which is uncommon. "I have long expected," he says, "something remarkable from you, Dan; but for God's sake don't go into any eccentricities! I can tolerate any man's difference of opinion, but let him tell it me without getting himself up as a lunatic. At this stage of the world, if a man wants to be taken seriously he must keep clear of melodrama. . . . . You have a passion for people who are pelted, Dan. I 'm sorry for them, too; but so far as company goes it 's a bad ground of se-

lection." Such ugly facts as the Cohen family, and such sensible arguments as Sir Hugo's, have always been vainly presented to minds like Deronda's; and human progress is in some way connected with the refusal of elevated spirits to admit the validity of such facts and arguments.

The commanding influence which raises Deronda from a comprehensive thinker on human life to an earnest enthusiast is found in the character and speech of Mordecai. On this character George Eliot has lavished her utmost skill in conceiving, presenting, and vitalizing religious phenomena. She portrays this consumptive prophet in all the external shabbiness of his plebeian condition, clad in mean clothes, working in a common handicraft, coughing, gasping, choking, as his feeble frame gives scant utterance to the on-rush of his burning words, stretching forth his yellow, skeleton hands in passionate supplication, and his "dark-haired eager Jewish face" illuminated with a holy passion which might befit an Isaiah or Ezekiel. Whatever may be thought of him, it is certain that in no previous English novel has such an example of religious genius been introduced with such startling effect. He may be contemptuously dismissed as a person unwarrantably intruded into a romance; shallow readers may be offended at such an apparition being thrust forward among the Grandcourts, Gwendolens, Lushes, Meyricks, and Mallingers of English life; but the fact still remains that all who really appreciate the highest qualities of George Eliot's genius must be particularly impressed by this wonderful delineation. It is even better and nobler than that of Savonarola as presented in "Romola." The loftiest sympathies of the writer's soul are combined with her finest powers of reason and imagination, in the attempt to lift Mordecai to an ideal prominence above the other personages of the book, — a book which is peculiar among novels for the breadth of the view it takes of human life and human character. She endows him with the Hebraic fervor of imagination and intensity of will, while she emancipates him from the Hebraic narrowness of view; and she pours into his passionate speech a Hebraic eloquence unexampled in English literature since the utterances of Hebrew prophets were first translated into our English tongue. Mordecai is one of those enthusiasts who believe that, in the spiritual universe, soul answers to soul, and that influence is almost independent of language. "Why," asks Deronda, "did you write in Hebrew?" "I had," replies

Mordecai, "the ranks of the great dead around me; *the martyrs gathered and listened.*" But the dreadful test to which his enthusiasm was subjected he found in the inattention of his own race. To write in English, he says, from that "breath of divine thought which is within me, would excite men to smile at it, and to say, 'A poor Jew!' and *the chief smilers would be my own people.*" The pathos of this is indescribably deep. It bears a faint resemblance to the chill of heart which a thoroughgoing New-England Abolitionist of the old type might have experienced when he found numbers of free negroes in the Northern States despising their enslaved brethren in the States of the South. Reformers who are captivated by an ideal must expect to meet with opposition from many members of the contemned and degraded race they ardently desire to serve. Mordecai feels the opposition all the more keenly because his physical life is daily decaying, whilst his unrecognized ideas are daily becoming more clear to his soul. In this condition of spiritual loneliness he foresees and welcomes the friendship of Deronda. Upon this fresh, pure life, capable of efforts which are impossible to him, he relies with unalterable trust. He dies content when he is assured that Deronda has become the heir of his ideas, and will devote all the energies of his noble heart and all the resources of his large intellect in the attempt to realize them.

Mirah is commonly voted by critics to be an insipid specimen of feminine excellence. If this be true, it is because the author has failed in conveying to other minds the conception which evidently filled and delighted her own, and has only succeeded in representing a childish nature when she intended to represent a childlike one. Mirah appears to us an exquisite creation, endowed with a simplicity of character which is as forcible as it is simple. An artless Jewish maiden of genius; bearing in her blood and soul the fine results of the inherited instincts and ideas due to a hundred generations of culture; with the artistic sense developed in her to its last perfection, though it is limited in respect to artistic power; fervidly attached to her religion because "it was of one fibre with her affections, and had never presented itself to her as a set of propositions," and also because it was the religion of her mother, whose memory she adores, and whose spiritual presence she constantly feels; a thoroughly natural, genuine, and guileless creature, flying from evil with an instinctive abhorrence, and relying on good, when

she meets it, with an instinctive trust;—she would be proof against the charge of being insipid were it only for one characteristic which is always found associated with power, namely, the identity in her nature of conscience and sensibility with will, so that every monition of duty or prompting of affection is followed by its appropriate act. Her virgin ingenuousness stands every test and trial; the sharpest scrutiny cannot detect in her the slightest proclivity to falsehood; and the quaint, odd way she has of unexpectedly flashing her sincerities of feeling on the attention of those who are more experienced than herself, lends piquancy and fascination to her ebullient but resolute innocence. Deronda passes unconsciously from the position of a protector to that of a lover; and this change is shown with consummate skill, both in subtle psychological analysis of the moods and needs of these mated souls, and in picturing scenes where their characters have full opportunities for complete self-expression. It is to be added that, in this novel, the softening sensuous elements which enter into the complex passion of love are omitted, in respect both to the attraction which draws Deronda to Mirah and in that which draws Gwendolen to Deronda.

George Eliot has anticipated and answered in the book itself most of the criticisms which have been made upon it since its publication. The chief defect in the story is that it suddenly stops rather than artistically ends. The conclusion is meagre and bears the marks of having been hurried up. There is a remote possibility that the author intends to follow the precedents of Thackeray and Anthony Trollope, and introduce in her next novel some of the leading characters whose fortunes are left undetermined in the present. In that case we shall be informed whether or not Rex Gascoigne eventually marries Gwendolen, and how it fares with Deronda and Mirah in their mission to the East. Still, the conclusion of "Felix Holt" or "Middlemarch" is as unsatisfactory as that of "Daniel Deronda"; in respect to each, the words "To be Continued" would seem proper substitutes for "Finis"; but it appears to be the fate of this remarkable novelist to raise expectation to the height only more or less to disappoint it, and to give an absorbing interest to characters, whom she abruptly leaves without condescending to gratify that natural curiosity in readers which she has labored so successfully to excite

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

Art. III. — Richard Wagner's Theories of Music.*

The whole apparatus of æsthetics may be divided into two parts, one of which is knowable, controllable, and therefore perfectible, while the other is transcendent, dependent on the co-operation of unknown agencies, and therefore exempt from the laws of progressive evolution. Hence it follows that when the future of music is discussed, or when a man like Richard Wagner announces himself as a reformer of music, such prospects and such a reform can refer only to the technical part of music, to the methods of musical utterance and to the means of musical expression, not to the idea or sentiment which craves utterance and expression through the artist. It is more than ever important to remember this. The "music of the future," which for more than thirty years has attracted public attention, may as music be bad or good. It matters little whether its composer has succeeded in realizing his own aspirations. As a thinker and writer Wagner has a right to be heard, and we cannot judge him with even an approach to fairness if we found our verdict on nothing but the success of his operas. Before analyzing other people's works and thoughts we must analyze our own notions on these subjects. Neither the fanatic nor the scoffer ever does this, and the consequence is that the hero, half spoilt and half imbittered as he is, remains a stranger among his contemporaries, thinking himself in the right, since everybody else — friend, foe, or neutral — has chosen to be in the wrong.

The future of music or of any other art can never be inferred from its past. The apparition of a genius is incalculable, notwithstanding the pretended hereditariness of the quality called genius. It does not even depend on the progressive phases of human consciousness. It seems, as Voltaire has it, a sacred torch

> "Que le ciel bienfaisant, dans cette nuit profonde,
> Allume quelquefois pour le bonheur du monde."

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* *Oper und Drama.* Von Richard Wagner. 2te Auflage. Leipzig: Weber. 8vo. pp. 351. 1869.

Yet the history of art consists mainly in an irregular succession of such flashes or sparks. Each is followed by a short but strictly evolutionary period of imitation and emulation, conducive to new standards, forms, and methods, which, in their turn, may fertilize new ground. Thus the history of art looks somewhat like the starry sky; we find nebulæ and empty spaces, clusters of stars and constellations, irregularly arranged without the slightest attempt at compensation or evenness of distribution. In the history of music we have just passed through a most brilliant constellation, large enough and rich enough to stud a whole century with its sparkling gems. If the law of compensation were applicable to these phenomena we might prognosticate a lull of similar length, but as it is not applicable we can prognosticate nothing. All we might say is that, granted a general fitness of things, it seems improbable that the age of steam and electricity should be an age of art. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, the centuries might say; let each have its specialty. But even this is more than we would venture to assert, and, the future of an art being absolutely uncertain, we do not see how any art can be created, revived, or reformed at will. Chromography has been started, the ceramic "art" has been revived, and Xylography has been brought to great perfection; but these are crafts, not arts, and belong to the province of the performer whose office it is to reproduce forms created by others or possibly by himself in so far as he may happen to be also an artist.

A glance at the history of music shows us that in one sense music is a modern art, in another the oldest of all arts. It may, for aught we know, be the twin-sister of speech, which Hegel calls the oldest art of man. No doubt it must have remained for ages in a most primitive condition, and even during the heroic or mythical age, when symbolic hieroglyphs and written characters were invented for language, music was allowed to remain without any proper notation. All we know about the beginnings of this art is that even before the dawn of history, the exigencies of life had called into existence certain forms of music, such as the war-song, the dance-tune, the epic recitative, the religious chant, and that each of these had its proper instrument and technical means of expression. But that even in these most primitive forms of utterance music must have had great power over the

human soul, is clearly shown by the fact that such power was attributed to it by the earliest legends. The Orphic legends could never have originated when they did if at the time the soul-stirring power of music had not been a generally admitted fact which required exaggeration for its adequate expression, and we must further conclude that the then recognized effects of music were not only exciting and inspiring, but also, and to a far greater extent, soothing, consoling, and refining. When Orpheus sang to his lyre, the stones moved and shaped themselves into walls and edifices, the beasts of the desert became tame and gentle, the lion and the lamb sat side by side while listening to the strains of music, and Cerberus himself was cowed at last and powerless to defend the gates of Hades against the unarmed yet irresistible intruder. There is a deep meaning in these charming myths. No other art can boast of such a legendary past, and of Music alone it may be said that she rules over the hearts of men by right divine.

Many centuries had to elapse before music, even without the aid of a written notation, could become audible to us through tradition. The Gregorian chants have been faithfully handed down to us, while the popular airs and love-songs, though widely spread by migrating troubadours, have not survived to bear witness against those who think that music is a modern art. The invention of a musical notation by Guido of Arezzo was certainly of the very highest importance under these circumstances, and it is quite correct to say that with it alone a systematic cultivation of music began to be possible; but this invention, though reacting powerfully, through its consequences, on the art itself, referred, after all, only to its technical externals; in other words, it was not necessary for its inventor to be himself a musical genius or a great composer. There is, however, another invention, or, more strictly speaking, another phenomenon in the history of music, which affects the essence of music itself, and which divides the history of this art into two most thoroughly different epochs. It is the appearance, the discovery rather than the invention, of musical *tonality*. The music composed on this principle is to the older music very much as chemistry is to alchemy, or science is to scholasticism. This principle implies that all the notes of a melody must be considered as referring to, and dependent on, a common centre which is their

keynote, and which, in token of its dominion, must be made the starting-point and the conclusion of that piece of music. The whole modern doctrine of harmony, counterpoint, and composition in general is founded on this principle of tonality. Without it a melody would be a senseless succession of notes, pleasing only in so far as each successive interval may be pleasing. Through tonality alone a melody becomes a definite whole, a *unum e pluribus*, tonality being that which binds notes together by giving them a common centre. This centre is to the plurality of notes what self-consciousness is to the plurality of sensations; it gives a soul to music,—not a soul in the sense of sentiment, but a soul in the sense of reason. Thus the introduction of tonality has *intellectualized* music, and has given rise to a science of music, the truths of which are as independent of the phases of musical art as the validity of the rules of perspective are independent of the æsthetic leanings of the various schools of painting. This intellectualization found its highest expression in the *Fugue*, which still holds a respected place among the accepted forms of church music, while in secular music the same process soon led to a stiff formalism quite incompatible with the genial spirit of artistic freedom. We know that modern music has most successfully reasserted its rights and liberties. Pedantic rules have gradually been set aside or greatly mitigated, and the divine art, which seemed to be in some danger of degenerating into a piece of mechanism, has shown, through Gluck and Mozart, Auber and Rossini, that it has a life of its own, and that its capacities can neither be calculated nor regulated by theory. The climax of this reassertion we find, according to Wagner, in Beethoven. He calls Beethoven, rather fantastically perhaps, *die Menschwerdung des Mechanismus*, by which he means that in the works of Beethoven we recognize the highest efforts of a mechanicized art to become human again. But these noble efforts were not supported by Beethoven's successors. A relapse into mechanism has taken place. Meyerbeer is but a scene-shifter in the eyes of Wagner, and as to the countless imitators of Beethoven, Wagner thinks that they know how to compose respectable quartettes, but that their individualities are far too small to fill the mighty moulds they have inherited from their master. If Beethoven impresses Wagner "as a man who has something to tell us, but cannot clearly communicate it to us, his modern followers

appear to be people who tell us at great length, and sometimes with charming eloquence, that they have nothing whatever to say to us."

This, then, is, according to Wagner, the present state of things, which, through his efforts, is to cease. A brighter future is in store for us, and without waiting for posterity to prove his words, the prophet has turned reformer, and is ready to introduce us into the new era at once.

"Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?"

Before examining Wagner's revolutionary doctrines, we are in justice bound to state, at the outset of this inquiry, that he does not claim to be a reformer of music as a distinct and independent art. He does not introduce a new principle like that of tonality; he has not discovered any new germ belonging to the nature and essence of music that had remained hidden and forgotten in the worldly struggle for applause, but which, when brought to light, might originate new standards of musical beauty or induce new powers of æsthetic perception. We can find no passage in Wagner's writings expressive of such claims, nor does his music, when considered as mere sound, differ so widely from the music of other modern composers that it could be said to belong to an altogether new order of music, marking a new era in the history of the art. We do not know whether Wagner himself is conscious of this, but every impartial reader and hearer must perceive at once that Wagner's reform does not refer to music as such, but to one particular form of art, which, being a *compound* form, cannot even be called a form of music, but a complex of several arts, among which music, though hitherto considered to be the principal, can, according to Wagner, only hold the second place. Wagner's so-called reform of music is *the reform of the opera* and of all its constituent elements.

We shall begin by briefly enumerating Wagner's fundamental theories and his proposed reforms. It will then be seen that these theories and reforms can be divided into groups corresponding to our divisions of the æsthetic process itself; that there are reforms concerning the relations between hearer and performer, reforms concerning the performance and its technical accessories, reforms concerning the relation between the performer and the

composer, reforms concerning the technical methods of composition, and reforms concerning the relations between the artists whose joint work the opera is, especially between the composer and the poet. To these must be added Wagner's theories about dramatic poetry, which are interesting enough. But about music pure and simple, about the standards of musical beauty and the improvement of æsthetic culture, Wagner has nothing new to tell us, and we shall soon understand the reasons of this when we hear what position Wagner assigns to music in relation to dramatic poetry, and, for aught we know, to poetry in general.

Following the opposite order of discussion, Wagner begins by saying that *it lies in the nature of music to be, not the aim, but the means of expression.* Therefore, in the coupling of poetry and music, called opera, the drama being the aim and the music being the means, the latter has to be adapted to the former, not (as is the case in libretto writing) the former to the latter. This is the fundamental principle on which the whole scheme of the reformer is based, and it is, according to Wagner, so obvious and self-evident that he apologizes for proclaiming a mere truism with such emphasis. It would be dishonest to withhold, even for one moment, our own dissent from this doctrine; we shall have to say more about it hereafter, but we gladly admit its plausibility. The disregard of this principle having caused the decay and death of the modern opera, the opera can only revive through its revindication. The poet must be emancipated from the composer, the composer from the performer, the singer from the orchestra, and all from the tyranny of the public. As it is, the applause of the public tempts the performer to gratify low tastes instead of acting up to the artist's standards; the performer by selfishly showing off his personal attractions forces an uninteresting and irrelevant fact upon the attention of the hearer and generally disfigures the composer's work or veils his intentions; and the composer, thus doubly ill-treated by the performer, tyrannizes, in his turn, over the poet, whom he forces to write contemptible librettos instead of dramas, and to shape his verse according to the requirements of the conventional forms of music. The poet, then, the slave of the servant, of the *servi servorum*, is now to become the king of kings, and it is not too much to say that the much-abused music of the future turns out, on closer examination, to be the dramatic poetry of the future.

Wagner is particularly explicit in his instructions to the poet, and the second part of his work, which relates exclusively to the reform of dramatic poetry, is justly considered by the author as his literary and philosophical masterpiece. It is brimful of thought, and lifts the reader to the pure heights of æsthetics, without dimming his sight by clouds of transcendental nonsense.

"All arts," says Wagner, "when selfishly isolated, can only address themselves to our imagination," not to our senses. This means that each art taken separately has but a narrow range of expression. Even the plastic arts, which convey these impressions apparently through the eye alone, are powerless to express motion, the most important element of art, except through allusions which would remain unintelligible to us without the aid of our imagination. Descriptive and narrative literature requires the service of the eye only for the reading, not for the perception of the images described and facts narrated, which must be done by our imagination. And as to music, which can express only sentiment, and even that only vaguely, it would seem, according to this standard, the least independent and most helpless of all the arts. There is, according to Wagner, but one form of art capable of conveying all its meanings and intentions through the senses, and without the untrustworthy and often dangerous aid of our imagination. That form is the musical *drama.* It has all the known means of artistic expression at its disposal, and is therefore "the art *par excellence.*" Not that Wagner advocates the mechanical juxtaposition of arts. He condemns even the melodrama as a mere mixture of speech and music which run parallel instead of coalescing, as they do in the opera, into a new unit which is neither speech nor music, but music spoken or speech sung.

And what are the things to be expressed by this great art which is so rich in means of expression? Action, of course, — human action; not a mere piece cut from that endless string of actions which we call history, nor a succession of such small doings as constitute the events of private life. The actors of history are princes and soldiers, the actors of private life accidental personalities. There the costumes, here the plot, may interest us, but we find human characters fit to be represented as centres of dramatic action, according to Wagner, neither in history nor in private life. The plot may be the ripening process of a character,

but the drama cares nothing for development, which it leaves to the novel; it wants ready-made characters, and only such among the possible types of human nature as are æsthetically interesting. Wagner admits that private life is but "the sediment of history." When viewed in this relation, the *bourgeois* is transfigured into the citizen, and the citizen may become a dramatic hero. But the multitude of political detail, which is the negation of dramatic unity, is apt to overflow and to destroy its frame, and the citizen is far more likely to become a hero of the hustings than a hero of the stage. Modern literature, in fact, tends far more towards journalistic dilution than towards dramatic condensation. Life itself is becoming easier and more shallow, and with its contrasts and conflicts the tragic element is gradually disappearing from its surface.

The prospects of dramatic art would be altogether hopeless under these circumstances, if Wagner had not discovered that that which threatens art with extinction may still be made available for tragic purposes. Napoleon said to Goethe: "What fate was to the antique world, politics are to our modern world." To escape fate, which is nothing but natural necessity misunderstood, the Greeks founded the political state, which is necessity willed and enforced by man. And as this was the origin of the Greek tragedy, there is no reason why the opposite process might not lead to similar results in our own days. The state is Wagner's Carthage. It has to be destroyed, not violently, but gradually. We fly from the compelling state no longer to fate, but to the natural, the purely human, and by asserting, not our individuality as such, but what is purely human in it, against the state, we make tragedy. The struggle between the written and the unwritten law, between ethics and morals, between custom and truth, between order and passion, can only cease with the existence of the state. The complete destruction of the state would be the complete revindication of human nature, but as the destruction must always be attempted and can never be complete, the process which generates the tragic must be an everlasting one. Even retrospectively it is apparently eternal, and the endless task of the future we find achieved in the remotest past. Socrates destroyed the state, and his own death, because tragical, does not shock or distress us. Antigone defied the state and died, but Kreon, the

personification of the state, "became man" again on seeing his son expire on Antigone's grave.

Thus, and in this sense, we find myth to be the Alpha and the Omega of history. It is its beginning and its end, just as sentiment is the beginning and the end of reason. Myth, when sprung from the depths of human consciousness, must renew and reproduce itself forever amid the influences of actual life, and such a myth, when fitly and intelligibly embodied in a drama, is the highest work a poet can achieve.

All this refers to the poetical conception and is purely æsthetical, though it belongs to literary, not to musical, æsthetics. When we come to the consideration of the principles which, according to Wagner, ought to guide the poet in his written utterance of the idea thus conceived, we become at once aware that we have been led into a domain no longer purely literary, but forming a kind of neutral ground between absolute poetry and absolute music. The poet writes in verse, not in prose, and verse properly declaimed and not scanned, that is to say, accentuated according to the real meaning of the words, not according to a fictitious prosodic value of its syllables, is in itself a sort of melody which Wagner calls *verse-melody*. Verse differs from prose in terseness; in prose the rhetorical accents, that is to say, the essentials, are few and far between, the elimination of non-essentials causes a crowding of accents in verse, but it can hardly ever happen that these accents are equal in intensity throughout the sentence, or that their maxima and minima should alternate in regular periods like the so-called long and short syllables of a *metre*. There being no periodicity in the rhetorical accents and sub-accents, and there being a fixed periodicity in the metrical accent, it follows that declamation and metre are antagonistic to each other. Wagner does not seem to be aware of the peculiar charm which this antagonism may give to the verse-melody in skilful declamation, but he is unquestionably right in saying that in musical song the prosodic metre is lost. The bar, one might say, corresponds to the foot of the metre, and the pauses to the *cæsuræ* of the verse, and there are further analogies to be found in the natural limitation of all rhythm, whether musical or spoken, to two fundamental forms, — the even and the odd, the binal and the ternal. We cannot pass over more than two unaccentuated syllables, so that iambics and

dactyls, and, of course, their variations — the trochæus, the anapæst, and the amphibrachys — are the only possible constituent elements of a rhythmic sentence, whether sung or spoken. Notwithstanding this analogy, we are bound to admit the fact that, with the exception of the church choral and the dramatic recitative, modern music ignores and effaces the verse, so that, without hearing the actual words and repeating them without the music, one can rarely, if ever, recognize the metre of the verse through the rhythm of the music.

Modern languages have, according to Wagner, no real prosody, and consequently no metre. The accent is a rhetorical, not a metrical, necessity, and the verse owes its existence to the physiological necessity of drawing breath. The French and the Italians seem to know this, their verse being a string of a fixed number of syllables without the slightest reference to prosody or accent. But as all external or audible difference between prose and verse would thus disappear, the ear was conciliated by the invention of the *rhyme*, which has the additional advantage that the first rhyme, by inducing the expectation of the second, insures and enhances the attention of the hearer. The whole contrivance, however, appears to Wagner thoroughly childish. To accentuate a mere terminal syllable in a word whose radical remains unaccentuated, and in a verse where nothing can be accentuated, and to do so with the sole intention of tickling the hearer's languid ear, may well be called a frivolous proceeding; but Wagner does not tell us on what grounds he would condemn the institution of the rhyme in those languages in which not the terminals but the radicals form almost always the accentuated part of the rhyme. Here too, however, we must agree with him in admitting that the rhyme is generally lost in music. Rhyme implies not only the identity of the two vowels, but that of the following consonants. But in song the most audible part of a compound syllable, besides its vowel, is not the terminal consonant, but the consonant preceding the vowel. The terminal consonant may react on the vowel by predetermining its length or intensity, but the longer the singer dwells on the vowel, the less distinctly audible will be the terminal consonants, and an essential element of the rhyme must thus be lost. The initial consonant, on the contrary, can never be lost in song; we hear it with, if not before, the

vowel; it is its countenance or physiognomy, and addresses itself to that part of our sense of hearing which Wagner fantastically calls "the eye of our hearing." Granting, now, that our ear is fond of repetition, Wagner would gratify that desire, not by means of the ordinary rhyme, but by means of *alliteration*, which implies the identity of nothing but the initial consonants, that is to say, identity of countenance in the words. These words, which may be two or three or even more, must all occur in the same verse whose accentuated or essential parts they are. They should express things either congenial or antagonistic, rather than indifferent to each other. "Sweet songsters soar" would be an alliteration of the former, "heaven and hell" of the latter, kind. The three s's would induce the composer to remain in the same key; the two h's, however, belonging to two opposites, just as the note C is common to the widely different keys of G and A flat, would indicate the necessity of a sudden modulation. The German language is particularly rich in proverbial expressions where alliteration takes the place of rhyme, and Wagner may not be wrong in considering it as the only form of rhyme compatible with the genius of the German language. It is certainly the only form of rhyme which is not lost in song.

The external characteristics of ordinary verse are its metre and its rhyme. The metre, as we have seen, is partly lost in declamation and entirely effaced in song, while the rhyme, though perfectly preserved in declamation, spoils declamation by enforcing false accents, and is almost entirely lost in melismatic song. And since both verse-melody and song-melody are by their very nature forced to ignore the metre and the rhyme, the only proper form of musical poetry would seem to be that peculiar kind of rhythmic and alliterative prose which forms the text of the poet's own operas.

The faithful musical rendering of the verse-melody is the music of the future. So Wagner tells us, implicitly at least, when he calls this verse-melody "the intelligible tie between word and sound," "the offspring of music wedded to poetry," excelling either parent in dignity and beauty. But how is this musical verse to be obtained from the data furnished by the poet? We saw that this verse-melody consists in a succession of graduated accents and alliterative sounds. It is, therefore, predetermined by the sense of the words, and Wagner adds, that it must, in

its turn, predetermine its musical intonation. But if this is so, what is to become of musical spontaneity? What of the artistic dignity of the man whom we call composer, but who would seem to be nothing more than a translator in the poet's service? Wagner requests us not to be alarmed. Self-limitation and self-denial are fictions which he is too wise to expect from any mortal, and to enforce them would be to alter their nature. They are possible only through love, and *love* is the relation which, according to Wagner, ought to exist between poet and composer, — not love founded on absolute and equilateral reciprocity, but that mutual yet unsymmetrical love which exists between a man and a woman. The woman's sacrifice is great, but in making it she loses neither in dignity nor in power, but gains in both, her self-sacrifice being in itself the highest display of her innate capacities.

Poetry, then, is the man, music the woman. Each is sterile without the other. But when united in true love, they merge their separate individualities into one perfect being, the *dramatic artist.* Hitherto the poet has been the writer of librettos, an anonymous and ill-paid slave, and at best but a *cavaliere servante* to an imperious and capricious mistress. These unnatural relations have caused the decay of the opera, and the divorce from poetry may prove still more injurious to music when displaying her charms outside the walls of the theatre. Music can neither think nor express thought. All she can express is sentiment, but in expressing sentiment she gives shape and countenance to thought, and longs to receive its germs from poetry. Of course, there are different types of womanhood: there is the *fille de joie,* the *coquette,* and the *prude,* and Wagner gives us to understand that these may be taken as the representatives of Italian, French, and German music respectively. But where is the true woman, at once loving and chaste, lovely and modest, adorning her husband with her charms, yet unwilling to attract attention to her own self?

Wagner has the good fortune of belonging to the class which Linné called Moncœcia. He is both poet and musician, man and woman. But he can see no reason why poet and musician should not be two separate persons, whose co-operation would no doubt be facilitated by a certain superiority, in age or otherwise, on the part of the poet. Voltaire said, What is too absurd to be spoken is allowed to be sung. But Wagner would say, What is unworthy

of speech cannot be worth singing, and what is unfit for song ought not to be deemed worthy of poetic speech. In other words, he would say to the poet, Give up as unpoetical whatsoever cannot be fitly expressed in music; and he would say to the musician, Avoid all musical expressions which are not called for by the poet's intentions, as superfluous, meaningless, unintelligible, and offensive.

The musical rendering having to accommodate itself to the verse-melody, and the verse-melody being derivable from the sense and meaning of the words, the musical melody must be considered as something partly derivable from the sense and meaning of the poet's words, and at the same time dependent, though in a different sense, on laws and agencies which belong to the exclusive domain of music. As the common fruit of two trees, it must have two roots, and these two roots are the poet's intention and the laws of harmony and tonality. However plainly inferrible from the poet's words, the melody cannot start into existence without having been predetermined by harmony and tonality, a melody being a *tonal* melody only in so far as it implies an ideal harmony. If melody is generated by the poet's word, it is shaped and brought to light by harmony, the *matrix* of music. A succession of harmonies, no doubt, implies a melody in the treble, but such melodies are meaningless, and to make melody derivable from harmony without the intercession of the poet is to impute paternity to a mother. This is the mistake of absolute music, which plays songs without words, composes words without meaning, and sings vowels without consonants. Mendelssohn, the representative of this school, is a musical spinster in Wagner's eyes.

But let us suppose the composer had written his score in perfect accordance with the principles which regulate the relations between himself and the poet; what would be the *means of expression* at his disposal? We know that the spoken word addresses itself to the understanding, and the sentiment which the word implies but cannot intelligibly express is couched in melodious utterance. But there are shades of sentiment which the human voice, whether speaking or singing, seems insufficient to define in their micrometric distinctness, and there are others which exceed the range of audible utterance in the same way in which the invisible rays of the spectrum exceed the range of visual perception. When

the human voice has expressed all that it is capable of expressing in its double capacity as organ of speech and organ of song, there will always remain an unexpressed and inexpressible residue containing these two forms of the unutterable. This is no mystical platitude, the term "unutterable" meaning that which cannot be adequately or intelligibly expressed by speech or song, and which requires other means of expression. And fortunately for the dramatic art, such means exist; they are the *gesture* and the *orchestra.* The former (which comprises the dance and the mimic play) expresses that part of the unsung residue which requires visible symbols, the latter that part which requires audible symbols. The gesture or dance is to the orchestra as verse is to melody. Their unity lies in the *rhythm,* that is to say, in that which is jointly perceived and jointly enjoyed by the eye and the ear.

In the chorus of the Greek tragedy, speech, song, dance, and instrumental music were inseparable. In the modern drama this union has been destroyed, the verse-melody and the gesture being left to the actor, the instrumental music to the orchestra; and where gesture has to be concentrated into dance, the division of labor is carried still further, the dancing being intrusted to dumb performers, while the verse-melody is either entirely suppressed or declaimed by the actors with a minimum of conventional gesture. But this technically necessary division of labor ought not to induce forgetfulness of the primordial union or undue self-assertion of either the dancer or the orchestra. Their function is to co-operate with each other, but to do so not in each other's service, but in the service of the drama, in order to elucidate and carry out that part of the poet's intention which cannot be carried out through speech and song. Hence it follows that the pantomime and the ballet, being founded on an inversion of means and ends, cannot claim to be more than amusements, half childish, half sensuous, disguised under the garb of scenic art. And as to absolute instrumental music or orchestral music having no reference to the drama and as to its being played on the piano or by extra-theatrical bands, it is an art of which Wagner speaks with some reserve, and for whose greatest master he feels unbounded admiration, but for which we can hardly find a proper place in Wagner's system.

The orchestra may be considered either as an apparatus for expressing harmony, — and in this case it may be fitly replaced

by the piano or the organ, — or as an *ensemble* of instruments of different structure, — and in this case it forms a real alphabet, containing all that is necessary for its own idiomatic utterances. We know from acoustics, that when a violin, a hautboy, and a horn play the same note, the differences of the three sounds are due to the number and relative strength of the *consonant harmonics*, which in their turn depend on the material and shape of each instrument, that is to say, on its individuality. These consonant harmonics or orchestral individualities are to the human voice what the consonants are to the vowels. The human voice, it is true, has both vowels and consonants, but can *dwell* only on vowels, while the instrument, even in its long-drawn notes, never ceases to assert its own peculiar character. There are affinities between instruments as there are between consonants, and as we have groups of dentals, labials, and gutturals, it might be interesting to divide the orchestra into similar groups of agnate instruments. The art of *instrumentation*, therefore, consists chiefly in individualizing or characterizing. It must not be confounded with the art of harmonization, which is theoretical rather than technical. As the organ of harmony, the orchestra has to *accompany* the verse-melody, that is to say, to *justify* it as melody. As a chorus of instruments, it has to emphasize the individuality of the actor. Both these functions presuppose sympathy and self-subordination; the orchestra must not distract the hearer's attention, which belongs to the actor; and to avoid this, it must neither compete with the singer in melody nor depend on the singer's treble for harmonic completeness. The office of the orchestra is not to sing melody, nor is it the office of the singer to support or complete harmonies, as though the human voice were only one of the many possible instruments. The great popularity of singing (melody-playing) orchestras, such as we hear in garden-concerts and on military parades, only proves, according to Wagner, that the melodies, though designed for song, were purely instrumental and thoroughly "unhuman." And for analogous reasons Wagner condemns *polyphonous* singing on the stage, whether in form of duets, *ensembles*, or choruses. He objects to it on dramatic as well as musical grounds. As something requiring the merging of individualities, polyphony is thoroughly Christian, but thoroughly anti-dramatic. The actors on the stage are all heroes *in posse;* they

may sing together occasionally, but never for the sake of supporting each other harmonically, which would imply that some of them assume orchestral duties towards one man's treble.

Although the orchestra must not play melodies while they are sung by the actor, there is a class of orchestral melodies which Wagner not only tolerates, but to which he attaches the greatest dramatic importance. Certain musical phrases sung by the principal *dramatis personæ* in solemn and impressive moments, and accompanied by such instruments as befit the individual character of each singer, may be reproduced, in the course of the play, by the same group of instruments, without the vocal co-operation of the singer, whose presence or whose coming on the stage is all that is required on such occasions. Such a melody, though purely orchestral, must remind the hearer of the words to which it was originally sung, of the circumstances under which it was sung, and of the character of the person whose emotions it then helped to express. And not only does it suggest such reminiscences to the hearer, but it tells him that the same reminiscences are passing through the mind of the hero on the stage, whose attitude, gesture, or mimic expression must, of course, be in harmony with this supposition. We all know the strange fascination of associated ideas. A few bars of half-forgotten melody which strike our ear unexpectedly, though quite unobtrusively, may conjure up long-lost images of the past, which we are loath to dismiss again, and it seems strange that this weird, conjuring power of melody has not been used more systematically for dramatic purposes. There are, no doubt, some operas in which this has been done, but the orchestral *motives*, or phrases intended to be typical of something or of somebody, hardly ever refer to any previous vocal utterance and then remain meaningless, or they are used as mere ushers, as in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, to announce the appearance of the hero on the stage, when they are apt to become equally meaningless through indiscriminate repetition. In most of these cases they appear as mere tricks when compared with the thoughtfully devised and sparingly used *orchestral motives* of Wagner, the melody of which is determined by previous song, and the instrumentation of which is determined by the analogies which exist between moral and acoustic qualities, and consequently between personal character and orchestral individuality. This grouping of sound-capacities may not

unfitly be called the *alliteration of the orchestra*, the metaphor being fully justified by Wagner's own comparison between musical instruments and the consonants of the alphabet. And as we have had occasion to point out a similar analogy between alliteration of words and modulation of keys, we may sum up this part of Wagner's doctrines in the following theorem : —

The three principal factors of the musical drama — namely, the verse, the melody, and the orchestra — have each its *principium unitatis* and its *principium individuationis*. The verse is held together by the laws of rhythm or accent, the melody by the laws of tonality, the orchestra by the laws of harmony. But each has the power of expressing special affinities or contrasts among its own constituent parts, — the verse among its words, the melody among its notes, the orchestra among its instruments. The alliteration which connects two words regardless of rhythm and accent, the modulation which joins two keys in defiance of tonality, and the sound-affinities which constitute orchestral groups not required for purely harmonic purposes, are three analogous means of expression, and as they are all eminently suggestive and individualizing, they must be considered as the fittest means of defining dramatic characters. With regard to modulation and instrumentation this is no new truth, but the *alliterative rhyme* and that peculiar form of instrumentation called the *orchestral motive* are Wagner's own additions, and whatever may be the merits of the former, no man of thought and culture will hesitate to admit the high æsthetic value of the latter.

Like all works of art, the musical drama ought to have unity, — not the old unities of space and time, but the unity of that which is the negation of space and time, the unity of *action*. This unity of contents requires *unity of form*, unity in the modes of expression. Now let us look at any ordinary opera, no matter whether good or bad, and we shall see at a glance that far from showing this unity of form it is the very negation of all unity, a mosaic of loosely connected or unconnected pieces of music belonging to three or four purely conventional forms accepted and sanctioned by usage. Each of these pieces is an independent whole by itself, and each of these forms is an independent, and, as such, a perfectly legitimate form of art. The *recitative* has its history and its traditions, so has the *air*, and so has the *chorus*. We have seen above that Wagner objects to all forms of polypho-

nous song on the stage, that he condemns the chorus and the duet or other *ensembles* as anti-dramatic, and that he wishes to see these forms replaced by musical dialogues, with occasionally overlapping sentences. These dialogues, in fact, form the bulk of Wagner's own operas. They partake far more of the character of the recitative than of that of the ordinary opera air, but differ from both, and their general character can perhaps be best inferred from our remarks on the Wagnerian verse-melody, in which we saw music firmly chained to the verse, and moving timidly along its rough surface, bristling with accents, meanings, and alliterative suggestions. The ordinary opera air is, in Wagner's opinion, an intruder on the stage; it is the popular air in disguise, and ought to be driven into the street again, from whence it came. In Mediæval Italy the popular air was admitted into the palaces, first as a means of amusement, later as a means of vocal display. It has never done more, as a part of the modern opera, than serve these two purposes, which are both foreign to the spirit of the musical drama as understood by Wagner. We cannot wonder, then, that, without banishing the opera air altogether from the musical drama, he reduces it to mere shreds of melody scattered over the musical dialogue, and reserves the full-grown air for those necessarily rare moments in which the lyrical element predominates over the dramatic.

Far less destructive are Wagner's ideas about the *overture*. Considering that it is a mere piece of "absolute" music, not induced by words, we might have expected its complete removal from the frame of the musical drama. If music is nothing but a means of expression, how can it claim to exist, apart from speech and dance-gesture, except for the sake of recalling previous song? What is the "orchestral motive" but an echo of the human voice?

But Wagner seems to admit that the *suggestiveness* of instrumental music is forecasting as well as reminiscent, prospective as well as retrospective. Compared with the spectacular and histrionic part of the performance, which is all motion, the part represented by the orchestra seems repose, and we should become more conscious of this contrast if the orchestra were hidden from view by being placed, not behind the scenes, but in a pit of sufficient depth to cover the tops of the fiddlers' bows. This comparative repose which precedes the rising of the curtain is to the ear what

the sight of a landscape or a motionless, silent figure is to the eye; it fixes our attention and raises our expectation. What the landscape does through its *genius loci*, and the silent figure through its glance, the orchestra must do through its speechless strains; it must put us into the proper *mood* for the coming drama. The Germans call mood *stimmung*, which, literally, means tuning or mode of tuning. We may say, therefore, that the overture ought to tune the hearer's soul according to the poetical clef of the drama, so as to render it capable of sympathetic vibrations. It is obvious that the so-called "orchestral motives" can find no place in such an overture. To make an overture out of shreds of melody taken from the drama itself is to do something which has no meaning, and the proper place for such an overture, if it had any, would be at the end of the opera.

Wagner's ideas concerning the *performance* itself are implicitly contained in the foregoing review of his doctrine. The practical details being a matter of personal tuition, we have only to make a brief recapitulation of the theoretical generalities. We saw that the musical rendering of the verse-melody must be, to use a profane simile, a close fit. The composer's wings are not clipped by the poet, but they are flapped in strict and deferential conformity with the poet's utterances. In this sense the composer must be realistic, but, the thing to be expressed being ideal, because poetical, its musical expression, though realistic in form, is still essentially ideal.

In like manner the performer must, with realistic accuracy and befitting *self-denial*, endeavor to reproduce with his technical means what the artist has produced with his æsthetic means. But he cannot faithfully carry out the artist's intentions without being able to perceive or to infer these intentions, that is to say, without *æsthetic culture*. Here too, then, we have but apparent realism, a realistic performance being a faithful and intelligent rendering of ideal meanings. The true performer, whether actor, singer, or player, must be a person of moral and intellectual training. What is proverbially called theatrical must disappear from the theatre, and false pathos must be replaced by that ideal naturalness which is intentional but appears unconscious. The artist knows the unconscious, the actor represents it. Nor must the singer be a mere vocal virtuoso, allowed to ignore the rules of

dramatic action and of good behavior, so long as he pours forth sweet melody. The grotesque conventionalities established among "absolute" singers are deservedly ridiculed by Wagner, who admits, however, that the composers are partly responsible for them. It is the structure of the opera air, the repetition of its couplets, which induces the singer to walk from one side of the proscenium to the other and to address the public instead of turning towards his interlocutor. And while the orchestra indulges in long preludes, interludes, and *ritornelli*, what can the embarrassed singer do but rush to the back of the stage, as if to see whether somebody is coming, or feign a whispering conversation with another actor, or look up to heaven with a senseless and uncalled-for show of distress? And when he has sung his air, that is to say, the composer's air with additions and variations, and when he has effectually proved, by the length of his penultimate note, how painfully long he can hold his breath, he earns well-merited applause and bows his thanks. He may be *encored* or called again to the honors of the proscenium, which will necessitate more bows and deprecating gestures, and when at last he retires from the stage, we rejoice that the noisy *intermezzo* is over, but find to our distress that the spell is broken and our illusions are gone. In a reformed theatre there will be neither applauding nor encoring, neither bowing nor undue display. The capacity of a singer's lungs can interest nobody, and his vocal powers are interesting only in so far as they *suffice* for his special task, not in so far as they exceed these requirements. The excess of these powers may be displayed in concert-halls. The thing to be displayed on the stage is the artistic perfection of a musical drama, not the technical accomplishments of its performers.

But the actors, singers, and players are not the only performers. No theatrical performance is complete or even possible without the co-operation of the scene-painter, the scene-shifter, and the costume-tailor, to mention only the most important factors of what is commonly called the *mise-en-scène*. When we remember that Wagner considers the musical drama to be the highest and most perfect form of art, and that he defines a perfect work of art as that which speaks to us through our senses, leaving little or nothing to our imagination, we can easily understand why he attaches a greater importance to the *mise-en-scène* than would seem

to be consistent with the poetical and thoroughly idealistic character of his whole doctrine. His stage realism is as thoroughgoing as the realistic accuracy which he expects from the singer, the actor, and the player; whether it is equally justifiable is another question. The æsthetic effect, he argues, must be complete, and to make it complete, the scenic illusion must not be destroyed by awkward failures and other relapses from a realm of poetic fictions into a world of coarse realities. In the theatre we ought to find a refuge from this world of realities, and not be rudely reminded of it by the flaws of the performance and the shortcomings of the scenic apparatus. We hardly know how to qualify this part of Wagner's theory. It seems idealistic in its aims and realistic only in the choice of means. But it is doubtful whether these means can produce the desired result. An excessive perfection of stage-thunder and stage-lightning, though insufficient to curdle the milk in the neighboring dairies, is amply sufficient to draw the spectator's attention from the work of art to a clever piece of mechanism, and is therefore far more likely to destroy the desired totality of effect than the well-known imperfection of these performances, whose conventional meanings and symbolical intentions are readily understood without impelling the spectator to conscious reflection. It is clear that admiration must be fully as mischievous as ridicule in such cases. The group of Laocoön could not impress us as it does, if the scales of the serpent had been chiselled with obtrusive accuracy; and that thousands of pictures are spoilt and æsthetically ruined by an uncalled-for exactness in the delineation of embroidery-stitches, flower-petals, and other accessories, is a fact well known, though rarely admitted in these days. But Wagner has the misfortune of having, like Faust, "two souls, alas! within his breast." His reflective power is fully as strong as his artistic intuitions. Had he followed the latter, he would have been the last man to advocate stage realism. But it was the logical consistency of his system that led him into error whenever false premises had crept into it. He himself denounces the electric sun in Meyerbeer's *Prophet* which shines upon the just and the unjust with such fierce impartiality. That sun, it may be said, is not even realistic, but simply painful through the failure of attempted realism. But he denounces it, not as a failure, but as an uncalled-for attempt, and in an eloquent passage of his

principal work openly condemns all scenic effects not called for by the dramatic situation as "absolute effects," that is to say, as "effects without a cause," — which being logical absurdities must be æsthetic monstrosities. It is one of Wagner's false premises that a true work of art should leave little or nothing to the imagination. We know that in the Greek tragedy death, murder, and all that was deemed revolting or indecorous was brought before the public through the medium of description or narration. Who cares to see the smothering of Desdemona? and what is the use of having an imagination, if it cannot be made to save us the painful necessity of witnessing the accomplishing of a *deed* which is essential to the drama only as an accomplished *fact?* And if this is a legitimate use of our imagination, the legitimacy of stage realism becomes more than doubtful.

Wagner reproaches the modern public at large with æsthetic degeneracy. They seem incapable of grasping the unity of a work of art which requires concentration and dote on the plurality of details which insures distraction. And as if the scenic and orchestral details were not sufficient, the audience itself and the dress-circle must furnish additional materials for the play-goer's distraction. He wants the pleasure of distraction, not the labor of concentration. Wagner knows this foible of the modern Mæcenas. He endeavors, in fact, to intellectualize him by darkening the theatre and forcing him to concentrate his attention on the strongly illuminated stage. But having secured it there, he unwittingly undoes his work again and sensualizes him through a mistaken and exaggerated stage realism. By thus ministering to the lower wants of the spectator, Wagner distracts him and seems to defeat his own object, which was to insure concentration.

We cannot afford to follow up this criticism any farther. The system of musical philosophy which we have endeavored to trace in the foregoing pages is altogether too grand for mere hole-picking. It is impossible not to be impressed with its compactness and richness in truths. We admire the former and feel grateful for the latter. Yet, invulnerable though this system seems at first sight, we are inclined to believe that its fundamental principle either hides an error or errs through incompleteness. And the following theoretical digression will not only justify our suspicion, but may assist us in forming an independent opinion on at least

two points, which Wagner's system seems incapable of settling or explaining satisfactorily, — the relation between song and speech, and the existence of instrumental music.

We know that whatsoever has the power of pleasing, either sensually or æsthetically, must be a *unum e pluribus*, whatever else it may be besides. This is no adequate definition either of the beautiful or of the agreeable, but unity and plurality are essential to both. When the component elements are equal in kind and in degree, they cannot form a unity so long as their plurality is perceived as such. But when their plurality ceases to be perceptible, as is the case with the vibrations of ether, their indistinguishableness constitutes their unity, and this relative unity is then translated by us into a quality, which we call green or red. In like manner we hear sound when we cease to be able to count or to perceive as plural the vibrations of air. These simplest perceptions, then, involve a partial loss of consciousness, which furnishes that unity which a succession of indifferent elements could not have furnished. But when the elements are not indifferent and indistinguishable, when they differ in degree if not in kind, then their unity, in order to become a pleasing perception, must lie in the commensurateness of their differences or in the simplicity and intelligibleness of their proportions. Two successions, for instance, the velocities of which are to each other as one is to three, are perceived by us as dactyllic rhythm without our being conscious that there are two successions to whose commensurateness alone the unity of our perception is due; and the same may be said of two or more sounds whose intervals enable them to form either a harmony or a melody. The perception of a rhythm or musical interval is therefore of a higher order than the simple perceptions of color or sound, because the generating elements are no longer co-ordinate and indifferent, but subordinate to one another. If we now go a step further and combine elements which differ in kind as well as in degree, forming a *variety* rather than a plurality, we may have some difficulty in making them coalesce to a unity; and it is with these difficulties that the province of æsthetics begins; in other words, the conditions under which heterogeneous elements can coalesce to a unity are no longer physiological, but psychological, — no longer verifiable by sensual pleasure, but by æsthetic gratification.

There is no real breach of continuity, however, but a gradual rise from the agreeable to the beautiful, from the unconscious to the conscious. For if the unity of vibrations lies in their indifference and indistinguishableness, and the unity of ratios of vibrations in the difference and commensurateness of these ratios, the psychological unity of more varied elements must lie in their mutual dependence, or in their common dependence, from one principal element, and, generally speaking, in the possibility of arranging them as a group of essentials and accessories. It is this hierarchical differentiation which the beautiful has in common with the organic, and it is, if not the essence, the first condition of beauty as well as of life.

If, therefore, two or more arts are expected to co-operate so as to constitute a *complex form of art*, we may safely assume that they cannot do so by meeting on equal terms. Whatever their relative dignities and however elastic this relation of dignities may be, one must become for the nonce the accessory of the other. Arts which cannot serve one another cannot merge to form a new art. They may operate side by side and simultaneously; we may look at a statue while listening to a poem, but there can be no unity of perception, and our attention must remain divided. Even the melodrama, which bids us listen to spoken poetry and to instrumental music, is a questionable form of art, it being next to impossible to perceive, with undivided attention, any *tertium aliquid* that could convey to us the full meaning of the words and the full beauty of the music in a united impression. On the other hand, gesture, or dance, not only combines with instrumental music for a perfect form of art, but cannot exist without it. Their unity lies in the rhythm, which, though one thing, is audible and visible at the same time. But there is no equality of rank in this instance. Music not only stands infinitely higher than dancing, but is more self-sufficient than the latter; it may induce the hearer to beat time with his head or hand, but even of dance-music it cannot be said that it is enjoyable only during actual dancing. And if, notwithstanding its superiority of rank and its greater self-sufficiency, music can stoop to become the accessory of dancing, it is not unreasonable to infer that the union of these two arts owes its strange intimacy and fitness, not merely to their rhythmic affinity nor to their great disparity as such, but to the negation

of this disparity through the self-subordination of the higher art to the lower for the sake of their rhythmic affinity. The greatness of the sacrifice gives greater prominence to the object for which it was made, and as this object constitutes the unity of the two arts, the artistic completeness of their union is at once proclaimed and explained by this process. Of course, self-subordination alone cannot effect this; it must be needed by the other. When two very self-sufficient arts are made to combine, such as drawing and painting, the self-degradation of the latter is not really wanted by the former; a good drawing does not require coloring or illustration; and the combination of the two, notwithstanding their apparently close relationship, has never occupied a high rank among the possible forms of compound art.

If we now wish to test the legitimacy of the musical drama, which is a highly complex combination of poetry, song, instrumental music, mimic art, scene-painting, scene-shifting, and tailoring, we must begin by finding out the purpose for which these arts pretend to co-operate, and whether this unity of purpose is enough to constitute artistic unity. If these arts cannot co-operate without dividing our attention, the musical drama is no genuine form of art. The purpose of a drama is the manifestation of the poet's intentions. Music not only is a means of expressing these intentions, as Wagner has it, but all the other component arts, and especially the poet's own *poetry*, contribute their share. The true relation between speech and song is not that of contents and form, of meaning and expression, but *they are both means of expression*, each in its own way and for its own special part of the *exprimendum*. By putting them in the relation of end and means, Wagner has misled us and deceived himself. They are both means, and in this sense they are co-ordinate, but this co-ordination cannot be tolerated, as it would entitle them to equal shares of our attention and thus destroy the unity of perception. Which, then, is to become the subordinate?

It is a physical fact that words are apt to become unintelligible when sung, and the more unintelligible the more perfect is the singing. We cannot help that. The singing voice can dwell only on vowels, while the consonants, which alone specify a word, are evanescent appendages which, even when pronounced distinctly, are too far removed from the beginning of the syllable to convey

a clear impression. In melismatic song especially we forget the beginning before we have heard the end of a word. This has always been instinctively felt, and it has led to the subordination of poetry. It has always been poetry which had to adapt itself to the requirements of music, not every poem being considered fit for melodious song. The simpler and the fewer the words of a poem, the more welcome, *cæteris paribus*, it is to the composer. But there are two ways of saving the words from drowning, either by reducing their own weight or by reducing the supernatant melody to a minimum, making it so thin and shallow that it could not cover anything. This latter method is Wagner's, but it does not succeed. The words in Wagner's operas are, on the whole, not more intelligible than in other operas, and if we have lost the melody without having gained the perception of the poet's words, we must consider ourselves as losers in the bargain. It must be remembered that the libretto, though easily bought, cannot be read in a darkened theatre, and ought not to be read in presence of a work of art which claims our undivided attention through eye and ear. And as the hearer cannot fairly be expected to have learned the words by heart, we are forced to reconsider the whole question and to ask ourselves whether the old way of simplifying the words, and thus lessening the importance of what seems an unavoidable loss, was not, to say the least, the lesser of two evils.

Wagner compares the relation between poetry and music to the relation between the two sexes, and we accept this simile as both beautiful and true. But the relations between man and woman are of two kinds: courtship is the servitude of man, marriage the dependence of woman. Both are self-subordinations induced by love; both are normal relations, and will continue to exist as long as there are two sexes. Wagner's Muse is the poet's wife, and the poet has forgotten his courtship. Why not admit the possibility of two forms of operatic art,—the one of historical origin, and ruled by tradition and convention, the other of revolutionary origin, and ruled by intellectual considerations? The former is our old *opera*, where the loving poet humbles himself before music; the latter is the *musical drama* of the future, where music stoops to wait upon poetry.

We have something similar in the relation between painting and architecture; they stand in want of each other, but very un-

equally; the hall wants mural decoration, the fresco-painting needs an edifice; but the building can do without the decoration, while the painting can dispense with the mural surface only by substituting canvas, just as poetry can exist without music, while music can dispense with words only by substituting artificial instruments for the natural instrument of the human voice. The general character and purpose of the building will guide the fresco-painter in his choice of subjects, as the general sense and purpose of the poem will guide the composer in his choice of themes and motives. But all timid and finical adaptation of mural painting to architectural details belongs to the decorator's art; and the equally timid adaptation of song to the minutiæ of speech, which forms the leading feature of Wagner's vocal music, belongs to an art which we may call the art of *dramatic intonation*, whose dignity can hardly be greater than that of purely decorative art. Raphael was invited to *adorn* the Loggie in the Vatican, but he might, with equal propriety, have asked the Pope's architect to build him a gallery *ad hoc* worthy to *serve* as a mural bearer of his frescos. If there can be such reciprocity of self-subordination between architecture and painting, why could not a similar relation be established between poetry and music? Our historical opera is the musical fresco engaging the services of the architect of words, and Wagner's reformed opera is a structure of poetry engaging the services of the musical decorator. Notwithstanding the conventional nonsense which disfigures the opera of the past, Wagner is ready to admit that, "*in its way*, a good Italian opera is something quite perfect." But he admits this in an after-dinner speech, and our idea of a double possibility, though implied in this admission, forms no recognized part of his system.

As to purely *instrumental music*, independent of the theatre, it occupies a place in Wagner's system which it seems to hold on sufferance. His great admiration for Beethoven cannot be explained by his system or deduced from its principles. But it is, after all, easy enough to justify the existence of "absolute" instrumental music without upsetting Wagner's system of reform. As we have seen, music and poetry are not in a one-sided relation of means and end to each other, but have this in common, that they are both means of expression. And if poetry can exist as an independent art expressing ideas through words, we can see no reason

why music should not exist as an "absolute" art expressing sentiments through "absolute," that is unsung sound. Wagner says somewhere, that instrumental music representing harmony or the "vertical relations of the written score, may be compared to the ocean, while melody, the representative of the horizontal movement, is like the sailing on its surface." He then adds, in support of his favorite doctrine, that the sailor (here the singer) cannot sail without a boat, that is to say, without something which owes its substance to the mainland of rational speech or to the forests of poetry. To make sailing possible the mainland must furnish the boat and the ocean must carry it. To make melody possible, poetry must furnish the words and the orchestra the harmonic support. But Wagner seems to forget that there is such a thing as swimming without any wooden support, and that the shell which bore the sea-born goddess was not made of stuff that grows on *terra firma.*

Without, then, giving up any of the recognized and time-honored forms of music, we can afford to hail the advent of the new form of musical drama as a welcome and even necessary addition to the resources of the art. Wagner has matched the deed to his word, and his works are great examples. But can these examples be imitated? And is Wagner likely to have a successor? His own brilliancy is not sufficient to throw brightness on our prospects, which are by no means reassuring. Materialism, realism, and positivism can be no fit companions of idealistic art. They favor, no doubt, the steady improvement and multiplication of the *technical* means; but this over-development of the means of expression, when not justified by an adequate growth of the ideal contents, must lead to hollowness and ostentation, and the love of the sensational and the colossal, at all times a sign of incipient decay, has of late manifested itself with alarming frequency in every sphere of artistic activity.

There may be some doubt about what constitutes real progress in music. Helmholtz calls Beethoven no improvement on Mozart and seems to consider the increasing predominance of dissonance over consonance as a sign of decay. But we feel sure that this is a mistaken view, and that consonance is no absolute test of musical beauty. In his later works, and especially in that remarkable yet almost unknown sonata which forms his *opus* 106, Beethoven has shown how far music can go in its anti-tonal fury. How

much farther it may be possible to go in this direction must ultimately depend on the range of human sentiment itself. We do not know its limits, but we may rest assured that the dissonances of that sentiment will find adequate expression in music only on condition of resolving themselves into harmonies, and will thus, by their very harshness, proclaim the binding and readjusting power of *tonality*, which in its widest sense is a world-compelling principle, the spiritual rival of mechanism.

E. Gryzanowski.

Art. IV. — Bret Harte.*

The scenery and the society of this continent have found perhaps in the works of no writer of the land such graphic expression as in those of Bret Harte. It is true that Mr. Harte's books describe the life of a remote region and of a rude frontier people. But that life was an extravaganza of the traits of our whole democratic society. It is the scenery and the society of the country, then, which are expressed in Mr. Harte's books. Mr. Harte is a bad critic of his own writings; his humor is often feeble; he is very melodramatic; he writes an ill-conditioned style; he applies the phrases of the magazines to thoughts good enough to be well expressed. But he is a writer of marked genius, and has produced works which are as certain as any of his time and country to be read in the future.

The only parts of Mr. Harte's poetry which are of value are the dialect poems, and those other poems, not in dialect, which yet preserve the spirit of the dialect poems. The rest of his verse has not much merit. "Fate," "Our Privilege," and "Chicago" are good poems, or at any rate contain good lines. "Chicago" has some rhetorical verses which fill the ear, but do not satisfy the poetical sense. It contains one good stanza, however: —

> "Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
> Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
> Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown."

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* *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches; East and West Poems; Condensed Novels; Gabriel Conroy*, — Works by Bret Harte.

This stanza expresses a sense of the sublimity of our Western landscape which Mr. Harte shows in many places. But most of Mr. Harte's serious attempts have that readiness and loose facility of phraseology which are a sure mark of inferior verse. Poetry such as this is only a worse kind of prose: —

> "O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
> Recall the faith of old, —
> O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
> The spiritual fold."

There could hardly be better subjects than the "Grizzly" and the "Coyote." Mr. Harte has poems upon these animals, but they altogether want that intense and dramatic apprehension, that worship, one might say, without which poems upon such subjects are of no value. The "Grizzly" begins as follows: —

> "Coward, — of heroic size,
> In whose lazy muscles lies
> Strength we fear and yet despise;
> Savage, — whose relentless tusks
> Are content with acorn husks;
> Robber, — whose exploits ne'er soared
> O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
> Whiskered chin and feeble nose,
> Claws of steel on baby toes," etc.

This is certainly a good thought, — too good a thought, indeed, to be expressed so poorly and vaguely. The fault may be in the metre, which is that of Emerson's "Humble-Bee," — bears are not to be made quite so lively as humble-bees. There is nothing wrong, however, with the dialect poems of Mr. Harte. The language of "Truthful James" has that expressive correctness of rhythm and emphasis, that felicity of phrase, which the frequent reader will again and again mark with surprise. "Dow's Flat" and "Her Letter" are nearly perfect in their way. The young woman who describes herself as heiress to "the best-paying lead in the State," and who regrets, amid the fashion of some Eastern town, the candles which shed their "soft lustre and tallow" on the shawls and headdresses in Harrison's barn, paints for us a lively and fascinating picture of our society.

The short stories of Mr. Harte are his best works, and it is likely that short stories are the best things he can write. He

catches well a special phase of character and conduct, but he has not the ability to hold a character before the eye of the reader. This is very evident in "Gabriel Conroy." In his short stories people with the same names are constantly introduced, but they are usually not quite the same people. Colonel Starbottle is a character who is always reappearing and who is always welcome, but in all Mr. Harte's stories he hardly appears twice as the same man. Everybody who has been in the West has met in the bar-room or porch of a tavern somewhere on the Missouri a man of Southern speech and habits, who is particularly willing to enter into conversation with the stranger. The stranger at once learned that he was a Virginian or a South-Carolinian, and that he had been intimate with all the best people at home, — indeed, that he was one of them. It was quite true, no doubt, that he was cousin to the Pages and Middletons, and that he had known John C. Calhoun. Yet, notwithstanding these allusions to the most eminent Virginian families and Carolinian statesmen, nobody seemed to desire the acquaintance of the Colonel. The feeling seemed to be that the eminent society which he so loved to speak of was a great way off, that John C. Calhoun was dead, and that the Colonel was himself a man whom it was best not to know. It is a person of this kind whom Mr. Harte has described with such spirit and humor in Colonel Starbottle. Every reader is glad when Colonel Starbottle comes on, but it is never quite the same Starbottle. John Oakhurst of the later stories is not the outcast of Poker Flat. Oakhurst and Hamlin are very much alike. Both are gamblers, both are good-looking and adored by women, and both are dreaded by the members of the Presbyterian Church, which is opposite York's saloon. The antipathy of scamps and ne'er-do-wells to religious people is much more violent in a Western than in an Eastern community. In the region which Mr. Harte describes both the piety and impiety were no doubt more aggressive than in older and quieter societies. In towns between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains a wide mark is also drawn between church-going people and the wicked. When a young man comes from the East to seek his fortune, he is asked to church, and "taken by the hand," that is, he is introduced at the close of service to the people in the vestibule; but when the congregation on their way home to dinner meet a person of evil reputation, they look

upon him with peculiar aversion. The scamps dislike the good people because they are prosperous, and perhaps because they consider them intruders. No doubt the good people are less attractive than they might be because they are compelled to come to such close quarters with Satan. It is true, also, that the good people sometimes compound with the powerful and respectable wickedness of these frontier regions with a prudence which might diminish the dignity of morality and order in the eyes of the scamps. Hamlin and Oakhurst are of the class between whom and the church people there is an incessant feud.

Mr. Harte is always bringing them in; but, like Starbottle, they are never consistent. It is, of course, not necessary that the same characters in different stories should be consistent. It is not necessary, indeed, that a character should be consistent at all. No doubt Mr. Harte would say that people are inconsistent in real life, and that they should be permitted to be so in stories. This is very well, if the writer sustains the identity of the character. The character may do any number of contradictory things, but his acts, no matter how dissimilar, must appear to be those of the same man.

The leading male character in "Gabriel Conroy" is so drawn as to appear one man at one time and another man at another time. Mr. Harte gives you a lively glimpse of a person at a particular moment, and he does this often by some piece of external description. In the "Idyl of Red Gulch," the "white cuffs and collars," "the chaste skirts," paint us a charming picture of a Puritan schoolmistress amid the Sierras. (In Mr. Harte's recent play at Wallack's, by the way, this girl, who should have been the pink of Puritanical neatness, was made a dowdy.) The cuffs and collars do very well in a sketch. But suppose she had to be carried through two hundred pages of a novel. Mr. Harte would try more cuffs, more collars, and more "chaste skirts," but they would not eke out a character. The Donna Sepulvida, in "Gabriel Conroy," is one of Mr. Harte's best female characters; by a single sentence, descriptive of a mark upon her cheek, we obtain an instant impression of a weak, amiable, and charming woman: "The late Don José Sepulvida's private mark — as well defined as the brand upon his cattle — was a certain rigid line, like a grave accent, from the angle of this little woman's nostril to the corners of her

mouth." The Donna Sepulvida, indeed, is well described throughout the book. But then she is seen but little, and has to do nothing by which she might cease to be herself and become another. Mr. Harte is very clever at describing a trait of interesting inferiority. His imagination seizes it with precision, and he expresses it happily. The Donna Sepulvida and Clytie Morpher are very real. Mliss, to whom Clytie Morpher is the foil, is a clever and vivid fancy. That is a pretty scene in which Mliss in the wood runs up the bough of a fallen tree and hides among the leaves at the approach of the Schoolmaster. But, owing to Mr. Harte's want of reticence, the *naïveté* of Mliss is sometimes strained. Clytie Morpher is rather more real. It is curious to see the means by which he insinuates into the mind a picture of this dull and haughty girl. A few phrases and a scene or two are sufficient to make the young girl as real as some fungous growth of the night in the depths of the rainy woods, as real as the monk's-hood which the teacher discovers among the flowers in the lap of Mliss. Clytie would not do in a novel; she could not last. The heroine in "Gabriel Conroy" appears twice; and the second description of her is most interesting. But there is no identity between the subjects of the two descriptions. We have the author's assurance that Grace Conroy and the woman who appears later in the story are one and the same, but we should never have known it if we had not been told so.

The gifts of Bret Harte are vivid imagination, color, dramatic dialogue, power to attract and power to entertain, a good sense of nature, a lively and daring humor, and considerable keenness of perception. His power of dialogue is surpassed by no living writer. The similitude of the talk of his characters to real speech is apparent in all his books. A few words sketch for us Miggles as his vivid fancy sees her, and then she sits down and talks exactly as such a woman would talk. "The Rose of Tuolumne" is one of his best stories. The color and the sense of nature in this story are brilliant, and the dialogue is dramatic. It is a beautiful story of youth and love. Mr. Harte has filled it with moonlight which perhaps only a Californian moon may yield. The place is the Sierras, and the time those small hours of the night which the old never see and which valetudinarians have forgotten. That is a good passage which describes the appearance of Marley's Hill

the morning after the hanging of "Tennessee's Partner." An account of the execution had been printed in the "Red Dog Clarion." "But," says Mr. Harte, "the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and sky and air, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of nature, and, above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life with all its possibilities and responsibilities had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone as cheerily as before; and possibly the 'Red Dog Clarion' was right." But why "weak and foolish"? Self-defence is the only principle upon which we can take the life of men; and what society has a better right to act upon it than that in which there are no laws or none that can be enforced?

The humor of Mr. Harte is often overworked and often falls into a feeble and wearisome mannerism; but the best of it is full of audacity and delight. He has conceived the thought with surprise and pleasure, and is in haste to tell it. His ghost-stories contain some amusing fancies. The Devil haunts the road to the Mission Dolores in the shape of an old whaler armed with a harpoon. One night the fat Padre Vicentio, riding along in constant terror of the apparition, hears a shout of "There she blows!" The Padre swoons, and wakes to find himself in a boat, being rowed away from shore by a ghostly crew of rowers. That is a good piece of grotesque fancy in which Mr. Harte makes one of them "catch a crab": "A one-eyed rower, who sat in front of the Padre, catching the devout father's eye, immediately grinned such a ghostly smile, and winked his remaining eye with such diabolical intensity of meaning, that the Padre was constrained to utter a pious ejaculation, which had the disastrous effect of causing the marine Cocles to 'catch a crab,' throwing his heels in the air and his head into the bottom of the boat. But even this event did not disturb the gravity of the ghostly crew." Among his funny and delightful things is that tender and regretful remark of one of his rude characters upon a little boy whom he loved greatly: the little boy was not well; the man said, pensively, that he had changed very much since he used to see him standing on the bluff and "heavin' rocks

at Chinamen." In "Lothaw" there is a good instance of his fun and spirits. The family of the Duke and Duchess are in the habit of sitting round the breakfast-table with their coronets on. Their brother-in-law, the good-humored St. Addlegourd, a radical, having a rent-roll of $15,000,000, and belonging to one of the oldest families in Great Britain, says: "'Pon my soul, you know, the whole precious mob looked like a ghastly pack of court cards, you know."

Mr. Harte has been thought to have some new sentiments which are his own, and to be to a certain degree a moralist. His lesson of sentiment is that rough men may have a great deal of virtue and kindness, and that much good feeling may be found even in the breasts of wicked men. This is no doubt true, and respectable people need to be reminded of it. But Mr. Harte's taste does not seem strong enough to enable him to distinguish between the natural and the affected, the genuine and the melodramatic. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is very nearly spoiled by the absurd manner of Oakhurst's death and the foolish inscription on his shingle. Mr. Harte shows his want of judgment by admiring his characters in the wrong places. His heroes are men whom all women adore; and Mr. Harte is apt to become vulgar when he touches upon this subject. The subject is not necessarily foolish. Fielding, for instance, writes of it as it is according to nature, and therefore modestly and rightly; but the irresistibleness of Oakhurst and Poinsett is in very bad taste. Poinsett in "Gabriel Conroy" is frequently admired in the wrong place. When he gratuitously tells the Donna Salvatierra that he is the lover of Grace Conroy and the father of her child, the author evidently thinks that he is making the young man cut a fine figure, whereas he is making him strut in a very silly manner. In the meeting between Poinsett and Dumphy, in which Poinsett is supposed to exhibit to Dumphy the superiority of a well-bred man over a churl, the young man does not act like a gentleman in the least. Mr. Harte's description of Poinsett makes it plain that he is not able to sustain a character under the stress of the reader's long intimacy with him. "Gabriel Conroy" is indeed a bad failure. A more industrious attention might have straightened the story out; as it now is, it seems to be the hopeless product of a desperate inattention. But Mr Harte is not the only author among us who cannot write

long works. Nearly all of our younger writers are very short-winded, and, what Mr. Harte is not, very slight. Why is it that no American author nowadays can write a long, workmanlike, and stupid tale like Cooper's "Deerslayer"? This inability of our young writers is due perhaps to the weakness which comes of self-consciousness; they never finish anything till they have first looked at it from without; they start at their own shadow when they catch sight of it on the wall; a sentence not in perfect dress is recalled and made fit to appear in company. Indeed, the best contemporary writers both here and in England are rather exact than full. The epistles to the cantos of "Marmion," for instance, contain descriptions which would seem very loose and vague to a modern artist, and perhaps are so; but Scott was full of generous and lovely sentiments, and it is these the reader feels through, and perhaps in spite of, his careless phrases.

In the play which Mr. Harte brought out last autumn in New York the author did not of course mean to produce a work which should rival the masterpieces of Goldsmith and Sheridan. But, of course, he wished to write a play which people would like to go to see. Now any comedy must have at least one pair of lovers whom the audience desire to have married. Mr. Harte's play had two or three pairs of lovers, but each of them was so presented that nobody cared whether they were married or not. Lovers in plays must be unexceptionable. There are certain ideal, perhaps sentimental and conventional, requirements to which they must be made to conform. A hero who would do very well in a novel might not do at all on the stage. Young ladies are much more particular concerning lovers in plays than lovers in novels, infinitely more particular than they are concerning their own. Mr. Harte's lovers did not conform at all to the ideal requirements. One would fancy that it could not be difficult to have in a play a pair of lovers to whom some kind of languid interest would attach. The interest need not be very great; if the audience would rather have the play end well than badly, it would be enough. The Chinaman was very funny, and Starbottle was amusing; a few more of the people in "Mliss" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" could have been brought in; but the thread of the story should have been given to a few characters drawn solely with a view to have the audience interested that the play should end well. A great many

things were in the play which Mr. Boucicault would have left out. It is one of Mr. Boucicault's principles, I am told, that an audience should not be surprised, and he refrains from doing this for the very good reason that they do not like to be surprised. The coming point must not be made too plain, but the audience must be prepared for it and permitted to suspect it. When a surprise is sprung upon them, they think the new point arbitrary and unnatural. In "Two Men of Sandy Bar" the audience were at no time able to judge what was coming; they were often surprised, and always bewildered; there was no story, or one which it would have been as hard as a sum in algebra to get straight; the aim appeared to be to get in everything, and to contrive a plot which would be a thin and intricate theory of the conduct of the characters. The play, of course, made no pretensions to be a literary effort; I only speak of it here because it showed the same want either of judgment or of industry which is shown in "Gabriel Conroy," the same confusion and helplessness when the author sits down before a long story and a great many facts.

The style of Mr. Harte is very incorrect and imperfect. This is a much graver fault than the want of ability to sustain a character through a prolonged description. Mr. Harte is not under the least obligation to write long stories; but he cannot write at all without using words. Why should he choose to express himself in the shabby style of the newspapers? He has not a proper sense that his fine thoughts deserve to be expressed with perfection. It would seem to be only necessary to perfectly conceive a thought to be able to express it well; the thought should be the thread by which one should be able to find his way out of the labyrinth of a bad style. Why should Mr. Harte use such a phrase as "moral atmosphere" to denote a thought which could be so much more elegantly expressed by plain words? No kind of phrase is so poor and feeble as an exploded figure of speech; unless a figure can be used which will express the thought with novel truth, the thought should be expressed in plain words. Those figures of speech which people have forgotten are usually inelegant, and often indicate that the writer does not know quite what he would say. A newspaper writer in haste for a phrase may seize one of them gratefully; but one who is writing a page containing a conception which he thinks worthy to be perfectly

expressed should avoid them. But Mr. Harte's thoughts are so good, the images in his mind are so original, that his works are certain to fascinate the reader in spite of the slovenly mannerism of his writing. One of the bad results of an inferior style and of a want of proper reticence in a writer is that the reader who has read but a little of him is likely to conceive a mean opinion of him. It is necessary to read a great deal of Mr. Harte to have a right opinion of his works. They form together a picture of the life, landscape, and society which the author saw in his youth; the picture lies in the author's mind as a whole, and should so lie in the reader's mind; a thought or image of Mr. Harte's which, taken by itself, might appear to be of no great significance, will become much more interesting when it is seen as part of this picture.

E. S. Nadal.

Art. V. — The Triumph of Darwinism.

It is not often that the propounder of a new and startling scientific theory has lived to see his daring innovations accepted by the scientific world in general. Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood was scoffed at for nearly a whole generation; and Newton's law of gravitation, though proved by the strictest mathematical proof, received from many eminent men but a slow and grudging acquiescence. Even Leibnitz, who as a mathematician hardly inferior to Newton himself might have been expected to be convinced on simple inspection of the theory, was prevented from accepting it by the theological objection that it appeared to substitute the action of a physical force for the direct action of the Deity. In France, where ideas not of French origin are very apt to be but slowly apprehended, the opposition to the Newtonian theory was not silenced till 1759, when Clairaut and Lalande, by calculating the retardation of Halley's comet, furnished such crucial proof as could not possibly be overcome. At this time Newton had been thirty-two years in his grave; seventy-two years had elapsed since the publication of the "Principia," and ninety-four since the hypothesis was first definitely conceived.

In the present age, when the number of scientific inquirers has greatly increased and the interchange of thoughts has become rapid and constant, it takes much less time for a new generalization to make its way into people's minds. It is now barely eighteen years since Mr. Darwin's views on the origin of species were announced in a book which purported to be only the rough preliminary sketch of a greater work in course of preparation. But, though greeted at the beginning with ridicule and opprobrium, the theory of natural selection has already won a complete and overwhelming victory. One could count on one's fingers the number of eminent naturalists who still decline to adopt it, and the hesitancy of these appears to be determined in the main by theological or metaphysical, and therefore not strictly relevant, objections. But it is not simply that the great body of naturalists have accepted the Darwinian theory: it has become part and parcel of their daily thoughts, an element in every investigation which cannot be got rid of. With a tacit consent that is almost unanimous, the classificatory relations among plants and animals have come to be recognized as representing degrees of genetic kinship. One needs but to read constantly such scientific journals as "Nature," or to peer into the proceedings of scientific societies, to see how thoroughly all contemporary inquiry is permeated by the conception of natural selection. The record of research, whether in embryology, in palæontology, or in the study of the classification and distribution of organized beings, has come to be the registration of testimony in support of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis. So deeply, indeed, has this mighty thinker impressed his thoughts on the mind of the age that in order fully to unfold the connotations of the word "Darwinism" one could hardly stop short of making an index to the entire recent literature of the organic sciences. The sway of natural selection in biology is hardly less complete than that of gravitation in astronomy; and thus it is probably true that no other scientific discoverer has within his own lifetime obtained so magnificent a triumph as Mr. Darwin.

The comparison of the doctrine of natural selection with the Newtonian theory is made advisedly, as I wish to call attention to some differences in the aspect of the proofs by which two such different hypotheses are established. First, however, as the point will not hereafter come up for consideration in this paper, it may

be well to notice the theological objection which has been urged against Mr. Darwin, as it was once urged against Newton, and to show briefly why, as above hinted, it cannot be regarded as properly relevant to the discussion of the scientific hypothesis. The theological objection to natural selection, which has weight with many minds, is precisely the same objection that Leibnitz made to gravitation, — that the action of physical forces appears to be substituted for the direct action of the Deity. This has, indeed, been a very common objection to theories which enlarge and define what is called the action of secondary causes, but it has been peculiarly unfortunate in this respect, that with the progress of inquiry it has invariably been overruled without practical detriment to theism. It regularly happens that the so-called atheistical theory becomes accepted as part and parcel of science, and yet men remain as firm theists as ever. The objection is, therefore, evidently fallacious, and the fallacy is not difficult to point out. It lies in a metaphysical misconception of the words "force" and "cause." "Force" is implicitly regarded as a sort of entity or dæmon which has a mode of action distinguishable from that of universal Deity; otherwise it is meaningless to speak of substituting the one kind of action for the other. But such a personification of "force" is a remnant of barbaric thought, and is in no wise sanctioned by physical science. When astronomy speaks of two planets as attracting each other with a "force" which varies directly as their masses and inversely as the squares of their distances apart, it simply uses the phrase as a convenient metaphor by which to describe the manner in which the observed movements of the two bodies occur. It explains that in presence of each other the two bodies are observed to change their positions in a certain specified way, and this is all that it means. This is all that a strictly scientific hypothesis can possibly allege, and this is all that observation can possibly prove. Whatever goes beyond this and imagines or asserts a kind of "pull" between the two bodies, is not science but metaphysics. An atheistic metaphysics may imagine such a "pull," and may interpret it as the "action" of something that is not Deity, but such a conclusion can find no support in the scientific theorem, which is simply a generalized description of phenomena. The general considerations upon which the belief in the existence and direct action of Deity are otherwise

founded, are in no wise disturbed by the establishment of any such scientific theorem. The theological question is left just where it was before. We are still at perfect liberty to maintain that it is the direct action of Deity which is manifested in the planetary movements; having done nothing more with our Newtonian hypothesis than to construct a happy formula for expressing the mode or order of the manifestation. We may have learned something new concerning the manner of Divine action; we certainly have not "substituted" any other kind of action for it. And what is thus obvious in this simple astronomical example is equally true in principle in every case whatever in which one set of phenomena is interpreted by comparison with another set. In no case whatever can science use the words "force" or "cause" except as metaphorically descriptive of some observed or observable sequence of phenomena. And consequently at no imaginable future time, so long as the essential conditions of human thinking are maintained, can science even attempt to substitute the action of any other power for the direct action of Deity. Darwinism may convince us that the existence of highly complicated organisms is the result of an infinitely diversified aggregate of circumstances so minute as severally to seem trivial or accidental; yet the consistent theist will always occupy an impregnable position in maintaining that the entire series in each and every one of its incidents is an immediate manifestation of the creative action of God.

From an obverse point of view it might be argued that since a philosophical theism must regard Divine power as the immediate source of all phenomena alike, therefore science cannot properly explain any particular group of phenomena by a direct reference to the action of Deity. Such a reference is not an explanation, since it adds nothing to our previous knowledge either of the phenomena or of the manner of Divine action. The business of science is simply to ascertain in what manner phenomena coexist with each other or follow each other, and the only kind of explanation with which it can properly deal is that which refers one set of phenomena to another set. In pursuing this its legitimate business science does not trench on the province of theology in any way, and there is no conceivable occasion for any conflict between the two. From this and the previous considerations

taken together it follows not only that such explanations as are contained in the Newtonian and Darwinian theories are entirely consistent with theism, but also that they are the only kind of explanations with which science can properly concern itself at all. To say that complex organisms were directly created by the Deity is to make an assertion which, however true in a theistic sense, is utterly barren. It is of no profit to theism, which must be taken for granted before the assertion can be made; and it is of no profit to science, which must still ask its question, "How?"

Setting aside, then, the theological criticism as irrelevant to the question really at stake, the Darwinian theory, like the Newtonian, remains to be tested by strictly scientific considerations. In the more recent instance, as in the earlier, the relevant question is how far the course of events as sketched by the hypothesis agrees with the observed phenomena of nature. But in the directness with which this question can be answered there is great difference between the two theories. The Newtonian hypothesis asserted the existence of a general physical property of matter, and could therefore be tested by a single crucial instance, such as was afforded by the simple case of the planetary motions. Kepler's three laws comprised in succinct form a very complete description of the movements of the planets, and when it was shown that these movements were just such as must occur according to the theory of gravitation, the theory was rightly regarded as verified. Further confirmatory instances could but repeat the same lesson, as when the irregularities of movement, due to the attractions exercised by the various planets upon each other, were likewise seen to conform strictly to the hypothesis. Nor was any alteration or enlargement of the original theory required in order to obtain the supreme triumph of verified prediction, as when Clairaut foretold the precise amount of delay in the reappearance of Halley's comet caused by the interfering attractions of Jupiter and Saturn, or as when Leverrier and Adams discovered the existence of Neptune through its effects upon the motions of Uranus. In all these cases the physical principle involved was simple, and admitted of precise mathematical treatment; and it is owing to this that the law of gravitation has become the most illustrious example which the history of science can furnish of a completely verified hypothesis.

To look for similar conciseness of verification in the case of the Darwinian theory would be to mistake entirely the conditions under which scientific evidence can be procured. To estimate properly the value of any hypothesis it is necessary that we should know what kind and degree of proof to expect; and in the present case we must not look for a demonstration that shall be direct and simple. Instead of a universal property of matter, so conspicuous as to be recognized at once by the inspection of a few striking instances, we have in the theory of natural selection to deal with a very complex process working results of endless diversity throughout the organic world, and often masked in its action by accompanying processes, some of which we can detect without being able to estimate their relative potency, while others no doubt have thus far escaped our attention altogether. Accordingly, while we may consider it as certain that natural selection is capable of working specific changes in organisms, we may at the same time find it impossible to give a complete account of the origin of any one particular species through natural selection, because we can never be sure that we have taken due notice of all the innumerable concrete circumstances involved in such an event. The theory, therefore, cannot be adequately tested by any single striking instance, but must depend for its support on the cumulative evidence afforded by its general harmony with the processes of organic nature.

If we consider the Darwinian theory as a whole, it must be admitted that such cumulative evidence has already been brought forward in sufficient quantity to amount to a satisfactory demonstration. The convergence of proofs is too persistent and unmistakable to allow of any alternative hypothesis being put in the field. But in exhibiting this, it is desirable that there should be no confusion of thought as to the full import of the Darwinian theory. Mr. Mivart's way of describing that theory as an attempt to account for the origin of all the various forms of life through the operation of natural selection alone, is a gross misrepresentation. Mr. Darwin has never urged his hypothesis in this limited shape. The essential theorems of Darwinism are, *first*, that forms of life now widely unlike have been produced from a common original through the accumulated inheritance of minute individual modifications; and, *secondly*, that such modifications have been ac-

cumulated mainly, or in great part, through the selection of individuals best fitted to survive and transmit their peculiarities to their offspring. But that this survival of the fittest individuals has been the sole agency concerned in bringing about the present wondrous variety of living beings, Mr. Darwin has nowhere asserted or implied, having even in the earliest edition of his great work explicitly pointed out certain other agencies as involved in the complex result. Yet other agencies, hitherto unsuspected, may be discovered in the future; but such discoveries, however far they may go in supplementing the Darwinian theory, can only strengthen its central position as regards the rise of specific differences through gradual modifications.

That natural selection is a true cause, and one capable of accumulating variations to an indefinite extent, is now held to be beyond question. The wonders wrought by artificial selection in the breeding of domestic animals and cultivated plants are such that one might well have attributed great results to the exercise of a similar selection by Nature through countless ages, could any such process be detected. Few, however, save those instructed naturalists who have frequent occasion to ponder the subject, are aware what a tremendous reality natural selection is. As I have elsewhere observed, "a single codfish has been known to lay six million eggs within a year. If these eggs were all to become adult codfishes, and the multiplication were to continue at this rate for three or four years, the ocean would not afford room for the species. Yet we have no reason to suppose that the race of codfishes is actually increasing in numbers to any notable extent. With the codfish, as with animal species in general, the numbers during many successive generations oscillate about a point which is fixed, or moves but slowly forward or backward. Instead of a geometrical increase with a ratio of six millions, there is practically no marked increase at all. Now this implies that out of the six million embryo codfish a sufficient number will survive to replace their two parents, and to replace a certain small proportion of those contemporary codfishes who leave no progeny. Perhaps a dozen may suffice for this, perhaps a hundred. The rest of the six million must die." * The amount of destruction is not so great as

* Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, Vol. II. p. 12.

this in all parts of the animal kingdom. Among the higher birds and mammals the preservation of the individual bears a very much higher ratio to the preservation of the race. But with the immense classes of fishes, insects, and crustaceans, as well as the sub-kingdom of molluscs, — which taken together make up by far the greater portion of the animal world, — the destruction continually going on is probably not less than that which is described in the example cited. Even if we were to take account only of the individuals which survive the embryo or larva state, but do not succeed in leaving offspring behind them, the cases of destruction would still bear an enormous ratio to the cases of preservation. But in maintaining the characteristics of a race only those individuals can be counted who produce offspring. It is obvious then that each species of organisms, as we know it, consists only of a few favored individuals selected out of countless multitudes who have been tried and rejected as unworthy to live. No selection that is exercised by man compares in rigor with this. It is somewhat as if a breeder of race-horses were to choose, with infallible accuracy of judgment, the two or three fleetest out of each hundred thousand, destroying all the rest that the high standard of the breed might run no possible risk of deterioration. In such a rigorous competition as this, no individual peculiarity can be so slight that we are entitled to regard it as unimportant. No peculiarity is really slight that enables its possessor to survive until he transmits it to posterity.

In view of all this we see how misleading it is to describe natural selection (as Mr. Mivart does) as a process which operates only occasionally upon variations assumed to be fortuitous. We see that natural selection, like a power that slumbers not nor sleeps, is ever preserving the stability of species by seizing all individual peculiarities that oscillate within narrow limits on either side of the mean that is most advantageous to the species, while cutting off all such peculiarities as transgress these limits. Domesticated animals, protected from the exigencies of wild life, often exhibit great varieties in coloring, while wild animals of the same genus or species are monotonously colored, because only one kind of coloring will aid them in catching prey or eluding enemies, and all the variations are killed out. Who can doubt that antelopes are so fleet, only because all but the fleetest individuals are sure to be

overtaken and eaten by lions? Protected from the lions, a thousand generations might well make them as lazy and clumsy as sheep.

Operating in this stern way, natural selection secures the general adaptation of each race of organisms to the conditions of life which surround it. And so long as a species continues surrounded by circumstances that are tolerably persistent, natural selection maintains its stability of character. Thus what the older naturalists called the "fixity of species" is fully accounted for. But a "fixity of species" that is maintained only under such conditions is really no fixity at all. Change the surrounding circumstances and the average character of the species must change. Slight peculiarities that once insured survival will now insure destruction, and tendencies to vary that once would have been nipped short will now be encouraged and exaggerated. In this way the strong tendency, hereditary in all mammals, toward the growth of hair on the surface was greatly exaggerated in the Siberian mammoth, while checked in his brethren, the elephants of India and Africa. In this way a peculiar curve in the contour of butterflies' wings, which is persistently killed out in India and Java, is with equal persistency selected for preservation in Celebes. How far such alterations in the direction of natural selection may work deep-seated changes in the structure of an organism, one cannot accurately define; but there is no doubt that they go very far indeed, when taken in connection with the facts of what is called "correlation of growth." An organism is not a mere aggregation of parts, of which one can be altered without affecting the others. Increase in the size and weight of a deer's horns entails an increase in the size of the cervical vertebræ and muscles, and indirectly modifies the shoulders and fore-limbs; while all these changes, by altering the animal's centre of gravity, cause compensating changes in the rest of the body. Increased thickness of fur modifies the efficiency of the skin as an excreting organ, and thus reacts upon the lungs, liver, and kidneys. But it is not only in these clearly traceable ways that correlation of growth is manifested. Sometimes the correlations are inexplicable. Thus, to lengthen the beak of a pigeon is to increase the size of his feet, hairless dogs have their teeth imperfect, and white tomcats with blue eyes are almost invariably deaf. In the present state of physiological knowledge we cannot account for such facts; but it is enough for

the purposes of the Darwinian theory to know that they exist. For, taken all together, they show that natural selection, operating on even the most superficial variations, is quite competent to work deep-seated changes of structure and function.

When we consider, then, that the circumstances which determine what individuals shall survive are not constant in the long run for any species, though apparently constant for limited periods of time; when we reflect that there is no one of the larger groups of plants and animals — such as orders, or families, or even genera — which has not been subjected again and again to great and complicated changes of environment, it becomes evident that anything like "fixity of species" is utterly out of the question. No such thing is possible or even imaginable, when once the facts of the case have been thoroughly conceived. Looking over the earth's surface to-day, things may seem quiet and stable enough. But if we contemplate the succession of past events, as disclosed by the geologist, what mainly strikes our attention is the secular turmoil. Islands aggregating into continents; continents breaking up into archipelagoes; rivers shifting their beds; coast-lines changing their direction; oceans now separated by impassable isthmus-walls, now mingling their floras and faunas through new-made channels; torrid zones becoming temperate, and temperate zones growing frigid; marshes transformed into deserts, and glaciated valleys thawing into sunny lakes; high table-lands sinking into ocean-floors, and submarine ledges rearing their heads as Alpine ranges; deep-sea molluscs and crustaceans seeking refuge in shallow waters, while littoral organisms migrate upland to find new food and contend with new enemies; plant-seeds carried by vagrant birds to unwonted habitats; peaceful tribes of ruminants decimated by invading carnivores; ceaseless conflict, and redistribution of every possible sort, — these are the things we are called upon to contemplate. Remembering, then, how stability of species is maintained only by the rigorous selection of a few individuals that are best adapted to a given set of exigencies, we see that, as the combinations of exigencies are altered from time to time, the stability of species can in general be but temporary. Now and then we may expect to find very long persistency of type where, in spite of great terrestrial changes, some simple set of conditions most important to the organism remains unaltered; but in the vast majority of cases such persistence is

impossible. It is seldom that the life of any species extends over more than one geological epoch; often the duration is much shorter than this.

Whether, therefore, it is practicable for us to-day to explain every minute peculiarity of any one particular species by an appeal to natural selection alone, is not the main point to be considered in estimating the success of the Darwinian theory. The question has a scientific interest of its own which is very great, but it is not the main question. The main point is that, admitting natural selection to be a *vera causa* at all (and this no one denies), the stability of species is proved to be but a contingent and temporary affair. The old notion of an absolute fixity of species is overthrown once for all, and with it the only semblance of an argument that could ever have been alleged in behalf of the hypothesis of special creations. For in considering nearly allied forms, like the lion, tiger, and leopard, their actual consanguinity would never have been doubted for a moment but for the inability of naturalists to understand how the type which appears so constant, when viewed through a short period of time and amid unchanging conditions, should after all be variable. Unable to imagine any probable cause or method of variation by which the descendants of a common feline ancestor should have acquired the divergent characters of lions and leopards, the naturalist either gave up the problem as insoluble, or else retreated upon the assumption that leopards and lions were separately created. In either case science was equally at fault, for, as above argued, the hypothesis of special creations, as referring a particular group of phenomena to that Divine action which is the equal source of all phenomena, is not entitled to be considered a scientific explanation. But when Mr. Darwin called attention to the working of natural selection, the difficulty was removed, and it at once became highly probable that such allied forms had diverged from a common stock through the accumulation of minute modifications.

Such being the conclusion to which we are led by considering the process of natural selection, it becomes desirable to inquire whether the conclusion is confirmed by the most general phenomena of organic life that have been observed and tabulated. There is no hesitation or ambiguity in the answer. Whether we consider the classificatory relationships of plants and animals, their embry-

ology, their morphology, their geographical distribution, or their geological succession, there is not only abundance of evidence, but the evidence points wholly in one direction. With entire unanimity the phenomena in question testify that species have arisen by descent with modifications and not by disconnected acts of creation. The facts of classification alone are sufficiently decisive. By the older naturalists who sought to arrange animals and plants in groups according to their resemblances, attempts were often made to construct a linear series in which each group should be intermediate between those which preceded and those which followed it. All such attempts proved futile, and after a half-century of discussion and criticism it became evident that the only possible classification which correctly represents the facts is one in which organisms are arranged in divergent groups and sub-groups, like the branches and twigs of what is aptly termed a family tree. Wherever different orders, families, or genera show points of resemblance to each other, the resemblances occur always at the bottom, among their least highly developed species. Apes, bats, and rabbits are sufficiently distinct in type, but the lowest members of the orders to which these animals respectively belong are strikingly like one another. At the bottom of the mammalian class, the echidna and duck-bill have many points in common with birds and reptiles; while birds and reptiles not only draw together so that it is hard to distinguish their most primitive forms as clearly bird or clearly reptile, but these primitive forms remind one in many ways of the batrachians. A batrachian, in turn, is an animal which ends its life as a kind of reptile after having begun it as a kind of imperfectly specialized fish. Again, the lowest known vertebrate, the amphioxus, — usually ranked with fishes, though hardly specialized enough to be called a true fish, — exhibits marks of actual relationship with the ascidian, which is nothing more than a worm of the order known as tunicata. No two animals could be less like each other than a bee and a nautilus, yet in their lowest members the two sub-kingdoms of articulata and molluscs become barely distinguishable from each other and from the worms with which the vertebrate sub-kingdom also becomes blended. It is on account of this convergence of types as we descend in the scale that naturalists have found it so difficult to classify satisfactorily those lower organisms which Cuvier roughly

grouped together as radiata. Parallel phenomena recur as we reach the confines of the animal and vegetal kingdoms and meet with numbers of organisms which there is as much reason for assigning to the one kingdom as to the other. All this complicated arrangement of organisms in groups within groups, resembling each other at the bottom of the scale and differing most widely at the top, is just what is presupposed by the Darwinian theory of "descent with modifications," and on any other theory it appears to be totally inexplicable.

Precisely similar testimony as to gradual divergence is found in the facts of embryology and morphology. It is a familiar fact that the germs of all organisms are like each other, and are, moreover, very like such lowest forms of life as the amœba and protococcus. But as a germ develops it becomes specialized and defined, first as to its sub-kingdom, then as to its class, order, family, genus, species, and variety. The germ-cell of a mandril is at first indistinguishable from that of a snail or lobster. The fœtal ape arising therefrom is at first definable as a vertebrate, but not as a mammal; on the other hand, it circulates its blood through a system of gills, and its nascent heart is like the heart of a fish. Presently, with the appearance of the allantoidal membrane, the fœtus seems to be on the point of becoming a reptile or bird; but after a while it declares itself a mammal. Next it becomes apparent that it is not a rodent or insectivore, but a primate; next, it exhibits characteristics which define it as a true ape, and not a lemur; still later, it is seen to be a catarrhine ape; and finally, it is born with the specific attributes of a mandril, which are, however, further intensified as it reaches maturity. Facts like these, which are invariably found in the embryonic development of organisms, tell just the same story as the facts of classification. If they do not mean that the various forms of organic life have arisen by gradual divergence from a common original, one might well be excused for doubting whether the phenomena of nature have any rational meaning whatever. Of like import are many of the more special facts of embryology, such as the useless rudiments of hind limbs in many snakes, the presence of teeth in the beaks of sundry embryonic birds and in the jaws of fœtal whales, and the gill-like glands in the human throat. And as if all this were not enough, the study of morphology discloses that all the diversified mechan-

ical functions performed by the various animals comprised in any sub-kingdom are achieved by more or less considerable modifications of a framework that in its typical features is common to all. In embryonic development the fins of the fish correspond with the legs of reptiles and mammals, and with the legs and wings of birds. To enable the bat to fly, no new mechanism is invented, but an embryonal hand develops into a wing by the elongation of its fingers and the growth of the web-like skin between them.

If we consider the most general features of the geographical distribution and geological succession of organisms, we find the evidence hardly less complete and convincing. Generally speaking, the contemporary species found in any geographical area most closely resemble the species that inhabited the same area in former ages. Thus in the Miocene age Australia abounded in marsupials, and marsupials specifically different, though nearly allied to these, make up to-day the greater part of the mammalian fauna of Australia. There is no imaginable reason why this should be so, unless the contemporary marsupials are descended from the earlier forms. It cannot be urged that marsupials are better adapted to the conditions of life in Australia than placental mammals; for the placental mammals lately introduced there are already beginning to supplant and exterminate the marsupials. The only possible explanation is that, whereas marsupials once covered the terrestrial globe, and have been supplanted by better adapted forms in the Old World and (with the exception of the opossum) in America, on the other hand the isolation of Australia has allowed them there to go on reproducing their kind until the present day. In such an instance as this we have something very nearly like crucial proof of the theory of "descent with modifications." In like manner the extinct edentata of South America are closely allied to the living ant-eaters, sloths, and armadilloes. So, too, the indigenous floras and faunas of islands lying near continents always resemble the floras and faunas of the continents near which they lie. The Galapagos archipelago, distant some six hundred miles from the coast of Chili, has a fauna which, though generically distinct from all others, is yet South-American in type, and closely resembles the fauna of Chili. Again, among the animals living on the different islands of this group, we find specific diversity along with generic identity. On the Darwinian theory this

is just what might be expected. The long isolation of the archipelago from the continent has given opportunity for the rise of generic divergences between their once homogeneous faunas; while the briefer isolation of the several islands from each other has been attended by slighter, or specific, divergences; and, as if to complete by contrast the force of the example, we find that the only animals on the archipelago which are not generically different from their allies on the continent are birds, able to fly back and forth over the intervening sea. Unless the Darwinian theory be true, these striking relations not only become meaningless, but it is difficult to see why any discernible relations at all should exist between these neighboring faunas. To cite all the confirmatory facts of this sort would be to write an exhaustive account of the distribution of plants and animals.

In examining the geological record in general, we are struck with its corroboration of the above-cited testimony of classification and embryology. For instance, as we go back in time, we find families and orders drawing more and more closely together; we find earlier forms less specialized than their successors; and as we now have embryonic birds with rudimentary teeth in their beaks, so we find that formerly adult birds with such teeth existed. It is one of the most significant truths of palæontology that extinct forms are generally intercalary between forms now existing, so that not only genera and families, but even orders, of contemporary animals are every now and then fused together by the discovery of extinct intermediate forms. It is in this way that the Cuvierian orders of pachyderms and ruminants have come to be ranked as a single order, the horse and pig being connected by numerous fossil links with the camel and antelope. Until quite lately there has been less success in the attempt to find a perfect series of transitional forms connecting some well-known animal with its generically different ancestor. But the argument heretofore urged against the Darwinian theory, on the ground of this imperfect success, was at best a weak one, as resting merely upon the absence of evidence which further discovery might furnish at any moment. The Darwinian might candidly urge that his failure was due partly to the fragmentary character of the geological record, in which there is no reason for supposing that more than one form out of a hundred has been preserved, and partly to the fact that

only a small portion of the earth's surface has been explored by the palæontologist, and that portion but superficially. The justice of such a plea is rendered apparent, while the hostile argument is completely silenced, by the recent discoveries of Professor Marsh as to the palæontological history of the ancestors of the horse. As these discoveries have just been well described in Professor Huxley's admirable lectures in New York, a brief mention here will suffice to show their import.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the equine genus — including the horse, ass, zebra, and quagga — is the modification of the limbs, so that what appears to be the horse's fore-knee is really his wrist, and what in the hind-limb looks like a reversed knee is really his heel, while the lower halves of the legs are really feet terminating in the middle toe armed with its nail, which we call the hoof. The two adjacent toes are represented only by splint-bones on either side of the middle metacarpal or metatarsal, and the radius and ulna in the fore-limb, as well as the tibia and fibula in the hind-limb, are almost completely fused together. Now according to the Darwinian theory such a highly specialized animal as the horse must be descended from a less specialized mammal in which the limbs were like ordinary mammalian limbs, ending in ordinary feet with five separate toes each. The embryology of the horse points to this conclusion, and here, as usual, but with unwonted emphasis, palæontology confirms the inference. Already in Europe had been found the three-toed hipparion, in which the two side toes were like dew-claws, and the older anchitherium, in which all three toes were complete. But the discoveries of Professor Marsh have set before us a much more perfect series. Going back in time, as we reach the upper Pliocene, the horse disappears, and we find the pliohippus, very much like him. In the lower Pliocene this creature is replaced by the protohippus, with three toes like the hipparion. In the upper Miocene we have the miohippus, with three well-developed toes like the anchitherium, and with the rudiment of a fore-toe on the fore-foot. In the mesohippus of the lower Miocene this rudiment is a splint-bone, like those which represent the later-disappearing toes in the modern horse. By this time we find the ulna and fibula well developed and distinct from the radius and tibia. Still further back, in the upper Eocene, comes the

orohippus, with four complete toes on the fore-foot. And finally, in the lower Eocene, we get the eohippus, which shows the rudiment of a fifth toe on the front and of a fourth toe on the hind foot. In the structure of the teeth — the other chief point in which the modern horse is notably specialized — we find a similar gradation back to the ordinary mammalian type.

The agreement of observed facts with the requirements of theory is here complete, minute, and specific; and Professor Huxley may well say that the history of the descent of the horse from a five-toed mammal, as thus demonstrated, supplies all that was required to complete the proof of the Darwinian theory. The theory not only alleges a *vera causa*, and is not only confirmed by the unanimous import of the facts of classification, embryology, morphology, distribution, and succession; but it has further succeeded in tracing the actual origination of one generic type from another, through gradual "descent with modifications." And thus, within a score of years from its first announcement, the daring hypothesis of Mr. Darwin may fairly claim to be regarded as one of the established truths of science.

JOHN FISKE.

ART. VI. — THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE title of this article is the name of the oldest existing problem in European politics. All the questions with which the diplomatists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were plagued, except this, have been settled in one fashion or another; but this remains, and is now apparently more difficult than when it first presented itself. The humiliation of the House of Austria, which was the aim of Continental reformers at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century; the humiliation of France, which was their aim during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the reduction of the Pope to a condition of harmlessness, which has been one of their dreams for fully three centuries, have all been accomplished. Indeed, if we look at the points of the Grand Design of Henry the Fourth, as set forth by Sully to Queen Elizabeth, — "the restoration of Germany to its ancient liberty

in respect to the election of its Emperors and the nomination of a king of the Romans"; the independence of the United Provinces; the independence of Switzerland; "the division of all Christendom into a certain number of powers as equal as may be," and "the reduction of the various religions in it to those three which should appear to be most numerous and considerable in Europe," and which were all to enjoy toleration,—we are struck with the prophetic character of the scheme. Part of it, and not the least important, was the strengthening of the kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland, for the purpose of increasing their efficiency in the struggle with the Turks and Tartars in which those countries had for many generations been engaged, and of this a striking reminiscence may be found in Bismarck's desire to build Austria up on the Slavonic side, as the power best qualified and most surely destined to perform the work of civilization in Southeastern Europe.

But Henry did not confine himself to the settlement of Christendom. One of his leading friends and companions in arms, La Noue, drew up a plan for the overthrow of the Turkish Empire, which was to be carried out by the new league of the Christian powers; and from that time down to the fall of the monarchy, in 1792, the idea of a great movement against the Turks, in which France was to take the lead, was never wholly absent from French politics. In the East, Austria no less than Russia was engaged in the almost incessant war with the Ottomans, who in 1682 were on the point of capturing Vienna. Indeed, the tremendous pressure with which the Eastern Question forced itself on the attention of Continental Europe, from the capture of Adrianople in 1360 down to the Turco-Austrian Treaty of Belgrade in 1739, may be called one of the capital facts in modern history. When one considers what that pressure meant, one can hardly help feeling surprised that civilization along the eastern frontier of Christendom did not suffer from it incurably. It meant incessant though not formal war, and war in which quarter was neither given nor expected, and of which the capture of women and children and the pillage or burning of villages were leading incidents, along a line extending, with occasional variations and intermissions, from the Caspian to the North Sea, and then running through Poland and Hungary and Dalmatia to the Adriatic. Along the eastern portion of it the Tartars for a period of several centuries made annual, and

for a time semiannual, incursions, in which they carried devastation into Russia, Poland, and Hungary, the rapidity of the march, even of their indefatigable light cavalry, being greatly increased by their practice of driving with them herds of horses which they both fed on and used as remounts. They filled the lives of Christian tillers of the soil through all that vast region with a bitterness and uncertainty which in our day have been known in no part of the civilized or even semi-civilized world except the northern frontier of Persia before the late Russian conquests. On the Turkish border, from the Danube to the Adriatic there was probably no real peace for a month at a time from the middle of the fifteenth down to the close of the last century, owing to the incessant raiding of the border begs. The Ottoman terror was carried still farther west, and into more civilized regions, when the famous pirate Barbarossa, in 1520, converted Tunis and Algiers and Tripoli into piratical Mussulman states, which, until within the memory of men now living, ravaged the coasts of Italy, France, and Spain, and carried off men and women into hopeless slavery, from peaceful homes, in the very heart of Christendom, and made a voyage in the Mediterranean, and even the Bay of Biscay, an adventurous undertaking. Any one who wishes to get an idea of the *cowed* condition to which three centuries of Mussulman aggressions had reduced Christian powers can hardly do better than read the history of the demands of these Barbary States on the United States from 1785 to 1805, and of the attack of Lord Exmouth on Algiers in 1816, when he released two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five Christians from captivity, mostly Frenchmen and Italians, who had been seized in their fields and homes in Sardinia, Naples, and Provence, and sold into slavery in the interior. And yet this was only the close of a chapter of horrors nearly three centuries long, and these corsairs were but the western outposts of a system of organized oppression, which covered the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and stretched back to the frontier of Persia. In fact, it is probably no exaggeration to say that no single tributary to the great sea of human misery has equalled in depth and duration that which has flowed from the contact of Islam with Christianity in Europe. Of all the political terrors by which the human imagination has been oppressed, probably not one has clouded the future of so many persons of all ages and sexes as the fear of Mussulman conquest or invasion.

The dread of the Ottoman Empire as a menace to Christendom has declined rapidly since the siege of Vienna, which proved that its aggressive power was gone, and that it was falling behind Europe in the military art. Its subsequent successes in the field, — and it has had many, — both against the Austrians and Russians, were achieved on the defensive and behind its own frontier. Interest in Turkey, as well as fear of it, on the part of the Western powers may be said to have much diminished or died out during the eighteenth century. It was only revived by the Greek insurrection, in which the atrocities of the Turks excited general horror, though probably few remembered that the methods of warfare to which they resorted in that case were precisely those which they had employed in suppressing Christian revolts in nearly every other province of the European Empire, and notably in Servia during the risings in 1804 and 1815. Indeed, the massacres perpetrated by the Dahis, or Mussulman landholders, in that province surpassed in ferocity and deliberation anything of which the Turks have since been guilty, and included the assassination of every Servian of distinction who could be laid hold of. There was undoubtedly no portion of the old Turkish Empire which suffered more from Turkish domination than it did, as it formed the borderland through which Turkish armies passed in the long wars with Austria, and in the latter days of the Janissaries the passage of one of these armies involved for the rayahs every species of horror. But Servia lay far out of the track of Western travel or observation. Down to the introduction of steamboats on the Danube, it was to Western Europe, as were Bosnia and Herzegovina, an unknown land, the whereabouts of which even most educated persons would have found it difficult to fix with an approach to accuracy. The Servian Christians too, like the other Slavonic subjects of the Porte, had no sentimental hold on the Western imagination, such as that which gave the Greek rising in 1821 so much pathos and dignity. The Slaves had no history that scholars and poets knew or cared for, and the miserable tale of their successful or unsuccessful heroism and endurance only reached France and England in stray scraps of old news, such as we have been receiving for the last ten years about the contests of Yacoub Beg with the Chinese in Eastern Tartary.

The horror and indignation excited in the Christian world by

such incidents as the massacre of Scio, were in some degree kept down by the scantiness of the information which in that day was to be had about any distant events, and by the bluntness which the long war of the French Revolution, from which Europe had just emerged, had given to popular susceptibilities. The generation which read of this, and of Ibrahim Pasha's operations in the Morea, had seen too much misery to be deeply stirred by the woes of these far-off islanders, and it is questionable whether, if the Philhellenes had not managed to connect in the popular imagination the followers of Marcos Bozzaris and Karaiskaki with Leonidas and Miltiades by ties of consanguinity, the mere claims of humanity would not have been overridden by the caution and misgivings of the politicians, which led the Duke of Wellington's ministry to pronounce through the King's speech the battle of Navarino an "untoward event," though it made Greek independence certain. Indeed, Turkey had nothing more formidable to fear in Christian sentiment than the fanatical sympathy of the Russians with their ecclesiastical brethren. The "enthusiasm of humanity" had not begun to show itself in politics. What pitiful interest was roused by the struggle of the Greeks was satisfied by the achievement of their independence, and it died out rapidly under the lame attempts of the new nation at self-government, and especially by its total failure, and indeed avowed unwillingness, to pay its debts. It got a bad name in the money-market, which is perhaps the worst place in which a community can lose its reputation, and the spectacle of its failures and shortcomings, by a natural and familiar process, helped to rehabilitate the Turks, or at all events cause a revision of the hostile judgment which had been passed upon them, and, after the partially successful invasion of the Russians in 1829, secured them twenty years of peace and not undignified security. During this period the revolution in Egypt, the quarrel between England and France which grew out of it, and above all the rapid increase of the British Empire in India, ending with the annexation of the Punjaub after the Sikh invasion in 1846, gave communication with India an importance in English politics which it had not before possessed, and created that jealousy of any interference with Turkey which, under Lord Palmerston's fostering hand, grew into a fundamental portion of English foreign policy. To keep

Constantinople in the hands of a weak and unaggressive power was set down as essential to the preservation of English supremacy in the East.

The idea was strengthened and solidified in 1849 – 50 by one of those pieces of good luck which have often befallen Turkey, and to which she may be said to owe her existence. After twenty-five years of obscurity she suddenly reappeared on the stage of European politics before the eyes of excited liberals of the West, in the attitude of a defender of the oppressed. Russia and Austria had done her the very great service of making an unjustifiable demand on her for the surrender of the Hungarian and Polish refugees, and her firm refusal took the enthusiastic Christian public by storm. She became suddenly glorified as one of the defenders of freedom, and the refuge of the oppressed, and the curious and hearty moral support which she received from English and French liberals, when again assailed by Russia in 1853, was thus prepared. Strange as that support appears at this distance of time and in the light of recent events, no one will find much difficulty in understanding it who can recall the bitter disappointment which settled down on the friends of constitutional government after the failure of 1848 – 49, and the joy and gratitude with which the resistance of Turkey to the two great absolutist powers was received, in the midst of what appeared to be the general collapse of liberalism, — for even republican France had just captured Rome for the Pope. It was doubtless absurd to those who knew anything of the secret springs of Turkish policy, or of the nature of Turkish rule, but it was sincere, and not unnatural, and it doubtless saved Turkey. In the war of 1853 it gave her not only the aid of fleets and armies, but the moral force of a great cause. When the English and French papers called her the "defender of civilization against barbarism," it drew forth in the Christian homes of the West, not smiles of ridicule, but tears of honest sympathy and admiration, and this sympathy and admiration soon proved to have a pecuniary value. After the peace, there was a general disposition to help the honest fellow who had so manfully withstood the Russian bear. There was no longer any hesitation in doing what had never been thought of before, — admitting Turkey to the circle of civilized nations, and there was so much confidence in her reforming zeal that she had no difficulty in doing what she had never done before,

— borrowing enormous sums in France and England, although there was not a road in the Empire on which a spring carriage could make a day's journey, not a judge to whom a European would agree to submit the simplest controversy, and hardly an official who was not suspected of corruption or malversation, and although the monarch was a worn-out debauchee.

The money was used in a perfectly characteristic way, — in the way, in short, in which Turkish revenues have been used ever since the fall of Constantinople, — that is, for the luxury of the court and the equipment of fleets and armies. For four hundred years nearly every dollar that has reached the capital from the tax-payers has gone, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, in one of these two ways. No new buildings — or at least none to which the epithet monumental could be applied — have been erected; no roads have been made, or aqueducts built, or docks or wharves constructed, or channels cleared, or colleges or charities founded. There has been some expenditure on mosques, but none of late, and the most splendid of the Mussulman temples in European Turkey — one of the two which possess any claims to architectural beauty — is a legacy from the Greek Empire. Nor has there been recently any sign of a birth or revival of civilizing energy among the ruling race. No Turk had in 1853 or has since given any evidence of a share in that passion for change or improvement which has within the last century transformed the Christian world. There is neither in the capital nor in the provinces any evidence among Turkish youth of interest in the progress of Western thought or discovery, or desire to share in the toils and triumphs and pleasures of Western science or literature or art. There is to be found among the *softas*, or young theologians who come up to Constantinople to pursue their studies, a good deal of religious zeal, and a capacity for self-denial which the most ascetic Christians might envy; but their intellectual as well as moral force seems to spend itself in a sort of fierce contemplation of the central dogma — in fact, one may say the only dogma — of the Mahometan faith, the oneness of God and the authenticity of the Prophet. To believe this, to believe it with passionate certainty, to be ready to proclaim it through fire and blood, and to be capable of overmastering rage over any denial or doubt of it, are the ambition of the only portion of the Mussulman youth which seeks to rise above that enjoyment of the good

things of this life which they believe to be the true believer's right. The good things of this life, too, is a phrase to which a young Turk would give none of the extended significance which it would receive from a Western sensualist, for it would cover none of the pleasures of taste or imagination. The sum of Ottoman happiness is, in fact, expressed in a proverb which will not bear literal translation, but which finds ample and sufficient materials for the wise man's content in a well-stocked harem, a well-filled stable, and a cook who knows his business. Nor is this careful and haughty withdrawal from the stream of Western progress peculiar to the Mussulman of Turkey. Mr. Hunter, in his work on the "Indian Mussulmans," tells a story which throws a flood of light on the present condition and future prosperity of their brethren in Europe. The British found the Mussulmans in India occupying a position strictly corresponding to that of the Turks in Turkey. They were the political rulers and great land-holders of the country. They officered the army and filled the civil service in every branch. They were the judges, and while administering the law were above the law. All the offices of state which were worth having fell to their share. With the advent of the conqueror came the throwing open to all natives of the country of whatever creed such offices as were open to any natives, and of course they naturally fell to the best qualified or equipped. The English found the Mussulmans in full possession of the judicial bench, and for half a century kept them there as assessors of the English judges. Now they have completely given way to Hindoos, because Hindoos only will take the trouble to acquire the necessary linguistic and other learning, and so on all through the service. "Even ten years ago," says Mr. Hunter in 1872, "the Mussulmans managed to transmit the post of Nazir — or Chief of the revenue bailiffs — to men of their own creed; but now one or two unpopular appointments about the jail are the most the former masters of India can hope for. The staff of clerks attached to the various offices, the responsible posts in the courts, and even the higher offices in the police are recruited from the pushing Hindu youth of the government school." Out of 2,111 offices in the gift of the government in the province of Bengal, 1,338 are filled by Europeans, 681 by Hindoos, and only 92 by Mussulmans. Turning to the pleaders of the high court, we find that in the beginning of the century they were all Mussulmans; in 1851 the

Mussulmans were as numerous as the Hindoos and English put together; but of the 240 natives admitted to practice since then 239 were Hindoos and only one a Mussulman. The medical profession tells the same story. The Mussulman will not learn the modern medicine, and there are now no Mussulman doctors in India, except barber surgeons, while good Hindoo doctors graduate in considerable numbers from the Calcutta University. "The government," adds Mr. Hunter, "has covered Bengal with schools, and many of its districts are peopled with Mohammedans. Government schools fail to develop a class of Mussulmans who can compete successfully at the Universities, or find an entrance into any of the professions. The same schools send forth every year a vast body of well-read, ambitious, and intellectual Hindu youths, who distinguish themselves as young men at the universities, and in after life monopolize every avenue to wealth or distinction. The truth is, our system of public instruction which has awakened the Hindus from the sleep of centuries, and quickened their inert masses with some of the noble impulses of a nation, is opposed to the traditions, unsuited to the requirements, and hateful to the religion of the Mussulmans."

Mr. Hunter's account of the Mohammedan College founded by Warren Hastings to enable the Mussulmans to qualify themselves for retaining their old place in the administration, is most interesting, but too long for quotation. Suffice it to say, that, having been left in Mohammedan hands, the studies in it are confined almost exclusively to the two sacred languages, Arabic and Persian, and to the Mohammedan law, and it turns out a set of utterly ignorant, vicious, and fanatical young men unfit for any modern career. The chapter on Holy War against the Infidel has been for ninety years the favorite study of the place, and down to 1868 examination questions were given in it. An English resident professor was smuggled in some years ago with difficulty, so intense is their hatred of the infidel. Going his rounds one night, he had to quell a tumult in a student's room arising out of the question whether prayer uttered without having the heels joined had any efficacy. When he tried to introduce profane science, they pelted him with brickbats and rotten mangoes.

What the friends of the Turks expected in 1855 was that they would themselves undertake in Turkey that very political and social revolution which the English have brought about with the strong

hand in India, that is, that the members of the ruling faith would divest themselves of their privileges and throw open all branches of the public administration to men of all creeds and races, and not only this, but submit themselves to the same process of training, and the same proportion of the public burdens, and the same impediments and disabilities of whatsoever nature. Nay, more, that they would substitute for the traditional Mahommedan idea of the state, that is, a theocracy resting on the sabre, the modern European idea of an association of equals, engaged in the pursuit of happiness, under purely secular bonds, and with secular tests and standards; or, in other words, would bring about a state of things which the law binds all true Mussulmans to prevent, even at the cost of their lives, — the conversion of the country of Islam into an enemy's country by setting up a government which should treat the religion of the Prophet as of no more political account than any other. There are forty millions of Mussulmans in British India, or nearly three times as many as in Turkey, and the experiment of transforming them into modern men, has been tried there, it is safe to say, under conditions more favorable than are ever likely to present themselves anywhere else. They are ready to endure poverty, social humiliation, and total political abnegation sooner than submit to it, even at the hands of a partial and fostering government. Would not this example be sufficient to suppress all strong hope with regard to the Turks, even if they too had undergone no trial? But they have undergone a trial. Ever since 1839 the Sultans have been endeavoring, if possible, to infuse new strength into the Empire, the decline of which, as compared with the Western powers, has been only too manifest, by decreeing certain assimilations of the political constitution to those of European states; but as a matter of fact not one of them has had any perceptible force outside of Constantinople, except the abolition of the feudal sway of the old begs, which, however, was carried out, not in the interest of the Christian vassals, but as a means of preventing the incessant revolts by which the government began to be harassed from the close of the last century, and at the same time of bringing the administration at Constantinople into closer relations with the tax-paying class, out of whom the revenue was to be squeezed. It is now nearly forty years since the issue of the Khatti-sheriff of Gulhane, the first of

the reformatory decrees, and testimony of the strongest kind has been steadily pouring in ever since, and is now astonishing Europe, that the condition of the Christian population has undergone little amelioration during that period through Turkish legislation or administration; and that all or nearly all the improvement which has been effected in it has been the result of the intrusion of European opinion through the consuls. To all the reformatory measures issuing from Constantinople, and which the government itself had no direct fiscal interest in carrying out, the Mussulman population of the interior have opposed a steady and completely effective resistance.

When we begin to inquire into the nature of the Mussulman resistance to these measures, and the reason why it has been effective, we are met at the outset by the puzzling fact that the population of European Turkey — and it is with this that we are mainly concerned in the present article — amounted in 1866, according to the Turkish Ministry of Finance (but Turkish census returns are only approximative), to twelve million, of all creeds and races, and of those little more than three million are Mussulmans. How is it that so small a body of men, not forming a military organization, not acting or prepared to act in concert, scattered over the country in towns and villages like the others, are able to impose on this enormous majority, and maintain a régime of crushing oppression and inequality? Why does this majority need to be looked after by foreign consuls, and to be made the subject of periodical intervention by foreign powers, in order to be secured in the enjoyment of the commonest human rights? The domination of the Mussulmans is not upheld by troops, for the Turkish army on the peace footing is small, and is mostly posted along the frontier of a vast empire. Nor is it upheld by superiority of wealth, or intelligence, or energy. The Christians are richer, better educated, and more enterprising. Any attempt to answer these questions brings us to the central difficulty of the Eastern question, and the more one examines it, the more one is struck with the analogy between the task which the great powers have set themselves with regard to the Christian population, and that which our government has set itself with regard to the negroes of the South, and the more one is impressed with the prominence of the part which moral qualities, or what

we may call character, as distinguished from knowledge or intellectual light, plays in the successful working of any political system however simple. The Turkish Constitution as it stood, under the general name of the Tanzimàt, even before the latest change, really provided the Christians with ample legal protection for their social rights, and for a large share in the government of the Empire. The Khatti-Hamayoun issued at the close of the Crimean War, as the Turkish share in the settlement consecrated by the Peace of Paris, gave them representation in the local councils, the right to serve in the army, and to have their testimony received against Mussulmans before the courts; and of all this the treaty took favorable notice, as a new departure on the part of Turkey. Nevertheless, it is universally admitted that it has wrought no perceptible change in the condition of the Christians. In fact, it would be difficult to point to a single striking result of the Tanzimàt, since the issue of the Khatti-sheriff of Gulhane in 1839, except the destruction of the feudal position of the country begs, and the more direct subjection of the tax-payers to the administration at Constantinople. The reason of this practical failure of reform is to be found in the character of the Christian population, no less than in that of the Turks, and there could hardly be a more valuable illustration than this failure affords of the difficulty of making any valuable political change where the bulk of the people are wanting in the courage, ambition, and self-confidence needed to carry it out.

The concessions of the Ottoman government to its Christian subjects have amounted to nothing, first, because the official class at Constantinople, which really made them, and which is the class with which European diplomatists deal, does not represent and is not in real harmony with the Mussulman population of the interior, and is utterly unable to impose its will upon it; and secondly, because four centuries of oppression have so broken the spirit of the Christians, and destroyed their combativeness, that they are incapable of using their legal rights as against the conquering race. Language of this sort is used at the West to describe the state of mind of communities which do not care enough for self-government, or what we call political liberty, to be willing to fight for it, or offer organized resistance to official usurpation. It will consequently fail to give an adequate idea of the

state of things in Turkey without the further explanation that the Turkish Christian stands in *bodily fear* of his Turkish neighbor, very much as a slave does of his master, and does not think of opposition to him as among the possibilities of his social existence. Every traveller in the interior of Turkey must have seen illustrations of this. A Turkish youth will ride alone into a Christian village, quarter himself in its best house, order everything attainable for his personal use, convert every man and woman he sets eyes on into his attendants for the time being, load them with abuse, and hear nothing in reply but appeals for mercy and forbearance. We were once present at a trial of three boys, in a town on the Lower Danube, for robbing the head man of a neighboring Christian village, the proceedings having been set on foot by the British Consul. The eldest of the culprits was not fifteen, and the confession of the other two brought out the fact, that, being in search of amusement one fine morning, they adopted the suggestion of the leader, and went out on the highway, in the country, to rob a giaour. The first who presented himself was this *tchurbadji*, who was on horseback and was bringing in the village tax, which amounted to a considerable sum (for those parts). They seized his bridle-rein, ordered him to dismount, which he did, and they then rifled his pockets or bag without meeting with the slightest resistance, and yet he was a tall and powerful man, not over fifty. Probably few persons, too, have ever been long in the interior without seeing an able-bodied Christian receive a thrashing, with a stick or whip, from a Turk, to which he submitted without any nearer approach to revolt than holding up his arms for shelter. The explanation of this is that for centuries the Turks have carried arms, which the Christians are forbidden to do, and have used them without hesitation, and with the full certainty that the murder or maiming or spoliation of an infidel would have no legal consequences. In fact, so certain has it been for many generations that resistance to a Turk would end in assassination, and perhaps the ruin of a man's whole family, that not only has the habit of self-defence died out, but the very instinct itself seems to be wellnigh extinct among the subject population. The richest and most prosperous Christian of a village or country town, finding himself in the presence of a company of Turks, loses his courage and self-respect, is silent,

abashed, and timid, and finds discussion with them impossible, and mere expression of opinion a thing to be dreaded and avoided.

The present writer was travelling many years ago in Roumelia with a European General in the Turkish service, who was waited upon, on arriving late in the evening, by the family of one of ten Christians, from whom the Turkish Mudir had demanded a loan, and had shut up in prison, pending the production of the money. The General went at once to the functionary and fiercely demanded their release, which was promptly accorded, but there was not the slightest sign of resentment among the captives. To be allowed to get quietly back to their homes, to have no fuss made about them, and above all to have no complaint made in their behalf at Constantinople against the local tyrant, were all they asked. They were profuse and even lachrymose in their expressions of gratitude, but there was not the slightest sign of the manly wrath or vindictiveness without which, after all, no statutory defences of personal liberty are worth the paper on which they are written. They were, in short, for all practical purposes in the mental and moral condition of mediæval Jews, and had evidently no thought of any better mode of protecting life or property against lawlessness or oppression than flight, concealment, or bribery.

But the Christian timidity and self-distrust, though more remarkable, contribute no more to the difficulty of the Eastern problem than the pride and self-confidence of the Turk; nor are these by any means greater than facts seem to justify. It has to be remembered, in the first place, that self-respect and self-exaltation occupy fully as prominent a place in the Mohammedan faith as humility and self-abasement in the Christian, and in this the Mohammedan allies itself with the strongest of human instincts. The followers of the Prophet began by looking on the whole earth as their legitimate prey, and the sabre as the best and noblest instrument for the propagation of their creed, and as they spread it they added military to spiritual arrogance, — a combination of perhaps unequalled efficiency in narrowing the range of one's sympathy and giving zest to conquest and spoliation. The Mussulmans were humble enough before God, but then their God was the God of a chosen people, "compassionate and merciful," but only for believers, and their religion was so superior in simplicity and purity

to all the creeds they came across in their migrations, that the very worship of such a Deity fostered a magnificent insolence for which the world has never yet produced a parallel, and which their political and military experience for several centuries seemed to warrant. Even the Ottomans, though far inferior to the Arabs, encountered no races in their earlier advances over which they could not fairly claim either intellectual or moral superiority. In Europe they had to contend only with a worse barbarism than their own, or a civilization which any barbarian might well despise, and for two centuries after the fall of Constantinople they maintained their superiority to the Christian powers in the military art, which was then the art of arts. They were better artillerists; and they were the first to raise and maintain in a high state of discipline and efficiency a large standing army. They were the first to attain high excellence in what military writers call "logistics," or the art of moving and supplying large bodies of troops. Their attacks owed most of their terror in the earlier days of their European history to the then astounding swiftness of their marches. In the graphic description given by Froissart of the battle of Nicopoli there is nothing he dwells on with so much emphasis as the secrecy with which Bajazet crossed the Hellespont with two hundred thousand men, and the rapidity with which he reached the Danube. "The Christians," he says, "were not only ignorant of their numbers, but of their approach. They advanced so secretly that they were close to Nicopoli before the besiegers knew of their having begun their march." No Christian power at that day could move a force of quarter the size half the distance, and all accounts agree that a Turkish army of that day was, as it is to-day, a sober and somewhat austere body. The history of the Ottomans for the last two hundred years has, it is true, been the record of decline, but the possible effects of the loss of military supremacy have been more than counterbalanced by their continued political success. In our eyes their government has been a horrible failure; judged by their own standard, there is everything in it to be proud of. The Turk's notion of success in politics makes it consist in holding as large a body of infidels and as wide range of territory as possible in complete subjection for the benefit of the Mussulman caste, and seeing to it that the members of this caste have the best the country affords in meat, drink, and clothing, and

as few anxieties, dangers, or tribulations as circumstances will allow. This work, there is no doubt, the Ottomans have done, and done it well. They have managed to rule four times their own number, and not mildly or laboriously or conscientiously, but with a rod of iron, and with utter indifference to all the responsibilities usually associated with the possession of power. This is not an admirable feat in the eyes of the Christian statesman, but it is a great display of capacity for command, perhaps the greatest the world has ever seen; and the lustre of the exploit from this point of view is not dimmed by the atrocities of some of their processes. This, according to our notions, ought to have made their sway intolerable and hastened their downfall; as a matter of fact, it strengthened their sway and postponed their downfall. Without the cruelty and ferocity no government as bad as theirs could possibly have lasted so long.

This pride of theirs and sense of superiority have had an effect on their manners, which curiously enough has done a good deal to conciliate European opinion, and thus secure not only tolerance, but a certain amount of support for their system. Socially the members of a conquering and slaveholding class are almost sure to be pleasant fellows; that is, they are almost sure to have the ease, the dignity, the self-respecting reserve, and the truthfulness which form so large a part of what in an aristocratic society is called a gentleman. The addition of *general* kindliness, humanity, and unselfishness, which is usually made in democratic definitions of the character, does not, strictly speaking, belong to it. A gentleman proper has little sympathy except for gentlemen, and looks on the rest of the community as in a large degree intended to make the world a pleasant place for gentlemen to live in. In the original sense of the term, the Turk is a thorough gentleman, and social intercourse with him forms to travelling foreigners a delightful contrast to social intercourse with any of the Christian races who live under him. One may go down to the lowest stratum of Turkish society — the poor Anatolian peasant living with his family in his one room, and extracting a scanty subsistence from a few acres with an antique plough — without finding any marked diminution in dignity. His manners will show none of the usual traces of poverty. You will never meet with in the Turk the fussy or fawning subserviency, and the eager persistence in flat-

tery and devotion, which are so apt to give the Christians of whatever race the air of "drummers" trying to sell you "a bill of goods." In trade, too, he is not enterprising, but he is honest as the sun. It is rare, indeed, for a Turk to misrepresent his goods, or even to urge you to buy, and rarer still for a Turkish merchant to be unable to pay his debts. As an artisan, he was, while he flourished, famed for honest work, but, as a general rule, he is being rapidly driven out of business, all over the Mussulman world, by the cheaper products of Western machinery, and the bazaars will soon know him no more. All these things have helped him to maintain his sway. Few travellers have ever accepted his hospitality without liking him, or have contrasted his sober-mindedness and independence with the timid and flattering suavity of his subjects, without at least doubting whether, if he were driven out, it would be possible to substitute for him anything half as good.

If this sketch of the relations of the Mussulmans and Christians of the Empire be true, it will be readily seen that all legislative reforms and all constitutional schemes, such as that recently promulgated, are sure to miscarry, which assume, as they all do assume, the existence, if not of a homogeneous community, at least of a community the majority of whose members only need to have the law on their side to avail themselves of it for the defence of their rights of person and property. The experiment the Turks wish Europe to witness is very like the one we are trying to carry out at the South, in giving the negro a whole arsenal of legal defences against his late master, not one weapon in which he apparently has the courage or skill to use. We give him the ballot, but have to give him with it a military escort to enable him to reach the polls, and put a policeman in his house to enable him to make up his mind calmly and serenely on which side he will cast his vote. To organize his majorities we have to lend him professional politicians from the North, who cheat him, while pretending to serve him. All the constitutional arrangements, now in successful use by civilized peoples, are simply the statements of the terms on which bodies of persons of about equal capacity and courage have, after long conflicts, in which they tested each other's strength and learned mutual respect, at last agreed to live, and carry on a government together. They are, in short, machines, the

motive power of which has to be supplied by the mental and moral condition of the bulk of the people. If this condition is such as that there is no general agreement as to the ends of government, no union of the physical force of the community with its intelligence, and no confidence on the part of the minority in the justice and good faith of the majority, and no general respect for law, a constitution, however carefully framed, is of about as much value for practical purposes as a machinist's working drawing. It shows what might be done, if one had the raw material, skill, and fuel.

There is, however, this difference between the political conditions of the Turkish rayah and that of the Southern negro. The rayah is already possessed of property, and is yearly acquiring a larger and larger proportion of the general wealth. He carries on nearly all the trade of the Empire, and has hereditary habits of industry and economy. He belongs to races which cherish great political memories, and which across the frontier, under rulers of their own faith and blood, are playing a conspicuous part in modern civilization. Moreover, his people live very much to themselves, in villages or communes of their own, and owe to Turkish contempt and dislike of the details of administration long experience in the management of their own affairs. In fact, the Turks have meddled with them but little in a legal way, except to collect taxes in gross, or arrest criminals. Turkish rule has never been, in the ordinary sense of the word, vexatious; what the Christians have had to dread is, not the tormenting interference of the police, as in an over-governed, but the "bull-dosing" and "ku-kluxing" of an ungoverned, country, and the rapacious tax-gathering which is sure to take place when the power which imposes the taxes has no community of interest or feeling with the class which pays them. Consequently the Christians have considerable practice in deliberation, and in the distribution of local burdens, and in concert of action for local objects. What they are most wanting in are physical courage, and the habit of self-defence, and familiarity with the use of arms. They, therefore, do not need "carpet-baggers" to enable them to maintain their rights, but "troops" to give security and to disarm the Turks, and see that there is perfect equality before the law, whatever the law be.

Several years of this security and the appearance on the scene of a generation which has known nothing of Turkish domination

in its worst form, will probably be needed in order to enable the Christians to take a real part in the working of any system of constitutional government in concert with the Turks. But it is quite safe to predict that they will never be called on for any such display of courage or capacity. There is no reason to suppose, even if we concede the sincerity of the official class at Constantinople in issuing the new constitution, that the bulk of the Ottoman population will ever look on it as anything but an ingenious Frankish toy, or a bit of Stamboul corruption, and make any attempt whatever to carry it out. If the proposal of the Powers is adopted, and a sufficient military force is supplied to provide the Christians with equality and security in any particular province, the Mussulmans will probably submit in sullen silence, and gradually withdraw from it, as they have done in times past from Hungary, Servia, and the Roumania, and Bessarabia, and Greece, as soon as they can sell or secure compensation for their land. Their numbers have in this way been waning all along the Danube ever since 1829, owing to the widespread belief that sooner or later the giaours would in that region get the upper hand. In Bulgaria they are a minority of the population. The Bulgarians proper number about 1,500,000, the Osmanli Turks only about 500,000; but to these have to be added, to obtain the aggregate Mussulman population, about 200,000 Tartars, Circassians, and Albanians, or about 700,000 in all. To the Bulgarians proper have to be added about 110,000 of various other races to obtain the aggregate Christian population, or about 1,600,000 in all, or more than double the Mussulman population. In Bosnia, on the other hand, which includes Herzegovina, the Mussulmans only number 442,000 in a population of 1,216,846, but most of these Mussulmans are found in Bosnia proper, where they form a third of the population, and are all, or nearly all, of Slavonic origin, that is, the descendants of Slavonic converts to Mohammedanism at the time of the Conquest, and, though very fanatical, very hostile to the Stamboul government. Emigration of the Mussulmans from this province is, therefore, not nearly so probable as from Bulgaria, and no easy solution of the problem is to be looked for in that way, and there is no question that any solution of it in Bosnia will need more patience and a greater display of force than in Bulgaria.

That an armed Christian force, not liable to be overawed by the Turks, and feeling military superiority to them, and therefore composed of foreigners, will be absolutely necessary to effect the desired social revolution, there is little doubt. What the country needs above all things is an irresistible and well-officered Christian police, — a fact which Russia has long steadily maintained, and France and England as steadily denied. That Russian sympathy with the Christians has covered motives of a lower order is undoubtedly true, but not less true is it that the Western confidence in the recuperative power of the Turks has also covered fears that were hardly respectable and would not bear full exposition. Whatever danger to England there may be in the appearance of Russia on the shores of the Mediterranean, there has been something monstrous and ignoble in trying to guard against it by upholding an organization so rotten as the Turkish Empire; and now that it is plain that it cannot be upheld by any support from without, English politicians are becoming sensible of the fact that they have allowed Russia to supplant them in the confidence of that portion of the Turkish population which must sooner or later carry on the government, *vice* the Ottomans, deceased or resigned. The English people are not only becoming sensible of this, but also of the fact that in bolstering up Turkey they have been aiding in the perpetuation of the most revolting tyranny of modern times.

The policy of Russia in Eastern Europe differs, and has differed, but little from the British policy in India. In both cases great civilized powers finding themselves in contact with corrupt Asiatic despotisms, have not hesitated to overthrow them, or wrest territory from them, from a variety of motives; the predominating one being undoubtedly, in both cases, love of power, or what it is now the fashion to call the promptings of the imperial spirit. But then the spread of their dominion has brought law and order and security, or, in other words, the basis of all that is good in human society, into the dark places of the earth, the very habitations of cruelty. But no work of this kind, requiring great sacrifices and exertions on the part of great states, could ever be executed if one of its essential conditions was the absence of all selfishness from the design. The forces which carry the race on to its destiny are of all kinds, and come from all sources, and we have to be content if the result on the whole seems to

bring us each year even a little nearer to our ideal. It would seem as if a creed so wholly out of harmony with the needs and aspirations of modern society as the Mohammedan should, as rapidly as possible, have its connection with politics everywhere severed, and be confined exclusively to the spiritual domain. It has many merits, and is doing work in Africa which seems to indicate that it furnishes a more efficacious solvent for the more degrading forms of heathenism than Christianity itself, by rousing a personal pride which to some races is the first step in upward progress. But in Europe and Asia its possession of temporal power is purely mischievous. In the tremendous struggle with a hard lot upon which the civilized world has entered within the present century with so much increase of energy, a creed which preaches the futility of striving is simply an obstacle to be set aside, if not destroyed with as little ceremony as possible.

EDWIN L. GODKIN.

ART. VII. — CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

1. — *X. Doudan. Mélanges et Lettres. Avec une Introduction par* M. LE COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE, *et des Notices par* MM. DE SACY, CUVILLIER-FLEURY. 2 Vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1876.

XIMENÈS DOUDAN was a man almost unknown during his lifetime, outside of a circle small in number, but composed of some of the most celebrated of his contemporaries. His life was singularly uneventful, but his immunity from harassing cares and heavy griefs gave him leisure for his favorite literary studies, and his fine nature needed no added guard to save it from luxurious selfishness. He was born at Douai in 1800, and at an early age was left an orphan. He made his way to Paris to complete his education, intending to become a teacher, and while holding a humble tutorship at one of the great Parisian schools already admired by many who were destined to make a mark in the world, he received the position of tutor to the son left by Madame de Staël from her marriage with M. de Rocca. This introduced him in 1826 into the household of the Duc de Broglie, whose wife was a daughter of Madame de Staël by her first marriage, and until his death in 1872 he remained closely connected with this family

by bonds of affection and friendship. While the Duc de Broglie was in political life, Doudan was his valuable assistant, but during that time what he really cared most for was retirement and the opportunity to devote himself uninterruptedly to reading and study; this is shown by the fact that, when the Duke retired from active participation in politics, Doudan refused flattering offers to remain in an official position, and for the next thirty years, that is, until his death, devoted himself uninterruptedly to his favorite pursuits. Those who knew him intimately were indeed few, but their testimony is unanimous in regard to his charm in conversation, the fertility of his ideas, and the correctness of his taste. Their verdict would have been sufficient to satisfy any one that here was a man whose worth was much greater than his fame, but now the memorial of him in these two volumes enables us to judge for ourselves, and to share the pleasure, which only a small number had enjoyed, of reading the intimate expression of his opinions of men and things and books.

He was no mere bookworm, ignorant of practical matters; his experience had necessarily taught him much, and he had studied men as well as books, but the main charm of his letters is to be found in his devotion to literature, not as a trade from which fame or possibly fortune is to be derived, but as a constant source of delight and instruction. Books were his best friends, but they received no indiscriminate admiration; he was capable of enthusiasm, but he was one of the exactest critics of modern times, and the freedom of letter-writing enabled him to say much which those who wrote for the public would have considered too unconventional to utter, while at the same time he was never one of those who do nothing themselves except exercise their virulence in decrying their more active contemporaries. His own contributions to literature were but few in number, and may better be noticed in connection with the volume promised us, which is to contain a work on literature to which he gave his best thought and his fullest care. The letters will serve to make him personally known to us in the most satisfactory way, and will throw full light on his literary tastes and critical ability.

The selections published in these volumes are from the great mass of his correspondence between 1827 and 1872, — a long period, and one of great importance to France. At the time they began he already belonged to the household of the Duc de Broglie, and in them we find not only continual reference to the events of the day and to the new books, but also many passages showing a wise and generous philosophy. His humor is delightful, and constantly helps him to keep the proper men-

tal equilibrium, moderating his wrath and tempering his enthusiasm. The very qualities that give value to his critical work and charm to his observations on the world incapacitated him for active production; he set his ideal high with regard to the work of others, but did no less for himself, and he judged himself as rigidly as he did any one else. He had a keen eye for all manner of pretence, and he kept his taste pure, in the only sure way, by constantly returning to study the best models. He was no partisan in the fierce literary struggle that agitated France while he was a young man; he remained outside of every literary coterie, and judged them all impartially.

Before quoting from his letters such passages as may throw light on his opinions in literary matters, it may be worth while to call attention to this passage, written to perhaps his most intimate friend, M. Raulin, in 1841, which illustrates admirably his sensitive, tender nature as well as his attractive humor. He writes as follows: —

"In the first place, my dear friend, it is you who are stupid in thinking that your letter is stupid; although that is something very embarrassing in metaphysics, for hitherto there has been no case of the effect being greater than the cause. You were quite right about the degree of importance to be given to each thing, and you are right when you say that it is not necessary to listen as attentively to the reading of a report to the council as one does to a dialogue of Plato. . . . . But if you need to regard everything closely, nothing will cure you of it. I am a victim of the same mania; I have to look at all the details. One must follow one's natural bent, or remain powerless. We should waste our lives trying to form our minds anew. One who feels irresistibly impelled that way should make up his mind to do little things well. . . . . But you must know that business men and people with common sense do not share this mania which afflicts us. They work *grosso modo*. *Grosso modo* is the secret of success in this world. It is necessary to talk, comprehend, and act *grosso modo*. Dulness of intelligence is in harmony with the general movement of the world, — of the world of men, I mean. Hence the success of M. Scribe; . . . . hence the grace, the elegance, and the lively imagination of M. Horace Vernet. . . . . While you are looking with trembling admiration at the wing of a butterfly, all those ogres have swallowed ten roasted chickens' wings. Such is the world. Your part is not with them. Do well and delicately what they do quickly and grossly, and as a reward for your zeal people will say, 'That poor Raulin has a deucedly delicate mind,' and they will be right. The world moves quickly, and does not look at anything very closely. When its huge wheels, greased with whale-oil, meet delicate, light wheels cut in diamond, which turn rapidly and noiselessly on a polished axis, there is a shock, but the little wheels are of diamond and are not broken. Their motion is controlled by another law. You will get your reward in eternity, where a butterfly's wing is considered superior to a Mayence ham; but here is the kingdom of the Mayence hams. You may

do your best, but you will never eat as fast as others. The ham will make you think of the boar, the boar of the forest, the forest of the mountains, of the eternal snows, of the rivers silently gliding over the earth, and meanwhile there is nothing left but the bone of the ham, and you will be sitting pale and distraught among a crowd of jolly fellows in good condition and well stuffed, who will make fun of you at the first chance. Let them gorge till they die of it."

It is very clear that a man who writes in this way is probably one who either has been unsuccessful, or who has not ventured into the struggle for fame from diffidence. This last was always Doudan's position; he preferred observing the world to taking part in it; he stood out of the current of life and watched it pass him, commenting upon it without envy and without passion. There has been no lack of Frenchmen who have left behind them sayings in which they express their verdict about human life, but Doudan differs from La Rochefoucauld by his gentleness, and from such others as Vauvenargues and Joubert not only by the absence of anything like a system, but also by the constant flow of an agreeable humor. All his remarks on human nature are incidental; the nearest aproach to connected disquisition is in his comments on literature, and these are scattered here and there in letters to different people, and of course are interrupted continually by reference to the events of the day. His judgment, though narrow, was fine and true, and although there were limits to his admirations, he had keen sympathy for the best work. As will be shown, some of the qualities of German writers he could not comprehend, but again he had more comprehension of certain English traits than some of his fellow-countrymen have. He admired the classics, not as an echoer of tradition, but with real knowledge of them, and he had an especial fondness for French literature. He was by no means carried away by the changes that the last fifty years have seen brought into French writing. His humor forbade his believing that Victor Hugo was all that he gave himself out to be before a credulous world, and the barbaric tinsel and glitter of that poet and of Lamartine, though he was ready enough to acknowledge the power of both, left him cold. He saw through Renan, and in the year 1858 wrote of him as follows in one of his letters: —

"The truth is, he is like a young colt which takes pleasure in kicking up its heels. He adds a little of the malice of the monkey to this friskiness of the colt. Vague ideas are certainly necessary, and an intelligent man who has only clear ideas is a fool who will never discover anything; but some tolerably solid bones are necessary to sustain any living being whatsoever except the race of serpents. I do not see M. Renan's bones."

Again, ten years later, speaking of his Life of St. Paul, he says: —

"He is a great coquette in the order of theologians and *savants*. His coquetry is mingled with impertinence, but he gives his contemporaries what they desire in everything, sweetmeats with a taste of the infinite. He is like certain apothecaries who have made cod-liver oil a very agreeable drink, only all the active principles have left the cod-liver oil, and those who drink it are left as lymphatic as they were before. When I read him I feel a certain wrath, for I consider that it is treating me with insufficient respect to offer me his remarks for reasoning; and, to continue this subject, have you ever wondered why women especially almost always turn the conversation to discussing music? In my opinion, — and I must say I do not know much about music, — if it has this superiority over all the other arts and over literature that it can yet say something to the soul when words expire, so to speak, it has, on the other hand, this inherent defect of being very vague, and of being half physical and half moral. Now this age is to excess half physical and half moral; it likes to be moved rather than to reflect. It wishes to enjoy everything without dreaming of making the manly effort of trying to conciliate things. It rocks in a swing, now up, now down, without going forward, and without any effort of the will. In the same way Renan gives his readers that same delight with his dreamy, soft, insinuating style which goes around questions without pressing very closely, like little serpents. It is a sort of chamber music, such as Plato wanted to exclude from the education of youth. It is in listening to such music that men resign themselves to getting such amusement from everything that they endure despotism while dreaming of liberty, and forget to row as they glide along with the current, thinking complacently of the energetic souls who have changed and bettered the world at other times, because, as they say in their insolent pride, these souls were narrow and did not understand the complexity of the world, *à la bonne heure!*"

This long extract shows how great was his critical ability, and this is merely one of a great number of brief but sound characterizations of his contemporaries, while at the same time he by no means neglected the men of other times. He spoke thus, for instance, of Goethe's "Elective Affinities": —

"I should not dare to speak to you of it if the name of Goethe did not cover everything. There must be in his language great beauty of style, for in other respects it is more than singular with respect to morality in the first place, and then even the ideas which have nothing to do with morality are clumsy or false or puerile. I mean it when I say that I probably understand nothing of it. A man who did not shed a tear on hearing a sermon when all the rest of the congregation were weeping bitterly, said coldly, 'I don't belong to this parish'; and perhaps he was right. Every nation possesses certain chords of feeling which are perfectly strange to foreigners. You would not be astonished, on returning to Etioles after a long absence, in company with an Englishwoman and a Polish woman who had never lived there, if they were less moved than you by the *je ne sais quoi* which those woods and walls and

fields have for you. Every people recognizes that *je ne sais quoi* in its writers. We have less than other nations, that is perhaps one of the reasons of our universality. For a long time we have undertaken to utter to the universe generalities which may please. We make pieces of furniture and fashionable articles, but as for the thousand nothings which touch the secret fibres of a family, of a province, we are wholly without them. A tress of a certain person's hair cannot move every one. I am then very insensible to the elective affinities, but I am not so stupid as not to believe in Goethe's talent."

It is not in a nature like this that narrowness exists, although Doudan was by no means incapable of strong dislike where weaker people, from a dread of being considered illiberal, would join in the popular cry of admiration of anything, however faulty. If he frankly confessed that he did not understand Goethe, he carefully refrained from putting the blame on that author. An interesting point to which he was continually returning was this difficulty of comprehending foreign authors, and the statements of so wise and so frank a man are of the greatest value. He said, for instance, —

"I did not love Dante devotedly till after I had seen Italy ; now I find in him the echo of all the sounds I heard then. . . . . In a word, we belong to the North, and possibly the East and South which we love are those which have passed through Northern imaginations. We need blue glasses to look at that view. Perhaps it is a bit of the jugglery of modern criticism that makes us think we find those ways charming which are not our ways, and those tastes which are not our tastes ; but, after all, we shall always understand Shakespeare better than Calderon, and Montaigne and Molière better than Shakespeare."

He did not care for books alone, as the extracts already made might indicate, and although he was an exceedingly acute literary critic, there are numerous passages in these letters which show how sensitive he was to other influences. A few passages taken from here and there will illustrate this : —

"From a distance I am for Athens ; nature has finished beauty for us only when it has been the theatre of a great nation's history. All the great men who have passed over that bit of earth have taken with them the memory of the outline of these mountains, and that is something for the mountains."

"When one wishes to injure persons, the first thing to do is to assume an air of great impartiality with regard to them."

"I have a suspicion that it is only in the brighter, more glowing day of Italy that one finds Roman history in its true colors ; and at a distance in our dismal gray cities, it too becomes gray. Before I had seen the surroundings of Rome I imagined all the heroes of its history to have been something like the old counsellors of the Parliament of Paris, and I imagined them dwelling in a place like the Marais or the Ile St. Louis. Among other instances Ha-

drian's face has wholly changed for me since I visited the Villa Adriani. I remember we were guided to the middle of that labyrinth of trees, marbles, and old walls by a little girl, who must have died since, for her large eyes were heavy with fever. The beautiful trees, the lovely weather, the birds that were singing and flying from the ruined vaults to the wood all filled with flowers, lent a little of their youth and beauty to the old history, of which only the dust remains. The Southern sky and landscape make us love the men of the South, who in their time hardly thought of the sunsets which make us dream of them to-day."

These quotations must suffice. It would be easy to fill many pages with delicate criticism, kindly jesting, and sympathetic comment, with what makes the best of the conversation of a thoughtful, cultivated man; but it would be better to urge the reader to turn to the two volumes themselves, that he may find there instruction and delight. This is not a book for the day, but one that will surely long find a place on the shelves of those who care for the sincere outpouring of a gracious, sensitive, and refined soul. It is a long time since so *literary* a book has appeared, and it should be fitly appreciated.

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2. — *The Works and Life of Walter Savage Landor.* Edited by John Forster. In Eight Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. 1876.

Landor died September 17, 1864, and fully twelve years will have elapsed before a complete edition of his various writings is presented to English readers. An author well known, but comparatively unread, a man who had outlived his contemporaries and had largely helped to educate the few minds that could teach the many to appreciate him, he died in his ninetieth year, just as his genius began to make itself felt in our literature. Landor was the literary phenomenon of this century. Others surpassed him in various ways, — Wordsworth in poetry, Coleridge in philosophy, many in the technicalities of art, — but Landor was too independent in character, too conscious of his own abilities, too well grounded in the canons of criticism, too much in communion with the great originals in literature, to be drawn from his peculiar path of life or from the working out of his manifest destiny as an author. A man less self-contained, or more dependent upon the fruits of his industry for his support, would have failed to abide his time. Not so Landor; he lived as truly among the immortals of Greece or Rome or the Elizabethan age, as Macaulay did among the poets, wits, and novelists of Queen Anne's reign. He lived his own life; and strangely inconsistent as that was, a medley of freaks and

passions, he was so entirely aside from the great stir of his age, so apart from the absorbing interests of the great professions, so well able to cultivate the studies which give to the mind its last finish and grace, that he gathered up into himself the spoils of all time. Disdaining the arts of an author who lives by borrowing, even writing that fine episode of Athenian life, "Pericles and Aspasia," without the aid of books, and cutting out all which reminded him of indebtedness to others, he had, nevertheless, read so widely and wisely that these "Imaginary Conversations" went beyond his personal eccentricities and conformed themselves to the ideal limitations of the past. Looked at from any point of view, Landor's life was exceptional. If Goethe's idea was correct, that to acquire a many-sided culture is the reason of existence for a truly great soul, then his life, as faithfully recorded by the late Mr. Forster, has its own excuse for being. It abounds in great weaknesses, but it excels in great virtues. Landor was a man upon the scale of the Titans, and while this does not release him from criticism, it furnishes the key to his mental history, and shows the process by which his genius was developed.

Though his writings have very largely the impersonal form, they thoroughly reflect the man, and those who best knew him could detect very clearly in the turn of the thought and the tone of the sentiment the voice of Landor, whether Bacon or Cicero or Epictetus or Demosthenes were the interlocutor. Landor had, in his immunity from want and in his university education, the proper conditions for the free play of his mental powers. No confinements of time or space, no galling task-work, nothing beyond the intense perversity of his will, turned him from what was congenial. His mind practically ripened by itself, and was sustained less by sympathy than by vital force. He was essentially removed for his writing from the accidents of his time. He secured the conditions for that work which rises above the thought of the hour, and commends itself to the educated men of every age. He wrote, not for an immediate response, but to fulfil all the requisitions of his subject; and his studies could not have been better ordered had the prevision of youth directed them to a special end. At Rugby, famous as a Greek and Latin scholar, pursuing the same line of study during his brief residence at Oxford, drinking in the inspiration which the choicest English literature always imparts to an open mind, giving his days and nights to Shakespeare and Milton, afterwards becoming as proficient in Italian as in English, living as completely in the past ages as in the present, and driven to this resource for the occupation of an inquisitive and original mind, he became a cosmopolitan author, and his fine discursive genius laid every-

thing under contribution. His "Imaginary Conversations," one hundred and ninety in number, were the inevitable outlet for such an education. Dramatic in form, they contain strong and deep thoughts, not put together as dignified good sense after the manner of Sir Arthur Helps, not worked into the passion of tragedy after that of Sir Henry Taylor, but pure bright thought and sentiment and even criticism, bearing the stamp of poetic feeling, and veined all through with that imaginative common-sense of which Bacon's essays are the best example. Over twenty years ago Mr. Hillard made American readers acquainted with this feature of Landor's writings, and brought to many the first knowledge of his rare, almost unrivalled powers of imaginative utterance. Landor's writing is as much above the common attempts at rhetoric as the eagle's flight is superior to that of the swallow. Mr. Hillard's volume of brilliant paragraphs was a most welcome book to the rising generation of writers. Mr. Emerson had early detected the traces of genius in these "Conversations," and his indorsement of Landor still remains a correct estimate of these wonderful prose-poems: "The scholar must still go back to Landor for multitudes of elegant sentences, for wisdom, wit, and indignation, that are unforgetable." Splendid and uniform as Burke's style is, freighted as it is with the suggestive thought which marks a really great writer, he approaches, but does not excel Landor in that power of wise thought and clear-cut expression which constantly crosses the border-line between prose and poetry. Landor always conceives a truth or fact poetically; though the finish may be exquisite, it never destroys the strength or beauty of the thought; on every page you may pause in admiration of the singular grace with which things are said, — no exaggeration, no coarseness, often the most obvious thing said in the most natural way, but still that about it which clings to the memory. Few besides those who are themselves accustomed to study good writing will always notice this surprising grace and finish and imaginative glow of style. He writes, like Mr. Emerson, or like Mr. John Morley, too well for the general public, and yet the best writers of the day are those who are the most careful students of Landor.

This, in fact, is the great and peculiar benefit of his writings as contributions to literature. It cannot be said that he ever exhausted, however he may have illuminated, any subject. He condenses, often epigrammatizes, his thoughts; they have the force and originality of Dr. Johnson's table-talk, and are expressed in as vigorous English, but the nature of the channel in which he chose to reach the public shut off anything like complete discussion. His genius was discursive, and except in science no field escaped him. Some things he has done

better than almost any one else. He has furnished some of our best examples of word-criticism upon great authors; he has set forth and illustrated the abiding principles of literary criticism in its higher sense; he has taught us how to appreciate and know the leading authors in every language. There is no better study of the golden age of Greek literature than in "Pericles and Aspasia"; Lowell alone has surpassed him in the appreciation of Dante, if it be not truer to say that he has supplemented him. "Shakespeare's Examination for Deer-Stealing," year by year, will stand forth more conspicuously upon its merits as a story or drama of singular beauty, wit, and originality. It must be confessed that in thus stating what he does better than others, we acknowledge his limitations. He is the author for scholars, demanding as surely as Browning, who befriended him so faithfully in his declining years, the fit audience, but idiosyncratic as he was in his personal character and in his poetry and in whatever touched his passions, his intellect, when working in its natural sphere, was serene, clear, and always within the confines of high art. His poetry, as a whole, is unequal to his prose. De Quincey once said that only two persons had read *Gebir*, — Southey and himself; and writing to Southey in 1809, Landor said, "If even foolish men had read *Gebir*, I should have continued to write poetry; there is something of summer in the hum of insects." It did gain a choice reading. Landor had only asked for two good readers, and he had Bishop Heber, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Southey. The latter, before he knew its author, said: "There is a poem called *Gebir*, written by God knows who, sold for a shilling; it has miraculous beauties." The Hare family, especially the Archdeacon and Francis, Forster, Dickens, Carlyle, the Brownings, Armitage Brown, Lord Houghton, and latest, Mr. Swinburne, became his intimate friends and opened the way to that larger public which partly the character of his writings and partly his inaptitude to deal with publishers prevented him personally from reaching. Landor was evidently discouraged from doing what was within his ability in verse. "Rose Aylmer," the sonnet to Robert Browning, the lines inscribed to various friends, and detached acts and passages from his dramatic studies, or the poetry scattered through the "Imaginary Conversations," furnish the best evidence of what he could do, but nothing in this department approaches in full execution the limit of his genius. In fact, what Landor has left, as the poet of poets, as one of our very greatest prose writers, — what will be handed down to permanent fame, and always read by educated people, — is chiefly, almost only, the "Pentameron," the "Examination of Shakespeare for Deer-Stealing," "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Imaginary Conversations." Here

his peculiar genius has full scope. He is master both of himself and of the situation, and he has touched interests which will remain vital as long as English literature exists.

The new edition of his writings, now completed in eight volumes, introduced by Mr. Forster's Biography of Landor, and in fact Mr. Forster's own edition, though not completed at his death, is a welcome contribution to libraries and readers. No literary man who has high aims can afford to be ignorant of either Burke or Landor, and he who learns from both the secret of their perennial freshness and imparts it to his own thought, has made strong claim to a favorable hearing in the courts of literary judgment. These volumes, in paper, typography, binding, portraits, illustrations, notes, indexes, present Landor at his best; and the promise that the poetical rubbish which often became the vehicle of his wrath should be consigned to its proper place, has been fulfilled. If this splendid old pagan, Greek in culture, Greek in his tastes and associations, Roman in the sinewy vigor of his thought, English in the purity of his wonderful style, modern in the range of his ideas, and universal in the range of his genius, does not now become a greater literary force, in an age which has gradually approached his literary standard, it will not be the fault of the friends who watched over his declining years, or of the increasing number who are glad to acknowledge their indebtedness to him.

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3. — *The Life of John Locke.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 488, 574. 1876.

The history of the human mind presents certain names — like those of Aristotle, Bacon, and Kant — which mark an epoch in the advancement of knowledge. One of these was Locke. The success of such thinkers depends not upon the deficiencies they supply or the difficulties they dispel, but upon the new vein of thought and the fresh resources they create for the development of coming ages. Such men become the lawgivers and founders of knowledge; their works become the corner-stones of future systems; and to those who would form a fair estimate of their genius an exact knowledge of the social and intellectual surroundings that matured them becomes indispensable. In the case of John Locke such a necessity is supplied in the present work.

Lord King's Life left much to be desired. The materials for a biography of the great philosopher, though comparatively scanty and disjointed, were not exhausted by his noble kinsman, and hardly connected in intelligible order. The splendid collection of family docu-

ments accumulated by the Earls of Shaftesbury afforded ample field for new inquiry, and it is among these papers especially that Mr. Fox Bourne has with untiring patience made his valuable researches. Besides, he has spared no pains in making diligent search after new matter in every corner of England and Holland, so that we have to thank him for several hitherto unpublished essays by Locke, as well as much that is fresh in the way of correspondence. In presenting this correspondence to the reader, the author has undertaken the task of following, step by step, the causes which combined to form the intellect that produced the "Essay concerning Human Understanding." It is difficult under any circumstances to trace the development of such an intellect, and the outward aspects and phases which contributed to its growth; but it is a task of uncommon difficulty to mark its progress in a man who outlived five turbulent and eventful régimes, and took an important part in at least two of them; and the materials for such a purpose are at certain periods unhappily deficient. Yet, however rambling these fragments may at times be, anything must be acceptable which can throw light on the mental history and education of the father of political economy, the most tolerant churchman and foremost metaphysician of of his age.

Whoever has read Lord King's Life of Locke will find many familiar facts and letters in the present work. We have long known that John Locke was born in 1632; obtained in 1652 a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, where, amid the rivalry and confusion of sects, he was known for his catholicity and toleration; that he accompanied Sir Walter Vane on his embassy to Cleve; that he returned and studied medicine at Oxford; that he formed a lasting intimacy with Lord Ashley, at whose house he long resided; that he at one time talked of crossing to America; that he was suspected of treason, and fled to Holland, whence after six years he returned with William and Mary; that he was appointed commissioner of appeals, and spent the remaining fourteen years of his life at Oates with his friends Sir Francis and Lady Masham, where he died at the age of seventy-two, in 1704. But there are many events and features in Locke's life and character on which Mr. Fox Bourne has thrown new light; though we are often left to wish for more ample and comprehensive opinions from the author.

His warm domestic attachment and faithful devotion to his friend and patron Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, appear to have induced him to occupy a place which it would be hard to define, and in our time harder to comprehend. He seems to have been to the Shaftesbury family what the *particeps curarum* of Bacon was to the Princes of his time. He engrossed himself with the cares of his mas-

ter, and much more. He performed the offices of physician, nurse, secretary, equerry, major-domo, *ami intime*, and tutor, to the young author of the "Characteristics," all with equal satisfaction to the Shaftesburys and himself. Indeed, some of his occupations at Exeter House were almost menial. We cannot conceal our mirth and astonishment when we look back to see Locke, the great philosopher, the author of the imperishable essay, running bareheaded by the side of Shaftesbury's coach on state occasions, or standing at the great man's elbow in Parliament, acting as remembrancer or prompter while my lord delivers a speech. But such were the times, and such were Locke's duties as secretary, secret adviser, and factotum to the Earl of Shaftesbury; so much so that Sunderland, in a letter preserved by Lord King, speaks of Locke as *belonging* to Shaftesbury. But with whatever acquiescence he may have performed these multifarious and sometimes degrading duties, there can be no doubt that he was looking and longing for a state of things in which his intellectual superiority would assert its own place.

On the origin of the celebrated essay there is a curious discrepancy between Lord King and Mr. Fox Bourne. The former believes that the idea of the treatise originated at a meeting of friends in Locke's rooms at Oxford; the latter is of opinion that the subject was first broached in Locke's apartment at Exeter House. However this may be, we know that the essay was not completed until eighteen years after its conception, when the copyright was sold for £30; six times as much as Milton received for Paradise Lost.

The conditions and surroundings that matured Locke are distinctly opposed to those which produce the great German thinkers. It is, indeed, especially when compared with the German school that Locke's genius appears most striking. Both have travelled on the long and difficult journey after truth. Both have reaped the gratitude of mankind. But their paths diverged. Locke found food for thought in the brilliant yet boisterous age which surrounded him at the courts of kings and the mansions of great noblemen, while the master minds of Germany seem to have been inspired only by the solitude of great universities and the silence of great libraries. Locke developed the "Essay concerning Human Understanding" in the excitement and turmoil of London life, amidst a marvellous variety of active pursuits. Kant evolved the "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft" in the solitudes of Königsberg. Kant devoted a life to his work, Locke a few leisure hours. Locke was the amateur, Kant the professional. Yet the amateur can scarce be mentioned with less gratitude or respect.

The long life of Locke covers a memorable space in the history of

England. His mind was developed at a period when every portion of English society was pregnant with insurrection. His intellect seems to have ripened slowly. We have many instances of this late maturity in men of his parts; but in the early development of his great predecessor, Descartes, we find a vivid contrast. Locke conceived his immortal essay at the age of forty-one, whereas Descartes had enunciated his *Cogito, ergo sum* which gave the death-blow to the *materia prima* of the school-men, before he was thirty-seven, and at his death was three years younger than Locke was when he published his essay. Perhaps the logical turn of Locke's mind may account for this. He was not an intuitional thinker. He attempts to support all his theories by logical premises. There is no evidence of a single intuitional thought. His inquisitive and scientific spirit seems to have tended to limit the intuitional faculty and embolden the understanding. On the other hand, the self-consciousness of the Frenchman, Descartes, indicates a lively intuition, which, whether produced by the outward aspects of his early surroundings or not, sometimes distances the understanding and brings out sufficiently absurd conclusions, — conclusions distinctly opposed to those obtained in later times by Kant and Fichte from Cartesian premises. The chapter on "The Essay," though very full and painstaking, leaves much to be desired. In a work of this bulk some space might have been devoted to the race of Iconoclasts, of which Locke was the precursor; and some account of the rival schools that overthrew sensationalism could not have failed to prove acceptable to the reader. On the influence of Cartesian and Pre-Cartesian assumptions the author is very full. Whatever fascination the alluring theories of Descartes may have had for Locke, he undoubtedly repudiated the doctrine of innate ideas from the first. It was his further investigation of these Cartesian assumptions which, with the aid of Hobbes and Gassendi, led him to a thorough examination of the field of consciousness and to the ingenious distinction "between the idea of the infinity of space and the idea of space infinite." Locke proposed to do for mind what Bacon had done for matter, — to explore the field of consciousness as Bacon had explored the field of nature. But, unhappily, he soon deviated from the Baconian method, and adopted as a fact of consciousness that which Dr. Reid and Sir William Hamilton have since clearly demonstrated never made its appearance in the consciousness of any man. Locke, in his desire to make psychology as much an inductive science as botany or mineralogy, has fallen into errors that must now appear sufficiently absurd. To declare that the mind of an infant is a *tabula rasa* and contributes nothing but passive receptivity in the attainment of a cognition, is to deny the possibility

of contact between mind and matter, which is contrary to fact, because, although we cannot understand how this is, we certainly know that it is. Bacon shook off every fetter that could bind him to Aristotelianism or Scholasticism; Locke never did. Had he adhered to his chosen method, there is no reason to doubt that Locke would have bestowed as much fame upon Oxford as Newton did upon the sister university. But the influence of the Alma Mater clung to Locke. Newton in his path never deviated from the Baconian method. Locke's mind was less carefully philosophical than Newton's, and it was this lack of care which led him to adopt the Aristotelian doctrine. Anybody who knows how thoroughly Oxford students are even now drilled in the philosophy of Aristotle will cease to wonder that Locke took for granted the existence of ideas without searching his own consciousness for them. Newton, though sure of his discoveries, waited many years for a measurement of the earth's diameter which supplied him with a datum that established the validity of his theory. He could then show without doubt that the same force which drew the apple to the ground deflects the moon in her orbit; while, on the contrary, Locke without waiting for any similar verification accepted a theory which has since been generally abandoned. Locke's theories on mental philosophy must always be considered the fountain from which most metaphysicians who came after him drew their matter. He undoubtedly made strong efforts to clear away the rubbish which had for ages enveloped his department of science; and his successors, be they sensualists, materialists, idealists, or sceptics, should be grateful even for his errors.

It has long been a disputed question whether it will ever be possible to raise psychology to a science. The same reasons which have led to confusion and sectarianism in religion would seem to account for the incessant confusion and rivalry that has prevailed among the hostile schools of metaphysicians. A few of the laws of association and the modern theories of vision and touch are the only principles in the science of mind which have been incontestably established. The consequence is that progress in mental science has not by any means kept pace with the progress of physical science. It is, therefore, open to doubt whether the rival factions which have so long been at war will succeed in solving those great problems which the history of the human mind presents.

If Locke's psychological theses were striking and valuable contributions to the science of mind, his contributions to the cause of freedom, government, and education were more valuable and enduring. In the departments of civil government, political economy, and finance his opinions were new and invaluable. His ideas on the relations of capital

to labor, his arguments on the value of money and on the liberty of the press, are all steps on the great road which has since been trodden by Adam Smith and his successors. Indeed, Locke may be regarded as one of the founders of the Bank of England. His services to the cause of education are hardly less important. His views on the vexed questions of the classics — the "indigestible Latin and Greek" — embody the opinions of the first critics in our own day. Locke's essays on Toleration and Christianity were the most enlightened productions of the day, and did much to efface the sectarian dogmas which had for a long period convulsed the English mind. He never lost sight of the inspiration of Scripture, which he accepted with a simple faith that might have rebuked the generation of sceptics and deists who built their infidelity on his doctrines, and numbered among their teachers such names as Collins and Hume, Condillac and Voltaire. He was unaffected by the prejudices of his time, laboring always more for posterity than for popularity.

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4. — *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. Third Series. From the Captivity to the Christian Era. With two Maps. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876. 8vo. pp. xxxvi, 549.

Some men owe their reputation to their books; some books owe their reputation to their authors. We doubt whether Dean Stanley's published works would of themselves have designated him as among the foremost minds of the age. Yet one of their chief merits is their subjectiveness, their authenticity as records of self-revelation. Not that there is in them the slightest vestige of egotism. He is one of the most modest of men, refrains from self-assertion, makes no *ex cathedra* deliverances, and merges himself in his theme. But his personality is so intense as to endue all that he writes with his own distinguishing traits, and these traits are such as to win the loving sympathy of his readers. He is always fearlessly honest. No tradition, no inferior type of loyalty, no conventional standard of orthodoxy, ever leads him to conceal or even to modify an opinion or a sentiment. He seeks and loves the truth alone; and so enamored is he with his peculiar views of truth, that he sees them indicated by the faintest signs, confirmed by the most fragmentary evidences, and reflected from regions of thought or experience, however remote. He has the most catholic sympathy with humanity in all its forms, a quick and keen vision for whatever in man betokens good or the capacity of good, an invincible reluctance to believe

in the utter badness of what is evil, and the most sanguine hopefulness for the progress, elevation, and ever-brightening future of the race. All this we read in him, whether he writes itinerary or biography, essays or sermons, history or criticism.

As a churchman, he is broadest of the broad. In this we heartily sympathize with him; but we would fain have him as deep as he is broad. Indeed, in the school of thinkers of which he is undoubtedly the most distinguished among living men, the lack of depth is too frequent a defect; and when its representative writers attempt to be profound, they are apt rather to make the surface-water muddy than to show what lies beneath it. This, however, is to be ascribed in great part to the position which they now occupy. Their present mission is not so much to build as to demolish, to sweep away shams and falsities, to dislodge consecrated prejudices, to undermine walls of separation, to unseat bigotry and Pharisaism, and to braid into strong and lasting bonds the filaments of union — often worn into mere gossamer-threads — that run to and fro among the divided members of Christendom and humanity. This is the work of the present, the *vocation* of the men of the present; and more recondite research or speculation is but their *avocation*, their side-calling, on which they bestow much less than their full power and their best labor.

The volume before us, the third of the series, is the least interesting of the three; yet it demanded and displays more of the author's peculiar endowments and abilities than either of the others. It is the least interesting, because its predecessors had exhausted the fundamental questions that underlie the entire Jewish history, — those appertaining to the divine and human in the patriarchal and Mosaic religion and worship, in prophets and prophecy, and in the Messianic element as traced in the ancient Scriptures, as also those that belong to the date and authorship of the more important portions of the Hebrew canon, and to the rival theories concerning the book bearing the name of Isaiah. Yet the period covered by this volume, embracing the darkest ages of Jewish history, on which intermittent and scanty records shed a misleading as often as a guiding light, requires for its treatment a vivid historical imagination. In this phrase we mean what we say, — not a creative fancy, but the capacity of reuniting fragments of history, of divining what is untold from what is told, of referring known effects to causes that have left no record, and of inferring inevitable but unrecorded effects from known causes. This same power is no less needed in tracing in the Hebrew character, opinions, and society the influence, successively, of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, — a task of no little delicacy and difficulty; for the Hebrews, seemingly the most stubborn

of nations, were in fact the most flexible, and reproduced, though in altered guise, every phasis of civilization and culture with which they now came in contact, as they had throughout their earlier annals succumbed to the savage idolatries of the aboriginal tribes around them. Dean Stanley has shown himself fully adequate to this work. He has made a continuous and self-justifying narrative from authorities, trustworthy, indeed, to a certain extent, but often defective, ambiguous, or conflicting. Over not a few broad chasms he has thrown bridges; but never till he had first found the crumbling piers and broken arches that showed him where and how to build. It is a kind of work to which we owe large and solid portions of our received history of the classic ages and nations, and which has given merited fame to Niebuhr and his successors. There was equal room for it, and certainly equal need of it, in the history of the birth-nation of Christianity, — of the people which has contributed more than all others to shape the destiny of the civilized world.

This volume commences with the life of the Hebrews in Babylon, and closes with the advent of Jesus Christ. The even flow of the narrative is sustained throughout. The style is unambitious, simply elegant, with an occasional lapse in grammatical or rhetorical construction (unless these be misprints), but with not a sentence which is not perspicuous at the first reading. The word-painting is vivid, but always realistic, consisting in the artistical grouping of actual persons and facts, not in elaborate description or unfamiliar metaphor. Nothing in the book seems far-sought except analogies; but these are amazingly numerous, many of them remote, some of them unnatural and forced. Especially is this the case with not a few seasonable and telling strictures on the strifes, follies, and absurdities of our own time, founded on parallelisms so slight and shadowy as to authorize the suspicion that the text was pressed into the service of a sermon already in hand.

The two lectures that seem to us the best are one on Socrates, which, but for its merit, would hardly seem in place, and the last, which contains a careful analysis and an almost dramatic representation of the sects and parties, religious and political, which constituted the Jewish people at the Christian era. In this lecture some readers may be surprised to find Herod the Great spoken of with a certain degree of admiration, as possessed not only of "largeness of mind," as he undoubtedly was, but even of "generosity of disposition." Yet when we remember that a like discovery has been recently made with regard to Henry VIII., we perhaps can afford some clemency to the memory of a sovereign who seems to have been his most authentic prototype.

5. — *Geschichte der Bildenden Künste.* Von Dr. Carl Schnaase. Zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Düsseldorf. 1866 – 1876.
Dr. Carl Schnaase's History of the Arts of Design. In Eight Volumes, with Illustrations. Second improved and enlarged Edition.

This great work upon the History of the Arts of Design holds a place somewhat by itself in literature, not only by its profound thought, exact knowledge, and full and admirable illustration, but by its treatment of these arts as essential forms of the life of nations and ages, and as expressions of human experience. Thus these instructive and charming pages are in their way a philosophy as well as a poetry of history, and you go from the text to the illustrations as from precept to example; and India, Babylon, Persia, Assyria, Phœnicia, Judæa, Greece, Rome, are thus presented to the reader in the first and second volumes, after which the arts of the Middle Age are treated in the same manner; in the third volume, the Ancient Christian, the Mohammedan, the Carlovingian arts; in the fourth volume, the Romanesque art; in the fifth, the Gothic Art is given; in the sixth, the later time of the Middle Age is treated, to the flourishing of the Eyck School; in the seventh, the Middle Age of Italy and the arts of the neighboring lands of Spain and of the countries on the north and east are considered. The first part of the eighth and last volume has been recently published, and the first book is a historical introduction of a hundred pages in four chapters, which treat of the political and religious condition of Europe, the intellectual tendency and character of the fifteenth century, morals, its customs, and literature, and the beginning of a new development of art among the nations north of the Alps; the second book treats of the Flemish School of painting in three chapters, severally upon Hubert and John Van Eyck, upon Roger Van der Weyden and his Flemish companions, and the Netherland School of paintings at the close of the fifteenth century. The second part of this eighth volume, which is to appear in a few months, will close the history of the arts of design in the fifteenth century.

The publication of this work has singularly illustrated the fact that no studies, however serene and exalted in themselves, are removed from the changes of time and fortune, and that even the historian, who treats of works that are immortal, must find the subject often surprising him by new developments and by his own experience, proving the old adage that life is short and art is long. Whilst at work upon the closing volumes of his first edition in 1866, there was a call upon him for a new edition of his earlier volumes, because the first edition had been sold; and, moreover, the first two volumes needed revision and enlarg-

ing on account of the new researches and discoveries that had been made in Egypt and the East during the twenty years since the first edition appeared. The author himself was not to finish his work. He died on the twentieth day of May, 1875, whilst busied with the seventh volume of the new edition, and his assistant, Dr. Edward Dobbert, finished the revision of that volume, and wrote the preface in November, 1875. The eighth volume is edited by W. Lübke, with the assistance of O. Eisenmann, and promises to keep in view the purpose and not to be unworthy of the taste and learning of the original author. How much of the matter is original with the new editors, and how much is taken from Dr. Schnaase's manuscripts, we shall probably be informed with the completion of the eighth volume, in its preface and notes. No portion of the whole work certainly is more interesting and acute than the introductory book of this eighth volume, which presents so fully and faithfully the social and civil conditions of the rise of modern painting under the influence of the brothers Van Eyck (1410 – 1420), who first mastered the secret of painting in oil, and thus opened a new age of art.

It is argued, in the introductory book to the eighth volume, that the new art differed from preceding art, in the fact that of old the thought which moved the people expressed itself first in moral and political institutions, and then took artistic forms, whilst now quite the contrary was the case. Whilst the new art of painting was bringing out its gentle force, the external world retained its mediæval forms, and the political changes which revolutionized Europe, assailed the papacy, and built up the secular monarchy, had not then shown themselves. The printing-press had not appeared, and the new art preceded the new life. The new thought, which heretofore had only worked negatively upon existing ideas and institutions, now won positive power by this instrumentality. Herein there was a remarkable departure from the rule, since painting, otherwise the latest of the arts, is here the earliest; it appears at once in complete manner, and it is followed by a new development of architecture and sculpture. This is quite contrary to the natural order, yet under the new circumstances it was not inexplicable. Under the old system society was consolidated, and men lived and thought and acted together under the authority of the Church, and in such great works of art as the old cathedrals the individual was lost in the massive structure, and the architect was hardly remembered in the organized company of builders. In fact, no man was of much account in that mediæval art, and society at large, under its authoritative leaders, did pretty much everything. Now all was changed, and the flow of oil in lasting colors from the painter's brush was prophecy of

the time when the whole world of thought was to go upon paper with the printer's ink, and a Luther and a Knox could build a church of living souls with the word of their lips and the dash of their pen. The painter, like the author, did not need a treasury of gold or an army of workmen to put his ideas into shape. Painting set before the eye the new thought and life that were rising into power, and if the painter was at first too much engrossed with the new pride of courts and pomps of kings, he could not forget the facts of nature and the rights of man. Oil-colors and engraving joined with printing to bring out the mind of the individual from under the tyranny of governments and tradition, and to give to history the traits that we are not ashamed to call modern.

Dr. Schnaase wrote with a certain *tendency*, which is in contrast with some recent schools of criticism, and he starts and goes on with the conviction that art has a moral and spiritual purpose, and whilst it cannot be enslaved to prudential rules or even to ethical conventionalism without harm to its freedom and power, he is convinced that it lives its true life in the sphere of faith and humanity, seeking to find the essence of things in nature and history, and to give their soul as well as their body in its creations. His book is a treasure in recent literature, and the scholar who reads it has a privilege quite his own, compared with which the high cost is of small account.

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6. — *Fragen und Bedenken über die nächste Fortbildung deutscher Speculation.* Von Immanuel Hermann Fichte. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1876. pp. xiii, 149.

Questions and Considerations upon the Newest Development of German Speculation. By Immanuel Hermann Fichte.

This learned and thoughtful pamphlet stands among the memorable publications of the year, alike from its own contents and from the fact that it seems to have been the last production of its gifted and excellent author, the son of the famous J. G. Fichte, the philosopher who made such a mark upon his time by his philosophy of the soul and its true freedom through self-reliance and civil liberty, and by his powerful protest against the absolutism of Napoleon. The younger Fichte has had a much longer and calmer life than his father, who died in 1814, at the age of fifty-two, and he lived to the good old age of seventy-nine years, after continued service in professorships at Saarbrück, Düsseldorf, and Bonn, and since 1842 at Tübingen. He has been pre-eminent as the advocate of philosophical theism in opposition to the current ma-

terialism and pantheism of Germany, and the same militant spirit appears in his various works on theology, ontology, ethics, anthropology, psychology, the theistic view of the science of Nature, and in the "Journal of Philosophy and Speculative Theology," which he founded at Bonn in 1837, and which has been continued by Ulrici and Wirth, his successors in the defence of ethical theism.

The work now before us consists of five letters to Professor E. Zeller regarding his history of German philosophy since Leibnitz, and it is a vehement denial of Zeller's position that the philosophy of Hegel is in the right line of succession from Leibnitz; it is also an able presentation of the philosophers whom he regards as the true successors of that devout thinker from Kant to Lotze, and a confident declaration that ethical theism is now master of the situation, and that the attempt to lose sight of the personal God in nature, or to subordinate his transcendence over the universe to any power immanent in the universe, and especially the tendency to deny the theology of ethics and to insist only upon the reign of force, are utterly absurd, and are meeting their just condemnation. He regards Spinoza as the head of the pernicious pantheism of modern thinking, and he gives to Leibnitz the position of leadership in sound ethical and religious teaching. There is material enough in these one hundred and fifty pages for an extended article, and we can only make this passing note of its drift.

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7. —*Mosaik zur Kunstgeschichte.* Von Dr. Gottfried Kinkel. Berlin: Robert Oppenheim. 1876. p. xii, 468.

Mosaic for Art History. By Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, Professor of Archæology and Art History in the Polytechnicum at Zurich.

This handsome volume contains eleven papers, several of which are of great value to general readers, and all of them apparently the fruit of much study and thought. The subjects are: The Distinct Characteristics of Ancient and Modern Art; The Author of the Farnesian Bull; The Statue of the Knife-Grinder of Florence, a work of the sixteenth century; The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and the Remains of its Sculptures in the British Museum; Proverbs originating in Works of Art; Stonehenge, and the Time of its Construction; The Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople; The Brussels Figures of Roger Van der Weyden, and the Copies of them in Burgundian Tapestry in Berne; Beginnings of Secular Painting upon Furniture in Italy; Painted Table-Tops; Wenceslaus Hollar the Engraver.

The portions of the volume most interesting to persons, who are not

antiquarians or professional artists, are probably the passages that treat of art in its connection with social progress, as in the opening essay upon ancient and modern art, the curious study of the origin of proverbs in works of art, and the first appearance of works of art in modern furniture, as signs of the rise of popular thought in the face of priestly and royal pretension. When brides began to have richly sculptured chests to hold their wedding gifts, common life held up its before diminished head, and the new age of emancipation showed its banner and called for its literature and its music. The essay upon the art furniture of Italy is very rich in details, and must be of great use to persons who are rejoicing in lucky purchases of such workmanship, and who are puzzled to make out the meaning of the rich carving. So, too, the essay upon the painted tables that were given to newly married people in Germany is full of rare information, and the argument that they were the beginning of the Genre Painting, which is the democracy of that art, is well sustained by careful memoranda of conspicuous specimens, some of which are traced to Holbein's master hand. The essay on ancient and modern art has fine observations on the characteristics of Christian art in its preference of the spiritual aspects of man and nature to their merely material aspects, the recognition of the transcendent God, the prevailing soul, the significance of sorrow, the sense of individual character, the loving temper that we call humor, the honor for common life, and for all that is truly human. The author regards Christian art as much weakened by its disposition to leave out of sight the nation and patriotism, and he looks to a better day from the correction of this fault.

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8. — *Christenthum und Moderne Weltauschauung.* Von Dr. Fr. Ehrenfreuchter. Göttingen. 1876. pp. 416.
Christianity and Modern Study of the World. By Dr. Fr. Ehrenfreuchter.

This book belongs to the large and growing library of volumes that are given to reconciling the new science and life with the old gospel and the Church. In its way it is one of the best of the class, and it is remarkable in its desire to be fair to the new culture without harm to the Christian religion. In fact, a considerable part of the volume might have been written by a disciple of free religion, so far as concerns the generous treatment of the free spirits in the poetry and philosophy of our age, and thoughtful readers will generally find to their surprise how very conservative the author is at last, and how stoutly he insists upon bringing all the treasures of the ancient classic school and its modern representatives into the fellowship of the Church.

The work consists of three chapters. The first chapter, in eighty pages, treats of the genesis of modern thought, and regards it as beginning with the desire to find a satisfactory basis of opinion and life after the close of the thirty years' war in the middle of the seventeenth century, and after that conservative reaction which reached to about the middle of the eighteenth century, and which tended to discourage freedom and progress under pretext of securing peace and order. Of course the attempt to run the wheels of the dashing eighteenth century in the ruts of the Reformation and of the dogmas and conventionalism of the sixteenth century, could only be a failure in fact as it was a fraud in idea. Then the question was started up everywhere in Germany, "What is the just view of our position, our duty, our institutions, and our religion, and what principles shall we accept in place of the old cast-iron forms and rules?" An order of able men was raised up to meet the rising want, and Klopstock and Winkelmann, Lessing and Herder, Goethe and Schiller, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, were the ruling spirits of the new movement. The characteristic principle of this whole school is its homage to humanity, and especially to the human mind as the highest manifestation of the Divine Spirit, — a tendency which apparently came from Spinoza and culminated in Hegel, whose philosophy of self-consciousness claimed for thought the supreme place as uniting God with man and as not only from God, but the act of God himself. The new culture of humanity appeared not only in literature and art, but in society and government. The Greek taste combined with the Roman passion for universal citizenship and law to bring about the classical Renaissance under new and powerful conditions; and the great discoveries upon the surface of the earth and in its depths, with the stir among the nations and the adventure and grasp of business, tended to present this world in a new light and to give fascination to its rising civilization. This spirit has reached to our own time; and nature, freedom, manhood, culture, are the watchwords which have the force of laws.

The second chapter treats of Christianity and its relation to universal culture, and in about sixty pages it describes the efforts of men, from Celsus and Julian to Strauss and Feuerbach, to destroy Christian faith and to hold it up as hostile to human conscience and welfare. The main point of the author in dealing with these antagonists seems to be to prove that they represent Christianity wrongly as being opposed to nature and humanity, and to show that while it preaches the transcendency of God over the universe and man, it also insists upon his immanence in all being.

The third chapter, which makes up the substance of the work, and

occupies two hundred and seventy-seven pages, treats in nine sections of the various aspects of the new theology in its historical conditions, — the changes of theology immediately after the age of the Reformation and under the old rationalism, the influence of the humanist school of Lessing and his associates, the conflict between rationalism and supernaturalism, the subjective school of Schleiermacher and the critical scepticism of Strauss, and the prominent theological, theosophical, and biblical schools of the present time.

His conclusion is that culture and Christianity are different presentations of the same essential reality, and that modern thought is trying, not wholly in vain, to grasp the truth which God declared to men by direct revelation. The two things are stubborn facts, — culture and Christianity. Neither of them can be done away, and as they both have their rights, it will be seen that both are from God. We can commend the book as full of information and of enlarged and careful thinking, even to those who may not agree with the author.

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9. — *Hartmann, Dühring, und Lange. Zur Geschichte der Deutschen Philosophie im XIX Jahrhundert. Ein Kritischer Essay* von Hans Vaihinger. Iserlohn: J. Baedeker. 1876. pp. viii, 235.
Hartmann, Dühring, and Lange. A Critical Essay towards the History of German Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century. By Hans Vaihinger.

This thoughtful tract endeavors to present the characteristic ideas and dispositions of the three men whom the author regards as leaders of various schools of thought in Germany, the champions of the "Unconscious," of the mystical absolutism of the Almighty Will, — Hartmann, the living representative of the pessimism of Schopenhauer; Dühring, the advocate of the dominant Naturalist School, who insists upon the rigid observation of the facts of nature and upon finding in them the best possible good; and Lange, the practical thinker, who accepts much of the Kantian philosophy, and advises people not to try to know everything, but to look at the universe and man and the mysteries of religion after the most careful study with the eye of common-sense. The merits of these three men are considered at length; their fundamental theories are reviewed; their constructed systems are examined; their characteristic principles of optimism, pessimism, and practical judgment are compared; credit is given to each of them, whilst the preference is yielded to the practical philosophy of Lange. The work is interesting and instructive, and the reader will not be led to put it aside when he learns that the three repre-

sentatives of present thought have been so variously afflicted, — one being a cripple, the other blind, and the wisest of the three among the recent dead.

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10. — *The Mikado's Empire.* By William Elliot Griffis, A. M. New York: Harper and Brothers. Crown 8vo. pp. 625. 1876.

An important chapter of this work was published in this Review for April, 1875. Mr. Griffis was for four years attached to the Imperial University of Tokiō, where he seems to have diligently availed himself of every advantage in amassing materials for the present work, which should be read in connection with Mr. F. O. Adams's "History of Japan" (London, 1874).

The mystery which overhangs what is distant in time and place must, especially in the case of this barbaro-civilized race, make all fresh matter acceptable. "The Mikado's Empire" throws new light on portions of its history, or, we should say, mythology, for such it is; and the work is especially happy, both by pen and pencil, in illustrations of the life and manners of the people, their wild and weird superstitions, their tales, fables, and proverbs, and their manufactures of every description. The volume consists of two portions, — the history of Japan from the year 660 B. C. to 1872 A. D., and the personal experience and observation of the author during his stay in the Land of Dai Nippon.

In a country where much of the old literature is written in the Chinese language information must be difficult of access, and Mr. Griffis has doubtless done the best that now can be done to give us an idea of the aborigines of the country, the Mikados, Shoguns, and Daimios, from Jimmu Tennō, the descendant of the Sun Goddess, to the enlightened Mutsuhito, who gave the death-blow to feudalism in Japan. He gives us a pretty little myth concerning the origin of the country. One of the gods and progenitors of the race, standing on the floating bridge of heaven, plunged his jewelled falchion into the unstable waters beneath him, and on his withdrawing it the trickling drops formed the islands of Japan. The people of this "holy country" seem to have gone through most of the stages of mythology and history that are recorded in the annals of Europe. They have had their Vulcans, their Jeannes d'Arcs, and their Bayards; and Mr. Griffis tells us that the Darwinian theories are not entirely unknown to them. But we are not quite prepared to believe, with Mr. Griffis, that Columbus set out for Japan on his first voyage; and the Japanese origin of the American Indians would seem to require better evidence than he furnishes.

The Japanese have long possessed a civilization of their own. Their love of nature, which exceeds that of any other people, has in many respects raised Japanese above Chinese art. The barbaric splendor of their designs and the refinement of their execution will always command admiration. The dual form of government which has so long existed in Japan is without parallel in history, and presents a curious study. The best feature in the modern Japanese character is its love of progress. When Lord Elgin arrived in the country some twenty years ago, Christians, then known as the "corrupt sect," were virtually banished from the islands. At the present time many of the nobles are eager to profit by European culture, adopt European customs, and even lay by their brilliant robes and emblems of nobility for the sombre garb of a European gentleman. Such changes in a land that could boast its own literature, arts, and manufactures must be viewed with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, — pleasure when we think of the progress, regret when we think of so many pleasing marks of individuality which the traveller will soon see no more. For consolation we can only repeat Mr. Griffis's Japanese proverb, "When men become too old they must obey the young."

11.—*History of French Literature.* By Henri Van Laun. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo. pp. 356. 1876.

It is the good fortune of Mr. Van Laun to have supplied a want that has long been felt. In three departments — those of literature, poetry, and history — methods have been introduced which were unknown previous to the middle of the last century. The change first took place in poetry and was inaugurated in Great Britain by Cowper and Burns, the latter of whom especially returned to pure nature both for subjects and treatment. In history the revolution is justly ascribed to Macaulay, who both in theory and practice has shown that history ought to be the history of peoples and not of dynasties only. In literary criticism the new path was first fully opened by M. Taine in his "History of English Literature"; and his translator, Mr. Van Laun, has followed him in the present work. M. Taine may have gone too far in ascribing the characteristics of a national literature to secondary causes, but in the main he has shown that not only race but climate, scenery, epoch, and other accessories are of the same value to the historian of letters which the "noiseless revolutions in homes and workshops," of which Lord Macaulay speaks, are to the historian of empires. It is not the aim of Mr. Van Laun's work to separate the intellectual records

of France from the rest of French history. He says truly that "we might write the political, social, economical, religious, and intellectual history of a country, but none of these would be complete without the combination of all." In this idea he is not entirely original; for as early as 1837 Lord Lytton had published the first half of his "Rise and Fall of Athens" on a similar principle. Lord Lytton failed of success, but Mr. Van Laun's first volume makes his success secure. It is at once popular and profound, and the same plan pursued to the end will complete his triumph.

The literature of France dates back to that period of deep gloom which overshadowed the mind of Europe at the fall of the Roman Empire. The human intellect seemed then to have spent itself. During this period of degradation France was one of the chief promoters of the art of thinking and writing, and had a literature when the inhabitants of England were conspicuous only for their ignorance and barbarity. A large portion of the present work is devoted to tracing the origin of the French nation, and the formation of French character, showing the *furia francese* and the *esprit de finesse* of the typical Gaul, which the author believes to be the keynotes to French character. He then proceeds to trace the struggle and progress of French intellect through the darkness of Feudalism — the age of romance and satire — to the Renaissance, when "the nation passed from childhood to adolescence without the interval of boyhood."

The next volume will treat of the most eventful portions of French literary history and will probably afford an opportunity for comparing the French with the English mind. It will be curious to witness how in France the power of the Church, which for a time was so beneficial, soon began to hamper the genius of the nation and impede its progress; while in England, from the triumph of the Reformation there sprang suddenly into existence a literature which at the close of the sixteenth century had distanced the prolonged efforts of its rival on the continent. The present work contains many specimens of boldness and liberality in thinking, and of a philosophic discernment in connecting events. It deserves a place by the side of Taine's "History of English Literature," both works making a valuable addition to the literature of countries which have been brought into close contact.

12. — *Agamemnon: A Tragedy taken from Æschylus.* By the Translator of "Omar Khayyam." London: Bernard Quaritch. 1876.

The translation of "Omar Khayyam," published anonymously, but since acknowledged by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, has found in this country many ardent admirers who will gladly hear of the same author's rendering of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. It is a late day to sing the praises of that masterpiece of antiquity, which is known to us, moreover, through several commendable translations, such as those of Miss Swanwick and of Professor Plumptre; but this differs from them and from others by the fact that while they seek to combine poetic excellence with literalness, this version is marked by such adaptations of the original as shall make the play more intelligible to our modern ears. Thus, the strict measure of the choruses is not preserved, many of the allusions which baffle even profound scholarship are omitted, the order of some of the choral passages is changed, single lines of the original fill much larger space in the translation; but the result is, that, the stumbling-blocks being removed, the reader is able to enjoy undisturbed the majestic march of the play. Where Æschylus is clear the translation is smooth and sufficiently close, and whatever liberties are taken they tend to smooth the way for the admirer of poetry, while they need not annoy even the sincerest scholar.

The poetic value of this version is very great, as those who are already familiar with Mr. Fitzgerald's translations will readily believe. The opening speech of the watchman on the housetop and Clytemnestra's magnificent description of the blazing of the successive beacon-fires are particularly spirited. The choruses, which are at last intelligible, are no less remarkable, their frequent grace and ease aiding rather than impeding the unfolding of the action of the play. On the whole, this translation has somewhat the same life and movement as the original must have had for the author's fellow-countrymen, and Mr. Fitzgerald deserves our gratitude for delivering to us so well the message of the Greek poet.

May we not be allowed to hope that the translator will give the public the opportunity to read his other versions of different Spanish and Persian poets which are now out of print? There is the volume, published by Pickering in 1853, containing six of Calderon's plays, freely translated; the translation of Jámi's "Salámán and Absál," published by Parker (London, 1856); to say nothing of those works, privately printed, which are much admired by those who are fortunate enough to get a sight of them. Although the recognition of Mr. Fitzgerald's rare poeti-

cal ability has been uncommonly tardy, there are many — and their number is increasing — who have a sincere admiration for his gifts and have learned to value very highly those translations of his in which he has not been afraid to alter, not harshly and crudely, what would jar upon our unaccustomed ears, and to add rich treasures from his own fine imagination. It is not every one who could be trusted with this license, but he never abuses it.

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13. — *The History of Napoleon the First.* By P. Lanfrey. Vol. III. London: Macmillan & Co. 8vo. pp. 616. 1876.

Perhaps no present estimate of Napoleon can add anything of moment to the volumes which have been inscribed with his name. Yet M. Lanfrey has undertaken to give us a true history of this great military leader. The third volume, which is now before us, can hardly be said to fulfil the promise more satisfactorily than the preceding ones. It contains many passages of great power; but we are not prepared to believe that the modern Hannibal has yet found his Livy in Sir Walter Scott or in M. Lanfrey. The present work is undoubtedly published with the view of superseding "The Consulate and the Empire" of M. Thiers. But the eloquence of that venerable statesman will lose nothing by comparison. If M. Lanfrey accuses M. Thiers of idolatry he can hardly free himself from the charge of asperity. M. Lanfrey's method of treating history is peculiarly cynical; and his cynicism is peculiarly French. He seeks every opportunity of gratifying his hatred for the Emperor. He extracts from Napoleon's correspondence, and prints in italics only such passages as display his character in its worst light. Absorbed in this system of persecution, the author often becomes scurrilous and abusive. However gigantic the crimes of Napoleon may be, the dignity of history must suffer from such epithets as "crowned villain," and in the following passage the author seems to have lost all self-control: "Let us not name punishment when speaking of this man, or, if we do, let us place him boldly in a rank superior to the rest of mankind, and in that case we shall only be doing justice to ourselves by thinking that we are beings of an inferior nature, made to be forever the prey and the playthings of a few privileged monsters."

However objectionable such language may be, we cannot fail to admire the almost scientific accuracy with which M. Lanfrey weighs the relative importance of the great themes which the period affords, and the nicety and precision with which the arguments are conducted. The evidence is often new and convincing, showing great research and in-

genuity. It is especially in his estimates and descriptions of campaigns that the author excels. The masterly manner in which he assigns to its place each corps or detachment, and the distinct light in which he displays the troops before the reader, display a profound knowledge of strategy. Every victory or defeat is scientifically accounted for. M. Lanfrey spares no pains in displaying what he terms the consummate cunning of the Emperor. The reasons which worked against a restoration in Poland, the treaty with the Turks, the meeting of the Emperors at Tilsit, Napoleon's journey to Italy at the time of the Spanish Invasion, and his conduct to Josephine have given the author ample opportunity for revealing the Emperor's *finesse* and his own ingenuity. The author's tribute to the military genius of Napoleon is made without reserve, but he considers that his political errors neutralized his military genius, and that finally the magnitude of his enterprises brought about the crash which no human power could avert.

The most significant questions which M. Lanfrey attempts to settle in his History are these: Was Napoleon born without moral sense? Was he impelled by ambition or patriotism? Was he the tyrant or the exponent of the French people? Was his course the course of events, or was his career one of unscrupulous, ungenerous, unjust, and systematic egotism? Has he not been handed down to posterity as the deified "child of destiny," the hero of ten thousand fights, the idol of the French nation? Lastly, was he not that Napoleon whose name should ever be connected with the desolation of territories and the fate of immolated millions? These questions are for all ages and all times. Napoleon will have his Livy and his Polybius; but M. Lanfrey is far from being a wise or judicious historian.

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14. — *The Alienation of the Educated Class from Politics: An Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, June* 29, 1876. By J. L. Diman. Providence: Sidney S. Rider. pp. 37.

The literary feast-days at our Universities have been notable during the last two years for the breadth and foresight of their addresses. Mr. Adams, Mr. Bullock, and Dr. Woolsey have honored themselves by choosing subjects which connect the educated class with the higher aspects of American politics, and Professor Diman has not yielded to them either in the choice of a great subject or in its clear and incisive treatment. If his oration is better in thought than in style, he is very bright in his condensed, almost epigrammatic utterances, and has spoken fresh and stirring thoughts to the class whose political

duties are first and foremost, and who in the general education of the country have most to do in shaping public opinion. He argues that while the incentives of the cultivated class to a political life are less with us than in England, the educated man who appeals to public opinion for the ultimate vindication of truth and justice is "a spiritual power in the State that no factions can outwit, and no majorities can overwhelm." Some of his sentences enunciate truth with remarkable vigor: "The educated class in a free State renders its most inestimable service as the exponent and upholder of those spiritual forces on which society ultimately rests." "That government alone is strong which marches at the head of popular convictions." "It was the Puritan pulpit which created the noblest type of the republican citizen." He blames our American Christianity for having "concerned itself of late years too exclusively with private and social needs," and for having "lost the masculine hold it once had on public duties." He says truly that "a noble and sympathetic public life is the gauge of national greatness," and that "all famous states have been informed with ideal forces." Sentences like these abound in this oration, and stamp Professor Diman as a wise and judicious thinker in political philosophy. This pamphlet has been one of the marked productions of the past year.

---

15. — *Harold. A Drama.* By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 170. 1877.

Mr. Tennyson has reached the point where by age and by the mastery of his art he produces his best works, and this he has done in this new drama. The fortunes of the sons of Godwin present a fine subject for dramatic writing, and the period which Mr. Tennyson has chosen has just enough of that tangled web of circumstance which gathers about a great crisis to give him the opportunity to delineate stron passions. This opportunity did not present itself in "Queen Mary," where the poet seemed to be cramped in the proper use of his individuality. In "Harold" he touches a period which is essentially removed from the agony of religious strife, and has for his central figure a character who appeals throughout the drama to the best sentiments of the heart. Mr. Tennyson has thrown into this character, without burdening his action, those scraps of wisdom shaped to a poet's mind, which make Shakespeare the author who finds your thought at every turn of the play and which pass speedily into living speech and permanent literature. This drama contains perhaps more of these lines and passages than any other of his writings, except "In Memoriam," and,

what is more, they are instinct with the passion and tragic force of the drama itself. It is plainly Tennysonian language to students of Tennyson, but it is also the language of the round world, the condensed, nervous, thrilling speech which is understood and used by all bright people in moments of excitement. Here are a few of them. Harold says of his brother Tostig: —

"I love the man, but not his fantasies,

Again when Tostig, already made Earl, aspired to the crown, Aldwyth, anxious to become Harold's queen, says in her soliloquy,

"The dog that snapt the shadow dropt the bone."

Archbishop Stigand happily expresses the changes in theological doctrine when he declares that

"In our windy world
What 's up is faith, what 's down is heresy."

Wulforth, pining for home while hostage in a Norman castle, gives one of those word-pictures in which Mr. Tennyson excels: —

"Yea, and I
Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more,
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,
Nor make the sea-bird rouse himself and hover
Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky
With free sea-laughter."

The description of Edward the Confessor is bright and effective: —

"The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere."

The impulsive life of Harold, touched by the scruples of old Stigand, with respect to his marrying Edith, the woman of his choice, goes beyond the fears of offending the saints and breaks out in words like these: —

"O God! I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I fear
This curse, and scorn it. But a little light!
And on it falls the shadow of the priest."

There is wonderful vigor in these lines: —

"Every man about his king,
Fought like a king; the king like his own man,
No better; one for all, and all for one,
One soul; and therefore have we shatter'd back
The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet

Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken
The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion crook
From the gray sea forever."

Mr. Tennyson has given in this new drama so many passages which fill eye, ear, and soul, all at once, with inexpressible delight, that for these alone it will rank with his best poems; but we think that he has also met successfully the requirements of dramatic art. "Harold" is not simply and only a closet drama, to be admired by students for its fine passages and its fidelity to history; it has the stir, the passion, the setting of character against character, the pathetic and delicate issues of life hanging upon a single great conflict of the soul within, which gather the interest of the reader or the listener at special points in each act; and as the play advances, the drama constantly increases in intensity of interest, in the glow of passion, and in the accumulation of points which touch the heart of reader nad listener alike. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Tennyson has produced in "Harold" a play which can be successfully put upon the stage. If he lacks the grim and often boisterous humor of Shakespeare, he excels in the vigor and intensity of his thoughts, in the clear-cut language in which they are expressed, and in the sweet bits of song which relieve the tragedy. It is a careful study of Anglo-Saxon times, adapted to the requirements of a modern play. It is not easy to think of Mr. Tennyson as a dramatic writer in the future, when we remember the strong personality and spiritual insight of his verse, but even this will be welcome if he keeps up to the standard of "Harold."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Farmyard Club of Jotham: An Account of the Families and Farms of that Famous Town. By George B. Loring. Illustrated. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. Large 12mo. pp. 619.

Joan: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 216.

Rare Good Luck: A Fortune in Seven Strokes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 116.

Colony Ballads: An Attempt to represent Something of the Spirit and the Circumstances attending the Separation of the British Colonies of Middle North America from their Mother Country. By George L. Raymond. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 18mo. pp. 95.

The Legend of the Roses: A Poem. *Ravlan:* A Drama. By SAMUEL JAMES WATSON. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 16mo. pp. 228.

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An Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 16mo. pp. 312.

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Art. I. — The Electoral Commission and its Bearings.

Now come the President and Vice-President of Mexico to our hospitable shores — the latest fugitives from the "halls of the Montezumas" — to repeat to us the old, old story of revolution in a Spanish-American state over a disputed Presidential election. The latter, to an enterprising reporter at San Francisco, hastened to disburden himself of the precious tale of a coerced election, a broken law, successful revolt, fleeing officials, and a dictator installed in power; and he foresees another sham election in the near future, and fresh outbreaks following it. More recently the former, upon arriving at New York, gave his version of the same transactions, including his own grievances and expulsion from power.

When Mr. Bancroft, in his eulogy upon Lincoln, in a voice which penetrated to the farthest corners of the Representatives' Hall, and startled the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers, exclaimed, "Mexico shall rise again!" his audience broke into loud applause. His voice sounded in their ears as the voice of the New World to the Old, pronouncing the utter expulsion of monarchy from an American state, and warning all Eastern powers against meddling with Western institutions. The end soon came of the Mexican monarchy: Maximilian was slaughtered by Escobedo, and Juarez reigned in his stead; and thereat all the people rejoiced, regarding the event as a gracious deliverance of their country from foreign interference, and a signal vindication of their right of self-government. But the hopes of orderly free govern-

ment then indulged in by the Mexican nation have not been realized. Disturbed political conditions have characterized that country ever since, the latest phases of which have been, as above mentioned, described to us by our fugitive guests, Iglesias and Lerdo, who appear to look hopefully forward to fresh convulsions and changes as means for the redemption of their country from the despotism of their successor.

But this most recent story of republican turbulence in Mexico does not differ in its general features from former ones which we have heard of from other Spanish-American states. In all those states the revolutionary disease appears to be chronic, manifesting itself repeatedly, unsettling the business pursuits of the people, and constituting a great obstacle to all improvement and progress in wealth and civilization. In the dozen of them south of us, between 1858 and 1861, or within a period of three years, there was revolt against government in all but two, in every case arising more or less directly from a disputed presidential election.

Admonished by these examples, by our own civil war as connected with the election of 1860, and by the recent peril in the ascertainment of electoral returns, we may well turn our attention to our electoral system for the choice of President and Vice-President, to ascertain wherein it has been shown to be defective by time and trial, and prepare ourselves, without delay, for its correction and amendment.

It was the intention of the framers of the Constitution of the United States to remove the election of President from popular excitement and controversy, by vesting the power of choice in select bodies of men distinguished by experience and wisdom. But the provisions directed to that end have entirely failed of their purpose. It is, therefore, very generally agreed that electors and electoral colleges, as features of our system, are useless, if not pernicious, and may be properly dispensed with in future, if some convenient and acceptable substitute for them can be provided. It is also generally agreed that some regulations, constitutional or statutory, should be provided for the orderly and just decision of contested returns of elections. But no complete view of the subject of amendment can be obtained without a preliminary examination of all the main defects of the present system, and a consideration of the evils and dangers to which they lead. Such

examination cannot be here fully made, but it may be made as to several defects which have an intimate connection with remedial propositions to be presently mentioned, the statement of which is the principal object of this article.

1. Our system permits the election of candidates who receive a minority of the popular vote, so that upon occasion the spectacle may be presented of a complete inversion of the republican principle that the greater number of voices at an election shall prevail. It will always be impossible to reconcile the mass of the people to results in flat contempt of the majority rule, applied to popular elections, and persistent defiance of that rule must lead to ultimate disaster. A candidate for President who shall receive a clear majority of the whole popular vote of the country cannot be excluded from office without much dissatisfaction among the people and a weakening of confidence in republican institutions.

2. It permits plurality candidates, and even those not highest in vote as such, to obtain majorities in electoral colleges; in fact, the vote of candidates in those colleges bears no just proportion to the popular vote which they have received. A notable illustration of this is furnished by the election of 1860, in which each electoral vote cast for Mr. Douglas represented 114,596 popular votes, while each electoral vote for Mr. Lincoln represented but 10,369; and in 1864 the popular ratio for the Lincoln electors was 10,292, and for the McClellan electors, 86,274.

3. Another practical result of our system, quite unforeseen by the framers of the Constitution, and one greatly to be deprecated, may occur at any election, and did very nearly occur in the election of 1860, above mentioned. The Constitution provides that in case no candidate shall receive a majority of all the electoral votes, the House of Representatives, voting by States, shall choose the President from among the three candidates highest in vote. Turning to the election returns of 1860, we obtain the following statement: —

	Popular Vote.	Electors.
Lincoln	1,866,452	180
Douglas	1,375,157	12
Breckenridge	847,953	72
Bell	590,631	39

In proportion to the popular vote, Mr. Lincoln should have had 121 electors, Douglas 89, Breckenridge 55, and Bell 38. If there

had been a slight diversion of votes from Mr. Lincoln in certain States, the election would have been sent to the House of Representatives, which body would have been confined in its choice to the three candidates highest in electoral votes, and Douglas would have been excluded, although second highest in popular vote. The fact that South Carolina chose electors by her legislature, and the further fact that in the Southern States there was a three-fifths representation of slaves, if taken into account, will not materially change the above exhibit of electoral and popular votes.

4. Objection may also be made to our present system because, in case of no choice by the electoral colleges, it sends the choice of President to an expiring House of Representatives. A new House chosen at the same time when a new President is voted for by the people, and supposed to represent public opinion at that time and afterwards, is not called upon to perform this constitutional duty, but the old House, within a month of its dissolution and possibly after it has been virtually condemned at the preceding election. It must often happen that a great political change will be decreed by the people, at a presidential election, in both the executive and legislative branches of the government, and it is against all reason, in such a case, tha a condemned and expiring House shall be permitted to choose the President from among the three candidates highest in vote. It is true that in the present year we have an exceptional case; for the old House taken *per capita* or by States is Democratic, while the new House, counted *per capita*, will be Democratic, and by States will be Republican. But, however the present political situation may be viewed, there can be no question that the choice of President should be made by an incoming instead of an outgoing House. And it is submitted that a change which should fix the commencement of service by a new Congress some time before the expiration of a presidential term, and immediately after its members shall have been elected, would be advantageous, not only with reference to presidential elections, but also with reference to ordinary legislation, inasmuch as it is against propriety that one Congress should pass laws after another one, to succeed it, shall have been chosen.

5. The Constitution makes no express provision for determining contests upon returns of presidential elections, nor has Federal legislation made provision for them. Implications of power in

cases of contest have been drawn from the Constitution in favor of the President of the Senate and in favor of the two Houses of Congress acting concurrently or jointly, and it seems clear that regulations, more or less extensive, applying to this subject-matter, may be enacted by Congress under its general authority to make all laws necessary and proper to carry into execution the powers vested by the Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or office thereof. It has been found difficult to draw the exact boundary between Federal and State jurisdiction in presidential elections, and there may be even a question whether over a certain portion of this field of power the jurisdiction of both is not concurrent, or at all events jurisdiction permissive to the States until Congress shall interpose. The manner of appointing electors in each State is to be directed by its Legislature, and where, under this power, a popular election has been directed as to the manner of appointing, all that pertains strictly to such an election may be held to fall within State jurisdiction. In such case a popular election constitutes the appointment intended by the Constitution, but it does not follow that the verification of the result, any more than the meeting of electors and their proceedings and returns, is beyond review or control by the government of the United States. Certainly it seems clear that all the provisions of the Constitution relating to presidential elections, except the one relating to the manner of appointing electors, can be enforced by the Federal government, and consequently that regulations to that end may be enacted by Congress. Among others, the provisions that electors shall be chosen at a fixed time, that certain holders of office shall be excluded from appointment as such electors, that electors shall be in fact appointed by their States, and shall meet on a uniform day, and all the provisions relating to the proceedings of colleges and their returns, invite to acts of legislation by Congress which shall provide all regulations necessary to their complete enforcement.

Into this very field of inquiry as to the powers of the Federal government over returns of presidential elections, the two Houses of Congress were compelled to go during the present session, in consequence of double returns sent up to them from one Western and three of the Southern States, and thereupon they found themselves greatly embarrassed by the absence of definite laws, funda-

mental or statutory, to direct them and to control their action. Between the two Houses, and between the two great parties of the country represented by them, the conflict of opinion was intense, and to bridge over the difficulties of the time a very peculiar and extraordinary measure of legislation was adopted.

The Electoral Commission Act of 1877.

This special statute, limited to a single occasion by its express terms, will hardly constitute a model for future legislation; for it is not to be expected that in any future election the facts will be the same with, or closely analogous to, those of the recent contest. The Act was framed in view of the existence of a Republican majority in the Senate and a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives (giving promise of disagreement between the two Houses in their joint meeting at the electoral count), of the double electoral returns from Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina respectively, arising from very peculiar but variant circumstances and political conditions in those States, and of the predilections, actual or supposed, of certain Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Besides, the prior relations of the Administration to the elections and returns of some of the States just mentioned, and the conflicting reports of Congressional Committees, were taken into account in the preparation of the bill. Its form was due, therefore, to the facts of the cases to which it was to be applied, and was controlled by them. But in future cases, when both Houses shall be of one political complexion, when questions arising upon returns shall be different in character, when the attitude of an existing Administration to the election shall be free from embarrassment or imputation of interference, and when the composition of the Supreme Court shall be unsuited to purposes of umpirage or to consultation by Congress, the provisions of this Commission Act, or most of them, may be quite unsuitable and objectionable. It follows that they cannot be made the basis, or accepted as constituting a model for a general and permanent statute. Conceding that the Act was fit and necessary, constitutional and judicious, its merit was that of a temporary measure only, and it must be critically examined whenever urged as a precedent in future times

A Permanent Statute required.

There should be a carefully drawn statute for judicial investigation of contests upon returns, whether of electors or electoral votes. This would not interfere with any constitutional power to count votes, whether that authority is to be placed by inference in the President of the Senate, or in the two Houses of Congress, or be held to be wholly subject to regulation by statute. The extent to which such investigation shall go, the time of making it, the rules of procedure, the designation of the court, judge, or judges by whom or before whom the investigation shall be had, the character and force of the decision to be pronounced and how the same shall be recorded or certified, are matters of detail fit and proper for statutory regulation and not for constitutional amendment. If any constitutional provision upon the subject of contested returns or votes shall be proposed, its form might be borrowed in part from the 17th Section of the 8th Article of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, including the very judicious clause that no law vesting jurisdiction or regulating its exercise shall apply to a contest arising out of, or consequent upon, an election held before its passage.

No one can fairly assert that the presiding officer of the Senate ought to be empowered to pass judgment upon contested returns. He may be interested personally as a candidate for one of the offices voted for, he may not possess legal training and knowledge qualifying him to pass upon the questions presented, he will have no authority to take evidence unless conferred by legislation, and, when a *pro tempore* officer, he cannot act independently of the Senate, because that body may displace him at will. Besides, he must be commonly a chief of party, and as such his single opinion will not carry with it that weight and influence which the decisions to be made will imperatively demand.

Nor ought the two Houses of Congress, acting concurrently or jointly, to undertake the decision of such contests in most cases. Legislative bodies are not fitted for the exercise of judicial functions. They are too large to work with convenience and expedition, too impatient for careful examination of complicated facts and nice points of law, too passionate for calm judgment. From the number of members the sense of individual responsibility is slight, and the majority represents a political party, the fortunes

and even the existence of which may depend upon the decision to be made. Hence decisions by such bodies, even upon contested rights of membership therein, are not to be relied upon and have fallen into disrepute. Even the Grenville Act of 1772, for the trial of disputed elections to Parliament by committee, after undergoing various amendments by subsequent Acts of Parliament, has been wholly abandoned, and the decision of all such cases turned over to judges learned in the law.

A decision upon a disputed return by Congress, whenever the dispute shall be grave and difficult, and when no authoritative opinion or decision shall have been previously pronounced by competent authority upon it, or upon controlling points raised by it, will almost always be perilous. We shall incur danger of injustice or convulsion, or of both. When the two Houses shall be of one political complexion they will seize without compunction or hesitation the power within their reach; when they shall be opposed politically, there will be a dead lock, with imminent danger of the interposition of corruption or force to produce a result. We must therefore accept the principle of the decision of judicial questions arising in presidential elections, by the courts of law, or by judges thereof, as the only safe and satisfactory plan for their determination, and as the one sanctioned alike by reason and experience.

But there will be cases in which the two Houses of Congress may properly act without the aid of judicial authority, as in a case where the question is upon the right of a new State to vote, Congress having plenary power over its admission into the Union; or when the question is upon the political and social condition of a State, as bearing upon its capacity to cast electoral votes; or when the question concerns the relations of a State to the Union; or upon the republican form of its government, and perhaps others; for all these relate to political conditions connected with congressional jurisdiction and judgment, and are not strictly judicial in character. So, also, there will be questions regarding the formal regularity of returns, necessarily arising in the count of votes, but not necessarily involving a contest requiring regular inquiry and judgment. But it is submitted that the distinction drawn by the Commission Act of the present year, between double returns and a single disputed return from a State, with reference to the action of Congress thereon, cannot be reasonably maintained. The gravest

questions of both law and fact may arise upon a single return from a State, demanding judicial inquiry and decision just as much as questions arising upon double returns, and therefore a plan applied to the latter class of returns should be applied to the former also. It follows that in any general law provided for future cases this distinction should not be made.

It remains to be mentioned, that, in any permanent measure providing for judicial action upon election or electoral returns, the regulation of time will be important. Judicial action should be early invoked, in order that investigation may be thorough and complete before the time for counting the votes by Congress shall arrive, and not at the last moment and when due deliberation and full orderly action cannot be had.

Commission Decisions.

On the 7th and 9th of February the Commission by votes of eight to seven, the members dividing strictly according to party predilections, decided the questions which had been elaborately argued before them upon the Florida returns, by members of the House and by counsel, and fully debated and considered by the Commission itself in private session. Without intending to question the correctness of the decisions arrived at by the Commission, or to convey the slightest imputation upon any of its members, we must say that the character of the divisions upon the votes taken will admonish us of the insecurity of submitting such questions as those in controversy in that case, without fixed and certain rules of judgment, to any tribunal constituted of party men. Where the stake contended for between parties is the presidential office, we cannot expect that any special tribunal organized for the decision of disputes which involve the result of the contest (however such tribunal may be constituted) will be completely impartial, or that its judgments, unregulated by fixed laws, will be certainly just. Therefore the absolute necessity of changes of system which shall render contests upon returns, if not impossible, at least very unlikely to occur, and shall provide comprehensive and judicious rules for the decision of the few which shall occur, becomes the more evident from this experiment of a special tribunal. No tribunal with stronger claims to the possession of ability and dignity, or apparently more independent or impartial in constitu-

tion, can readily be conceived of, or was ever before organized in the United States. It is by the very force of this example — by the strong proof which it affords of the imperfection of all possible schemes for securing unbiassed judicial judgment upon questions of such high concern in the absence of constitutional and statutory regulations, distinctly expressed, and of imperative force — that we are to measure the necessity of amendment, and be impelled upon the road to its attainment.

We may, however, turn our attention from suggestions of statutory and even constitutional regulation of election returns and of contests arising thereon (which, however useful in dealing with results of elections, cannot reach to the fundamental defects of our system), to more radical and effectual changes, which shall extend to the popular elections, and impart to them new significance and value, guarding them against uncertainty of result, and excluding disputes arising therefrom. And from among these we select the one most recent in date, and in our opinion best fitted to secure the objects above mentioned.

The Maish Amendment.

The Resolution for Constitutional Amendment introduced in the House of Representatives, February 7, by Mr. Maish of Pennsylvania, presents a proposition worthy of deliberate examination. It is in some material respects new, but is simple in its terms, strikes an effectual blow at known forms of electoral abuse, and is plainly founded in principles of justice. The Amendment may be conveniently described under three heads of remark: 1st, it provides for a direct vote by the people for President and Vice-President; 2d, it retains electoral votes as at present, while dispensing with electors and electoral colleges; and 3d, it assigns to candidates electoral votes from each State in proportion to popular votes received by them therein. This last feature of the plan is peculiar to it, and, taken with the others, presents a complete scheme of Constitutional Amendment.

A direct popular vote for President and Vice-President is highly desirable, if it can be secured without encountering objections which will outweigh its advantages; and therefore most plans of radical amendment, relating to presidential elections, will comprise or involve it. But the popular majority principle, whether ap-

plied to the whole country without distinction of States or applied to the vote of each State, is open to grave objections. In the former case it converts the whole body of American electors into a consolidated democracy, gives unchecked effect upon the general result to all disturbing and sinister influences which assail elections, and opens a field of inquiry in cases of contest or dispute which cannot be well or safely entered upon by a court or by Congress. In the latter case the plan must be combined with some scheme of State representation or proportional vote, which brings in or retains the idea of State electors or electoral votes, and assigns unjust, because inordinate, weight to State majorities. Besides, within each State it plainly invites to corruption and all forms of undue influence. Nor do we avoid these objections if we modify the plan and provide for taking the popular vote by districts or subdivisions of States, — the majority in each to count as one or more electoral or State votes. A local fraud under such modified plan may expend its force in a single district, instead of contaminating the whole State return, and the general party majority in the State may not, and commonly will not, carry majorities in all the districts, and thus absorb *all* the power of the State in the election. In these respects, however, this modified plan affords but a partial remedy, while it calls into existence an evil and a scandal of the first magnitude, — one fortunately unknown hitherto in presidential elections, — we mean *the gerrymandering of States in the formation of electoral districts.* The competition in injustice and outrage between parties which the plan would inevitably produce would soon become intolerable. But the Maish Amendment, as will be presently seen, is quite free from these imperfections, while it completely accepts and applies the direct popular vote principle. It is, therefore, to be preferred to other plans which, aiming at the same object, can accomplish that object only in disregard of great and permanent objections.

In the next place, the amendment dispensing with electors retains to the States electoral votes as at present, that is, to each a number equal to the number of Senators and Representatives from the State in Congress; and this is, perhaps, a necessary provision in any proposition of change. For, as was explained by an accomplished writer in the last number of the Review, it is not to be expected that the smaller States — including more than one half of

the whole number — will surrender that portion of their power in presidential elections which is now represented by senatorial electors. Such surrender would involve a loss of relative power by each of no less than twenty-one States, ranging from one fourth to two thirds of their present voting power. It follows, that Congress will not pass by a two-thirds vote of each House, nor three fourths of the States accept, an amendment which will dispense with State electoral votes.

Lastly, the Amendment proposes the distribution of State electoral votes among candidates, upon a principle of evident justice and sound policy, to wit, the assignment of such votes in each State to candidates in exact proportion to the popular vote received by them respectively. To exhibit this peculiar and important feature of the Amendment, we will give the exact language in which it is expressed. Omitting some formal changes proposed in the text of the Constitution, and the commencement and conclusion, the Amendment reads as follows: —

"The citizens of each State who shall be qualified to vote for Representatives in Congress shall cast their votes for candidates for President and Vice-President by ballot; and proper returns of the votes so cast shall be made, under seal, within ten days, to the Secretary of State or other officer, lawfully performing the duties of such Secretary in the government of the State, by whom the said returns shall be publicly opened in the presence of the Chief Executive Magistrate of the State, and of the Chief Justice or Judge of the highest court thereof; and the said Secretary, Chief Magistrate, and Judge shall assign to each candidate voted for, by a sufficient number of citizens, a proportionate part of the electoral votes to which the State shall be entitled, in manner following, that is to say, they shall divide the whole number of votes returned by the whole number of the State's electoral vote, and the resulting quotient shall be the electoral ratio for the State, and shall assign to candidates voted for one electoral vote for each ratio of popular votes received by them respectively, and, if necessary, additional electoral votes for successive largest fractions of a ratio shall be assigned to candidates voted for, until the whole number of the electoral votes of the State shall be distributed; and the said officers shall thereupon make up and certify at least three general returns, comprising the popular vote by counties, parishes, or other principal divisions of the State, and their apportionment of electoral votes as aforesaid, and shall transmit two thereof, under seal, to the seat of government of the

United States, one directed to the President of the Senate and one to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a third unsealed return shall be forthwith filed by the said Secretary in his office, be recorded therein, and be at all times open to inspection."

By the proportional distribution of electoral votes, based strictly upon the popular vote of each State, several objects of the highest importance will be secured: —

1. It will very greatly reduce, in fact, almost extinguish the chances of a disputed election, by causing the electoral vote of the State to be very nearly a reflex of the popular vote, by confining the effect of fraud and other sinister influences within narrow limits, and by withdrawing the compact, undivided power of any one State from the contest. Giving a just allotment of electoral votes to candidates, not greatly too many or too few, it conforms to the popular sense of justice and tends to allay passion and prevent controversy. It excludes the temptation to falsify or manipulate election returns, by which the whole vote of the State may be wielded in the interest of a party. Under it there would be no rival electoral colleges, or double returns of electoral votes, neither would pivotal States, inviting to profuse money expenditure, to fraud, and to false returns, any longer be known as a conspicuous feature of presidential contests.

2. It will render almost impossible the election of a minority candidate in a contest between two, and will in many cases prevent a plurality candidate from receiving an unjust electoral vote, and often from being improperly returned to the House of Representatives as one of the three persons from whom the choice is to be made, in cases where the power of choice shall devolve upon that House. It will secure justice by insuring fair representation of the people, and applying the majority rule to the electoral instead of the popular vote; in other words, all the people will be represented by electoral votes, and the majority principle will be properly applied when the general returns of those electoral votes shall be subjected to computation. Popular disfranchisement within a State will be swept away, while the supporters of no candidate will control more than their due share of electoral power.

3. It will very greatly discourage and prevent unfairness and fraud in elections, by excluding the motives which produce them. In this respect its superiority to other plans of amendment is con-

spicuous and unquestionable. Assuming a ratio of thirty thousand for an electoral vote, a fraudulent vote of ten thousand would mean one third of one electoral vote, — in other words, would mean nothing as to results, — instead of meaning, as it now does in many cases, the balance of power in a State, and the control of its *whole* electoral vote! In a State like New York or Pennsylvania, a fraudulent vote of even thirty thousand or forty thousand would affect but one electoral vote out of thirty or forty cast by the State, instead of transferring all those thirty or forty votes from one candidate to another. Speaking within bounds, the effect of any common fraud in presidential elections would become inappreciable, and the motive for committing such fraud would be wholly removed. Could there be a more complete device for purifying and improving elections than this, or one more imperatively demanded by the necessities of the times? District voting for electors would not extirpate this evil of corrupt elections, for the balance-of-power vote in each district would be the object of money expenditure and evil influence, as we already have them in congressional districts. Ten thousand foul votes in a State might control half a dozen or more districts, while they would be entirely lost when counted in the aggregate or total vote of the State.

One Term for President.

This proposition for constitutional amendment is a favorite one with many of the leading men of our country, whose opinions are entitled to profound respect, and it has the sanction of several great names in our history. But we venture to question the wisdom of that public opinion which has been formed in its favor, and challenge anew the discussion of the question itself. Clearly the examples of the re-election of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant may be fitly followed upon future occasions unless an examination of the reasons which support a one-term rule for the presidential office shall justify a change of the Constitution. Looking back over our history, re-elections of President do not appear in an odious light; for no re-election has been the result of corruption or force, nor is there reason to believe that the policy of the government would have been improved if those re-elections had not taken place. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that under a one-term rule government would have been less consistent, intelligent, and successful.

When the Constitution was proposed to the States for adoption, Mr. Jefferson, in a letter from France, which commended its main provisions, objected to the unlimited eligibility of a President for re-election which it permitted or sanctioned. But later in life he pronounced his deliberate judgment to be that, in view of the example set by General Washington of retiring at the end of a second term (an example followed by several of his successors, including Mr. Jefferson himself, and which it was believed no future President would venture to disregard), the Constitution was in a satisfactory form as to this important point, and was a reasonable and judicious compromise between opposing opinions.

The theory of one term has appeared at several times in our political history as a party argument when a President has been a candidate for re-election, and hence has come to be entertained and approved by many persons, unconsciously, from political bias; and notably it was brought forward when Presidents Jackson and Van Buren were candidates for second official terms. Undoubtedly, from the cause just mentioned, and from the fact that a plausible objection does lie against the candidacy of an actual President, there has grown up a considerable amount of public opinion in the country at large in favor of the one-term principle, and this has been encouraged, if not excited, by formal declarations made by several presidential candidates. General Harrison announced his adhesion to the principle in 1840, as did Mr. Buchanan in 1856, and in 1876 both the leading party candidates in their letters of acceptance gave similar indorsements, one of them expressly pledging himself personally to observe the rule. It is important to observe, however, that the action taken on this subject by Governors Hayes and Tilden was wholly voluntary, no such ground having been taken by the Conventions which placed them in nomination. Both our national parties are, therefore, uncommitted upon this question by any official utterance made by themselves, whilst the ancient practice of the Democratic party when in power, and the recent practice of the Republican party in renominating Presidents Lincoln and Grant, are flatly opposed to the rule. It will become both parties to consider carefully and deliberate upon this much-vaunted proposition before committing themselves irrevocably to its support.

It may admit of question whether the war of the Rebellion was not precipitated upon the country by reason of Mr. Buchanan's

one-term pledge, when he accepted his nomination for the presidential office, and that for a reason to be presently mentioned.

The main argument for one-term-ism is that it is wrong or injudicious to permit a President to use his official influence to promote his re-election; that if a President is permitted to run for re-election, such use of patronage and influence by him and others under him will be inevitable. The fallacy of this argument lies very near the surface, and, one would think, would be detected by any man of reasonable capacity and knowledge of public affairs and of the action of political parties. It is answered by these simple questions, Cannot a President use his official power and influence with much larger effect in favor of another candidate, than for himself? Cannot the office-holders of the country use their power and influence much more efficiently for a new man than they can for their chief? Cannot the President use his power with less of embarrassment, diffidence, or accruing odium in favor of his friend and his party than he can for himself? Accepting the organization of political parties in the country as a fixed fact, and that the passions and interests of party constitute enormous forces in presidential elections, and that a President is a party chief and associated with party leaders, the idea that he will not exert that influence in favor of the candidate of his party is a childish delusion. And he will go beyond this, in ordinary cases, and exert this influence to secure the nomination of a friend as the candidate of his party, so that commonly, if not invariably, the influence of an Administration will be exerted, and often powerfully exerted, for both the nomination and election of the presidential successor. Plainly the one-term doctrine will be no efficient check against government influence in elections, and in many cases it will largely increase the force and effect of that influence upon them. Government influence exerted in favor of new men will appear less odious and selfish than when exerted by officials in their own favor, and naturally will provoke less of antagonism; and a countervailing force of public opinion, one of the reasons why it will be more efficient.

If we required an illustration of the truth and justice of these remarks, it will be furnished by the late presidential election. Were political assessments upon officials less in amount or less generally required than they would have been if the President had been a candidate for re-election? Were the able and active

services of the Secretary of the Interior any less useful and efficient for party purposes, because exerted for the election of a new man? Or were the services of another Secretary less influential in the nominating convention than they would have been if put forth for the nomination of his chief? Were the zeal and activity of persons in official station less efficient after the election upon questions and controversies about disputed States, than they would have been if the continuance of the *personnel* of the old Administration had been at stake? This reference to recent events and actors is not made in any invidious sense, or for purposes of censure, but for the convenient illustration of the views above set forth. If those views are correct, it is clear that the theory of one term will afford no remedy against government influence in our popular elections. Remedies for that abuse are to be sought in other directions, and specially in the direction of civil service reform and in new electoral plans which shall exclude or reduce the motives for influencing elections by illegitimate means. But our view of this subject would be insufficient, if we did not advert to another consideration. The certain consequence of one-term elections would be to keep the country continually engaged in looking up candidates for the Presidential office, and struggling between rivals for nomination would have no pause. As soon as a President was chosen, and even before, the contest for the succession would begin, and the action of the government would be deeply and constantly affected thereby. The repression of individual rivalries at times, with their attendant intrigues and management, is a clear public advantage which one-term-ism would sweep from our system. Upon the accession of Mr. Buchanan, individual rivalries for the succession became active, and afterwards grew more intense, resulting in the spectacle of a broken party, a double nomination with an outlying third party, an election by a popular minority, and civil war. We are not dealing here with the merits of those controversies, individual and public, which characterized the canvass of 1860 and the times which followed, but tracing the operation of general causes the natural or possible effect of brief and ever-changing presidential service upon political action, and upon the practical working of our institutions.

Influenced by some of the above considerations, and to avoid

the supposed evil of frequent elections, one-term-ism has been associated in argument with an extension of the presidential term as to time. It is to be made six or seven years instead of four, and thus the force of the objections to the proposed change is to some extent to be broken. But such extension of term removes the presidential office further from popular control, so that policies condemned by public opinion may be continued for years; one of the objections to the one-term doctrine, hitherto unnoticed, remains in full force, — the withdrawal of a desire in the presidential mind to conciliate public opinion in order to secure a re-election; and intrigue for the succession will be but slightly if at all diminished in force. The frequency of elections, to be sure, would be reduced, and thus far the argument of convenience has place; but quadrennial elections properly organized, with other reforms referred to in this article, would not be too frequent for purposes of popular government, nor be attended by the evils which now beset them.

Finally, upon this subject it may be observed that an amendment to the Constitution to preclude the election of a President for a third term would be simply to put into form and give constitutional force to the wise and settled practice of the government, and would be free from all possible objections.

Résumé.

The changes of system to be recommended from the foregoing considerations, with an additional one intimately connected with them, are, then, the following: —

1. A popular-vote plan for election of President and Vice-President similar to that of the Maish Amendment. 2. A carefully drawn statute regulating contests upon electoral returns. 3. A prohibition of third presidential terms. 4. Fixed terms of service for subordinate civil officers of the United States, those officers to be removable only for cause, and a repeal of so much of the Tenure-of-Office Act as authorizes the Senate to participate in removals. 5. An arrangement of congressional terms and sessions in such manner that an old Congress shall not sit after the election of a new one, either to enact laws or to choose, in a contingency, by a vote of one or the other of its Houses, a President or Vice-President of the United States.

CHARLES R. BUCKALEW.

Art. II. — Demonology.

The name Demonology covers dreams, omens, coincidences, luck, sortilege, magic, and other experiences which shun rather than court inquiry, and deserve notice chiefly because every man has usually in a lifetime two or three hints in this kind which are specially impressive to him. They also shed light on our structure.

The witchcraft of sleep divides with truth the empire of our lives. This soft enchantress visits two children lying locked in each other's arms, and carries them asunder by wide spaces of land and sea and wide intervals of time.

> "There lies a sleeping city, God of dreams!
> What an unreal and fantastic world
> Is going on below!
> Within the sweep of yon encircling wall
> How many a large creation of the night,
> Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
> Peopled with busy transitory groups,
> Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd."

'T is superfluous to think of the dreams of multitudes: the astonishment remains that *one* should dream; that we should resign so quietly this deifying Reason, and become the theatre of delirious shows, wherein time, space, persons, cities, animals, should dance before us in merry and mad confusion, a delicate creation outdoing the prime and flower of actual nature, antic comedy alternating with horrid pictures. Sometimes the forgotten companions of childhood reappear.

> "They come, in dim procession led,
> The cold, the faithless, and the dead,
> As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
> As if they parted yesterday."

Or we seem busied for hours and days in peregrinations over seas and lands, in earnest dialogues, strenuous actions for nothings and absurdities, cheated by spectral jokes, and waking suddenly with ghastly laughter, to be rebuked by the cold, lonely, silent midnight, and to rake with confusion in memory among the gibbering nonsense to find the motive of this contemptible cachinnation.

Dreams are jealous of being remembered; they dissipate instantly and angrily if you try to hold them. When newly awaked from lively dreams, we are so near them, still agitated by them, still in their sphere, — give us one syllable, one feature, one hint, and we should repossess the whole, hours of this strange entertainment would come trooping back to us; but we cannot get our hand on the first link or fibre, and the whole is lost. There is a strange wilfulness in the speed with which it disperses and baffles our grasp.

A dislocation seems to be the foremost trait of dreams. A painful imperfection almost always attends them. The fairest forms, the most noble and excellent persons, are deformed by some pitiful and insane circumstance. The very landscape and scenery in a dream seem not to fit us, but like a coat or cloak of some other person to overlap and encumber the wearer; so is the ground, the road, the house, in dreams, too long or too short, and if it served no other purpose would show us how accurately nature fits man awake.

There is one memory of waking and another of sleep. In our dreams the same scenes and fancies are many times associated, and that, too, it would seem for years. In sleep one shall travel certain roads in stage-coaches or gigs, which he recognizes as familiar, and has dreamed that ride a dozen times; or shall walk alone in familiar fields and meadows, which road or which meadow in waking hours he never looked upon. This feature of dreams deserves the more attention from its singular resemblance to that obscure yet startling experience which almost every person confesses in daylight, that particular passages of conversation and action have occurred to him in the same order before, whether dreaming or waking, — a suspicion that they have been with precisely these persons, in precisely this room, and heard precisely this dialogue at some former hour, they know not when.

Animals have been called "the dreams of nature." Perhaps for a conception of their consciousness we may go to our own dreams. In a dream we have the same instinctive obedience, the same torpidity of the highest power, the same unsurprised assent to the monstrous, as these metamorphosed men exhibit. Our thoughts in a stable or in a menagerie, on the other hand, may well remind us of our dreams. What compassion do these imprisoning forms

awaken! You may catch the glance of a dog sometimes which lays a kind of claim to sympathy and brotherhood. What! somewhat of me down there? Does he know it? Can he too, as I, go out of himself, see himself, perceive relations? We fear lest the poor brute should gain one dreadful glimpse of his condition, should learn in some moment the tough limitations of this fettering organization. It was in this glance that Ovid got the hint of his Metamorphoses; Calidasa of his transmigration of souls. For these fables are our own thoughts carried out. What keeps those wild tales in circulation for thousands of years? What but the wild fact to which they suggest some approximation of theory? Nor is the fact quite solitary, for in varieties of our own species where organization seems to predominate over the genius of man, in Kalmuck or Malay or Flathead Indian, we are sometimes pained by the same feeling; and sometimes, too, the sharp-witted, prosperous white man awakens it. In a mixed assembly we have chanced to see, not only a glance of Abdiel, so grand and keen, but also in other faces, the features of the mink, of the bull, of the rat, and the barn-door fowl. You think, could the man overlook his own condition, he could not be restrained from suicide.

Dreams have a poetic integrity and truth. This limbo and dust-hole of thought is presided over by a certain reason, too. Their extravagance from nature is yet within a higher nature. They seem to us to suggest a certain abundance and fluency of thought not familiar to the waking experience. They pique us by independence of us, yet we know ourselves in this mad crowd, and owe to dreams a certain divination and wisdom. My dreams are not *me;* they are not Nature, or the Not-me: they are both. They have a double consciousness, at once sub- and ob-jective. We call the phantoms that rise the creation of our fancy, but they act like mutineers and fire on their commander; showing that every act, every thought, every cause, is bipolar, and in the act is contained the counteraction. If I strike, I am struck; if I chase, I am pursued.

Wise and sometimes terrible hints shall in them be thrown to the man out of a quite unknown intelligence. He shall be startled two or three times in his life by the justice as well as the significance of this phantasmagoria. Once or twice the conscious fetters shall seem to be unlocked, and a freer utterance attained. A pro-

phetic character in all ages has haunted them; our dreams show like the sequel of waking knowledge. The visions of the night bear some kindred to the visions of the day. They are the maturation often of opinions not consciously carried out to statements, but whereof we already possessed the elements. Thus when awake I know the character of Rupert, but do not think what he may do. In dreams I see him engaged in certain actions which seem preposterous, — out of all fitness. He is hostile, he is cruel, he is frightful, he is a poltroon. It turns out prophecy a year later. But it was already in my mind as character, and the sibyl of dreams merely embodied it in a fact. Why then should not symptoms, auguries, forebodings, be, and, as one said, the moanings of the spirit?

We are let, by this experience, into the high region of Cause, and acquainted with the identity of very unlike-seeming effects. We learn that actions whose turpitude is very differently reputed proceed from one and the same affection. Sleep takes off the costume of circumstance, arms us with terrible freedom, so that every will rushes to a deed. A skilful man reads his dreams for his self-knowledge; yet not the details, but the quality. What part does he play in them, — a cheerful, manly part, or a poor, drivelling part? However monstrous and grotesque their apparitions, they have a substantial truth. The same remark may be extended to the omens and coincidences which may have astonished us. Of all it is true that the reason of them is always latent in the individual. Goethe said: "These whimsical pictures, inasmuch as they originate from us, may well have an analogy with our whole life and fate." The soul contains in itself the event that shall presently befall it, for the event is only the actualizing of its thoughts. It is no wonder that particular dreams and presentiments should fall out and be prophetic. The fallacy consists in selecting a few insignificant hints when all are inspired with the same sense. Every man goes through the world attended by innumerable facts, prefiguring (yes, distinctly announcing) his fate, if only eyes of sufficient heed and illumination were fastened on the sign. The sign is always there, if only the eye were also; just as under every tree in the speckled sunshine and shade no man notices that every spot of light is a perfect image of the sun, until in some hour the moon eclipses the luminary; and then first

we notice that the spots of light have become crescents, or annular, and correspond to the changed figure of the sun. Things are significant enough, Heaven knows; but the seer of the sign, — where is he? We doubt not a man's fortune may be read in the lines of his hand, by palmistry; in the lines of his face, by physiognomy; in the outlines of the skull, by craniology: the lines are all there, but the reader waits. The long waves indicate to the instructed mariner that there is no near land in the direction from which they come. Belzoni describes the three marks which led him to dig for a door to the pyramid of Ghizeh. What thousands had beheld the same spot for so many ages, and seen no three marks!

Secret analogies tie together the remotest parts of nature, as the atmosphere of a summer morning is filled with innumerable gossamer threads running in every direction, revealed by the beams of the rising sun. All life, all creation, is tell-tale and betraying. A man reveals himself in every glance and step and movement and rest.

"Head with foot hath private amity, and both with moons and tides."

Not a mathematical axiom but is a moral rule. The jest and byword to an intelligent ear extends its meaning to the soul and to all time. Indeed, all productions of man are so anthropomorphous that not possibly can he invent any fable that shall not have a deep moral, and be true in senses and to an extent never intended by the inventor. Thus all the bravest tales of Homer and the poets modern philosophers can explain with profound judgment of law and state and ethics. Lucian has an idle tale that Pancrates, journeying from Memphis to Coppus, and wanting a servant, took a door-bar and pronounced over it magical words, and it stood up and brought him water, and turned a spit, and carried bundles, doing all the work of a slave. What is this but a prophecy of the progress of art? For Pancrates write Watt or Fulton, and for "magical words" write "steam"; and do they not make an iron bar and half a dozen wheels do the work, not of one, but of a thousand skilful mechanics?

In times most credulous of these fancies the sense was always met and the superstition rebuked by the grave spirit of reason and humanity. When Hector is told that the omens are unpropitious, he replies,

"One omen is good, to die for one's country."

Euripides said, "He is not the best prophet who guesses well, and he is not the wisest man whose guess turns out well in the event, but he who, whatever the event be, takes reason and probability for his guide."

"Swans, horses, dogs, and dragons," says Plutarch, "we distinguish as sacred, and vehicles of the Divine foresight, and yet we cannot believe that men are sacred and favorites of Heaven." The poor shipmaster discovered a sound theology when in the storm at sea he made his prayer to Neptune, "O God, thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but, however, I will steer my rudder true." Let me add one more example of the same good sense, in a story, quoted out of Hecateus of Abdera.

"As I was once travelling by the Red Sea, there was one among the horsemen that attended us, named Masollam, a brave and strong man, and according to the testimony of all the Greeks and barbarians, a very skilful archer. Now, while the whole multitude was on the way, an augur called out to them to stand still, and this man inquired the reason of their halting. The augur showed him a bird and told him, 'if that bird remained where he was, it would be better for them all to remain; if he flew on, they might proceed; but if he flew back they must return.' The Jew said nothing, but bent his bow and shot the bird to the ground. This act offended the augur and some others, and they began to utter imprecations against the Jew. But he replied, 'Wherefore? Why are you so foolish as to take care of this unfortunate bird? How could this fowl give us any wise directions respecting our journey when he could not save his own life? Had he known anything of futurity, he would not have come here to be killed by the arrow of Masollam the Jew.'"

It is not the tendency of our times to ascribe importance to whimsical pictures of sleep, or to omens. But the faith in peculiar and alien power takes another form in the modern mind much more resembling the ancient doctrine of the guardian genius.

The belief that particular individuals are attended by a good fortune which makes them desirable associates in any enterprise of uncertain success exists not only among those who take part in political and military projects, but influences all joint action of commerce and affairs, and a corresponding assurance in the individuals so distinguished meets and justifies the expectation of

others by a boundless self-trust. "I have a lucky hand, sir," said Napoleon to his hesitating Chancellor: "those on whom I lay it are fit for anything." This faith is familiar in one form, — that often a certain abdication of prudence and foresight is an element of success; that children and young persons come off safe from casualties that would have proved dangerous to wiser people. We do not think the young will be forsaken, but he is fast approaching the age when the sub-miraculous external protection and leading are withdrawn, and he is committed to his own care. The young man takes a leap in the dark and alights safe. As he comes into manhood he remembers passages and persons that seem, as he looks at them now, to have been supernaturally deprived of injurious influence on him. His eyes were holden that he could not see. But he learns that such risks he may no longer run. He observes with pain, not that he incurs mishaps here and there, but that his genius, whose invisible benevolence was tower and shield to him, is no longer present and active.

In the popular belief ghosts are a selecting tribe, avoiding millions, speaking to one. In our traditions fairies, angels, and saints show the like favoritism; so do the agents and the means of magic, as sorcerers and amulets. This faith in a doting power, so easily sliding into the current belief everywhere, and in the particular of lucky days and fortunate persons as frequent in America to-day as the faith in incantations and philtres was in old Rome, or the wholesome potency of the sign of the cross in modern Rome, — this supposed power runs athwart the recognized agencies, natural and moral, which science and religion explore. Heeded though it be in many actions and partnerships, it is not the power to which we build churches, or make liturgies and prayers, or which we regard in passing laws, or found college professorships to expound.

Goethe has said in his Autobiography what is much to the purpose: —

"I believed that I discovered in nature, animate and inanimate, intelligent and brute, somewhat which manifested itself only in contradiction, and therefore could not be grasped by a conception, much less by a word. It was not godlike, since it seemed unreasonable; not human, since it had no understanding; not devilish, since it was beneficent; not angelic, since it is often a marplot. It resembled chance, since it showed no sequel. It resembled foresight, since it pointed at connec-

tion. All which limits us seemed permeable to that. It seemed to strive with the necessary elements of our constitution; it shortened time and extended space. Only in the impossible it seemed to delight, and the possible to repel with contempt. This, which seemed to insert itself between all other things, to sever them, to bind them, I named the *Demoniacal*, after the example of the ancients, and of those who had observed the like.

"Although every demoniacal property can manifest itself in the corporeal and incorporeal, yes, in beasts too, in a remarkable manner, yet it stands in strictest relations with men, and forms in the moral world, though not an antagonist, yet a transverse element, so that the former may be called the warp, the latter the woof. For the phenomena which hence originate are there countless names, since all philosophies and religions have attempted in prose or in poetry to solve this riddle, and to settle the thing once for all, as indeed they may be allowed to do.

"But this demonic element appears most terrible when it shows itself as the determining characteristic in an individual. In the course of my life I have been able to observe several such, some near, some farther off. They are not always superior persons, either in mind or in talent. They seldom recommend themselves through goodness of heart. But a monstrous force goes out from them, and they exert an incredible power over all creatures, and even over the elements; who shall say how far such an influence may extend? All united moral powers avail nothing against them. In vain do the clear-headed part of mankind discredit them as deceivers or deceived, the mass is attracted. Seldom or never do they meet their match among their contemporaries; they are not to be conquered save by the universe itself, against which they have taken up arms. Out of such experiences doubtless arose the strange monstrous proverb, 'Nobody against God but God.'" *

It would be easy in the political history of every time to furnish examples of this irregular success, men having a force which without virtue, without shining talent, yet makes them prevailing. No equal appears in the field against them. A power goes out from them which draws all men and events to favor them. The crimes they commit, the exposures which follow, and which would ruin any other man, are strangely overlooked, or do more strangely turn to their account.

I set down these things as I find them, but, however poetic these twilights of thought, I like daylight, and I find somewhat wilful,

* Goethe, "Wahrheit und Dichtung."

some play at blindman's buff, when men as wise as Goethe talk mysteriously of the demonological. The insinuation is, that the known eternal laws of morals and of matter are sometimes corrupted or evaded by this gypsy principle, which chooses favorites, and works in the dark for their behoof; as if the laws of the Father of the universe were sometimes balked and eluded by a meddlesome Aunt of the universe for her pets. You will observe that this extends the popular idea of success to the very gods; that they foster a success to you which is not a success to all; that fortunate men, fortunate youths, exist, whose good is not virtue or the public good, but a private good, robbed from the rest. It is a midsummer-madness, corrupting all who hold the tenet. The demonologic is only a fine name for egotism, an exaggeration, namely, of the individual, whom it is Nature's settled purpose to postpone. The race never dies, the individual is never spared. "There is one world common to all who are awake, but each sleeper betakes himself to one of his own." * Dreams retain the infirmities of our character. The good genius may be there or not, our evil genius is sure to stay. The Ego partial makes the dream; the Ego total the interpretation. Life is also a dream on the same terms.

The history of man is a series of conspiracies to win from Nature some advantage without paying for it. It is curious to see what grand powers we have a hint of, and are mad to grasp, yet how slow Heaven is to trust us with such edge-tools! "All that frees talent without increasing self-command is noxious." Thus the fabled ring of Gyges, making the wearer invisible, which is represented in modern fable by the telescope as used by Schlemil, is simply mischievous. A new or private language, used to serve only low or political purposes; the transfusion of the blood; the steam-battery, so fatal as to put an end to war by the threat of universal murder; the desired discovery of the guided balloon are of this kind. Tramps are troublesome enough in the city and in the highways, but tramps flying through the air and descending on the lonely traveller or the lonely farmer's house or the bank-messenger in the country can well be spared. Men are not fit to be trusted with these talismans.

Before we acquire great power we must acquire wisdom to use it well. Animal magnetism inspires the prudent and moral with a

* Heraclitus.

certain terror; so with the divination of contingent events and the alleged second-sight of the pseudo-spiritualists. There are many things of which a wise man might wish to be ignorant, and these are such. Shun them as you would the secrets of the undertaker and the butcher. The best are never demoniacal or magnetic; leave this limbo to the Prince of the power of the air. The lowest angel is better. It is the height of the animal; below the region of the divine. Power as such is not known to the angels.

Great men feel that they are so by sacrificing their selfishness and falling back on what is humane; in renouncing family, clan, country, and each exclusive and local connection, to beat with the pulse and breathe with the lungs of nations. A Highland chief, an Indian sachem, or a feudal baron may fancy that the mountains and lakes were made specially for him, Donald, or him, Tecumseh; that the one question for history is the pedigree of his house, and future ages will be busy with his renown; that he has a guardian angel; that he is not in the roll of common men, but obeys a high family destiny; when he acts, unheard-of success evinces the presence of rare agents; what is to befall him, omens and coincidences foreshow; when he dies banshees will announce his fate to kinsmen in foreign parts. What more facile than to project this exuberant selfhood into the region where individuality is forever bounded by generic and cosmical laws! The deepest flattery, and that to which we can never be insensible, is the flattery of omens. The popular religions tend to intrude the element of a limited personality into the high place which nothing but spiritual energy can fill; introducing names and persons where a will is an intrusion, — into growth, repentance, and reformation.

We may make great eyes if we like, and say of one on whom the sun shines, "What luck presides over him!" But we know that the law of the Universe is one for each and for all. There is as precise and as describable a reason for every fact occurring to him, as for any occurring to any man. Every fact in which the moral elements intermingle is not the less under the dominion of fatal law. Lord Bacon uncovers the magic when he says, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune." Thus the so-called fortunate man is one who, though not gifted to speak when the people listen, or to act with grace or with understanding to

great ends, yet is one who, in actions of a low or common pitch, relies on his instincts, and simply does not act where he should not, but waits his time, and without effort acts when the need is. If to this you add a fitness to the society around him, you have the elements of fortune; so that in a particular circle and knot of affairs he is not so much his own man as the hand of nature and time. Just as his eye and hand work exactly together,—and to hit the mark with a stone, he has only to fasten his eye firmly on the mark, and his arm will swing true,—so, the main ambition and genius being bestowed in one direction, the lesser spirits and involuntary aids within his sphere will follow. The fault of most men is that they are busybodies; do not wait the simple movements of the soul, but interfere, and thwart the instructions of their own minds.

Coincidences, dreams, animal magnetism, omens, sacred lots, have great interest for some minds. They run into this twilight and say, "There 's more than is dreamed of in your philosophy." Certainly these facts are interesting, and deserve to be considered. But they are entitled only to a share of attention, and not a large share. *Nil magnificum, nil generosum sapit.* Read a page of Cudworth or of Bacon, and we are exhilarated and armed to manly duties. Read demonology or Colquhon's Report, and we are bewildered and perhaps a little besmirched. We grope. They who prefer these twilights to daylight say they are to reveal to us a world of unknown, unsuspected truths. But suppose a diligent collection and study of these occult facts were made, they are merely physiological, semi-medical, related to the machinery of man, opening to our curiosity how we live, and no aid on the superior problems why we live, and what we do. While the *dilettanti* have been prying into the humors and muscles of the eye, simple men will have helped themselves and the world by using their eyes.

Mesmerism is high life below stairs, or Momus playing Jove in the kitchens of Olympus. 'T is a low curiosity or lust of structure, and is separated by celestial diameters from the love of spiritual truth. It is wholly a false view to couple these things in any manner with the religious nature and sentiment, and a most dangerous superstition to raise them to the lofty place of motives and sanctions. This is to prefer haloes and rainbows to the sun

and moon. Demonology is the shadow of theology; the whole world is an omen and a sign. Why look so wistfully in a corner? Man is the image of God. These adepts have mistaken flatulency for inspiration. Were this drivel which they report as the voice of spirits really such, we must find out a more decisive suicide. I say to the table-rappers: —

> "I well believe
> Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
> And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate."

They are ignorant of all that is healthy and useful to know, and by law of kind, — dunces seeking dunces in the dark of what they call the spiritual world, — preferring snores and gastric noises to the voice of any muse. I think the rappings a new test, like blue litmus or other chemical absorbent, to try catechisms with. It detects organic scepticism in the very heads of the Church.

'T is a lawless world. We have left the geometry, the compensation, and the conscience of the daily world, and come into the realm or chaos of chance, and pretty or ugly confusion; no guilt and no virtue, but a droll bedlam, where everybody believes only after his humor, and the actors and spectators have no conscience or reflection, no police, no foot-rule, no sanity, — nothing but whim and whim creative.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ART. III. — CHRISTIAN POLICY IN TURKEY.

THE attitude of Turkey in the presence of Europe has been so completely changed by the diplomatic events of the past three months, and the Eastern question is passing through phases so little anticipated by those Powers most deeply interested in its solution, that any effort at this stage to unravel its mysteries, or to analyze the causes which have contributed to create them, may seem somewhat premature; while, if the future has in store for us as many surprises as the past, we may certainly be excused for not attempting to predict them. And yet, when a year ago it became evident that the Eastern problem was once more about to engage the attention of the Christian Powers, it would have

been reasonable to assume that, inasmuch as the political conditions of Europe had undergone great changes since 1856, when it was fondly hoped that the question had been set at rest forever, an entirely different set of combinations was inevitable, involving political considerations altogether novel. At the close of the Crimean War, France divided with England the prestige in the East, which was the consequence of the defeat of Russia. Austria was the leading power of Central Europe, and claimed a control over the German element, while it successfully resisted the Panslavonic policy of Russia. Italy was not then in existence as a European power; Prussia had not then discovered its Bismarck; Turkey, heretofore known as "the sick man," was supposed to have had new life infused into his veins, and Russia to be depleted by the long struggle to which she had been exposed. When after an interval of twenty years Europe found itself brought once more face to face with the Eastern question, not only had these conditions been fundamentally changed by the events which had transpired during the interval, but the question was presented in a new form. It did not arise out of an obscure dispute in Syria, which was eagerly seized upon by the French and Russian Emperors to advance their own special political ends, but it forced itself upon reluctant Europe as the result of the declaration of war by a vassal State against the sovereign Power, and, though a purely internal question, was attended by incidents which appealed so strongly to the sympathies of the Powers which were committed by the treaty of 1856, in certain eventualities, to internal interference in the affairs of Turkey, as to render it impossible for them to remain unmoved spectators. Excepting Russia, however, no European government had any interest in disturbing the settlement which had been arrived at in 1856, while the changes which had taken place in the general balance of power upon the continent rendered it extremely difficult to foresee the immediate effect of this new complication.

The consequence was, that a very strong tendency was manifested on the part of all to concur in any scheme which should offer any hope of a peaceful solution of the difficulty, consistently with a fair prospect of redressing the evils in the internal administration of Turkey which the Christian Powers considered themselves under obligations to remedy. The three countries whose political interests

were more directly involved were Russia, Austria, and England. Hence it was assumed that any policy advocated by any one of those Powers in the interest of the Christian population of Turkey would not conflict with what was supposed to be the national interest of the Power proposing it. When the British government refused to concur in the Berlin memorandum its refusal was at once attributed to hostility and distrust, instead of to the defects inherent in the scheme which it contained. For the same reason it was assumed that Russia, equally well assured that any attempt to carry out its provisions must result in the failure she desired, had agreed to it. There can be no doubt that at this time nothing was more foreign to the designs of Russia than a war in the East. She saw, in the rejection by the British government of the Berlin memorandum, in the presence of the fleet in Besika Bay, in the financial operations of England in Egypt, and in the creation of an imperial title for the Queen in India, unmistakable signs of what is genrally known as a " vigorous foreign policy " on the part of the present administration, and she earnestly desired to avert a crisis which might involve her in war with England, and to continue rather to pursue that system of disintegration by means of protectorate privileges, which is the safer and more economical mode employed by Christian nations for acquiring the territories of people professing other religions. It has been by the successful prosecution of this policy that she has been enabled during the present century so widely to extend her frontiers. Had the British government been able to maintain the position which it had determined to adopt, of a rigid adherence to the treaty of 1856, and of resistance to any attempt on the part of Russia to destroy the independence of Turkey by the imposition of guaranties or undue interference in her internal affairs, it is evident that, as a friend and ally of the Sultan, and responsible before Europe for the due performance on her part of the pledges of the reformed administration which were stipulated for in that treaty, England was in the most favorable position for insisting, in return for her good offices in protecting the Porte from the aggressive designs of Russia, that the grievances of the Christian population should be redressed in a manner satisfactory to the Christian Powers. Subsequent events have clearly proved that had the British government been allowed to pursue this policy untrammelled by popular

demonstrations, and the pressure of a public opinion governed by passion instead of reason, the Christians in Turkey would have been spared the horrors of the war which now threatens them with ruin and their country with desolation, and a decided amelioration in their condition would have been assured to them. The effect of all considerations of policy having been swept away before a wave of sentiment has been, as might have been expected, to produce all the contingencies least desired. By a singular fatality it has happened that on both occasions, when that party which claims an exclusive devotion to peace and to the interests of humanity have put themselves prominently forward in Eastern complications, they have precipitated war and been the indirect means of producing an infinite amount of human misery. It is now well known that had not the Emperor Nicholas been encouraged by the peace utterances in England of those who condemned the Crimean War, he would never have so far committed himself to hostilities with Turkey as to make retreat impossible; and now, in spite of this warning, the same note is sounded in England with the same results in Russia, and the consequence is, the declaration on the part of the Czar of a war-policy so defiant, and of warlike demonstrations so compromising, that there seems no escape from the dilemma in which he is placed of invading the Ottoman dominions, or of incurring a loss of personal dignity and national prestige more humiliating than a military disaster.

The curious effect of this spasmodic outburst of popular philanthropy in England has thus been to force every government concerned into a false and unexpected position. The government of England was compelled to abandon the policy which would have secured a peaceful solution of the question for the policy of the masses, which was based upon the fundamental fallacy that if Turkey was threatened with isolation by all Europe she would yield. As no responsibility attaches to popular conferences or public meetings, no provision was made for the opposite contingency, and the government was driven into negotiations which, it was plain to every one conversant with the Turkish character, must end in failure, without having had an opportunity of concerting with the European powers beforehand what policy should be pursued in the event of any such failure. Hence the unexpected resistance of Turkey produced that chaotic condition of affairs which has placed Chris-

tendom in the undignified position it now occupies. In consequence of this sudden reversal of British policy, the singular spectacle was presented to Europe of a special envoy repairing to Constantinople to carry out instructions diametrically opposed to the utterances of the head of the government. And Lord Beaconsfield's distinct announcement that it was the intention of the government to maintain the treaty of 1856 was followed shortly after by Lord Salisbury's ordering the British fleet to leave Besika Bay, because the Sultan would not consent to see that treaty practically violated. A change of front in an opposite sense was in the same manner forced still more suddenly on the Czar. That potentate had declared publicly, that if "Turkey did not concede to Europe the guaranties she had a right to demand he would act independently"; but it is evident from what transpired that almost immediately afterwards he sent instructions to General Ignatieff to concede those guaranties. The Russian and English Ambassadors thus had their "parts" reversed, and the amazed Ottoman found his English friend as bitterly enforcing the obnoxious demands of Russia, as his Muscovite enemy was gracefully waiving them, while Germany and Austria, finding England unexpectedly ranged with Russia, covertly assumed an attitude at the conference by no means in sympathy with those two Powers. It now became apparent that the Porte was not likely to yield, and that if it did not, British philanthropists had dragged both the Russian government and their own into a trap which might involve the former in disaster, and could certainly reflect no credit on the latter, while the cause of the Christian was by no means satisfactorily advanced; and, more galling than all, that the conference itself which was based on this policy of humanity, would result in a diplomatic triumph for the ferocious and sanguinary Turk. Such, in fact, has proved the case. Thus it often happens that it is not always those whose motives are the purest who are gifted with the largest amount of common-sense or are most successful in their undertakings in this world.

An episode so extraordinary and unprecedented in the history of diplomacy as that which resulted from the popular movement in England could not but have its effect upon the other governments of Europe. Austria, which was most deeply interested, became for a time simply paralyzed. As it was impossible for

her leading statesmen to know what resolutions were likely to be carried tumultuously at the next public meeting which might be called in England for the purpose of directing its foreign policy, they maintained a discreet silence; but that they anticipated and probably to some extent intentionally contributed to the fiasco at Constantinople may be gathered from the tone of the diplomacy of Vienna since that event, and from its veiled attitude of hostility to Russia. In Berlin Prince Bismarck made it clear to those who could read between the lines of his speech, that he would abstain from interference in the Eastern question so long as the powers chiefly interested continued to bungle it, but that he intended to settle it after his own fashion when their mistakes afforded him the necessary opportunity. In the mean time he would refrain from informing the world what the policy of Germany might be, — a sentiment which the country has fully indorsed.*

France and Italy, while they were as much confounded as other European nations by the novel turn thus given to affairs, had no choice left them but to follow suit and wait the turn of events; and the result of the conference and the somewhat undignified position in which all those who have taken part in it have been placed, will not encourage them to rely in delicate diplomatic questions upon the popular programme as the one most likely to insure the desired result. The lesson, however, is too valuable a

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* We find the liberal members of the Reichstag contrasting as follows the British and the German methods of diplomacy: —

"A neighboring country" (England), says Herr Lasker, "has been arrested in the pursuit of its policy by powerful popular agitations, and, as we now see, not to its advantage. It is not from want of interest there that we refrain from public discussions of public affairs, but because we are aware that civilization will have to make one stride more ere the people will be able, except in perfectly clear cases, to interfere with the conduct of public affairs; we will spare the country exciting debates which cannot better the situation at all, because we feel, I repeat, firm confidence in the policy of the Chancellor."

"Gentlemen," said another orator on the same occasion, also a liberal, "we feel no craving for such people's meetings as the English have assembled. If you, gentlemen, feel such a craving, then you should not tell us to summon such meetings, but have the goodness to hold them yourselves. We even promise to make our appearance there and listen to you. What have the English gained by these meetings? They have made the course of English policy to a certain degree unstable and exercised an influence which can certainly not be called a useful one. I warn you most decidedly against this example. Let us conduct German politics in the German way."

one to pass over without inquiring how it came to pass that the effort made by England to force the will of Christendom upon Turkey was doomed from the first to failure.

Those organs of public opinion in England, and the speakers who led the agitation against the original policy of the government, as a rule showed very little knowledge of the local conditions. This was not to be wondered at, as a very short time elapsed between the Bulgarian atrocities which evoked the movement, and the policy which its leaders were prepared to lay down; but it is not every Christian who knows how to deal with a Mahometan, even after he has seen and known him, and as the great majority of those who attended the public meetings had never either done one or the other, their views of how most successfully to act upon him were necessarily somewhat vague. The treatment of this question, however, involved not merely an intimate acquaintance with Moslem modes of thought generally, but a political knowledge of Turkey as a government, and finally — what is still more rare — a familiarity with the administrative difficulties with which it has to contend in Europe.

It is scarcely possible for the ordinary Christian to realize the contempt which a Mahometan feels for him from a moral point of view. In the same manner the Mahometan cannot comprehend that sublime assumption of superiority which the Christian feels for those who are backward in the arts of commerce or mechanical appliances. To the Mahometan, civilization means religious fanaticism, — to the Christian, it means material progress, not unmixed with religious scepticism.

The Mahometan sees that in the degree in which the Christian prospers in the things of this world, does he seem to lose his faith in the things which pertain to the next. In other words, Christians who have grown rich would rarely, in the opinion of a Turk, be ready to sacrifice all on a religious ground. On the other hand, the Christian who is prosperous, and has much to lose by war, does not realize that the Turk, not having the faculty of amassing wealth, has seldom much to lose, and even if he had, is still too much of a religious fanatic to cling to it at the expense of his religion. Hence Christian nations, just in the degree in which they are rich and prosperous, shrink from war, while Moslem communities are not similarly affected. At the same time the latter occasionally over-

estimate the inordinate selfishness (as they consider it) of Christians. For instance, in the late conference, they could scarcely believe that Great Britain could so far forget her national interests as to plunge into a policy disastrous to them, upon purely sentimental grounds. Thus the agitation in England, though it failed diplomatically, may have had the effect of showing Mahometans that there was a large mass of Christians in England who were either lacking in political intelligence or could be moved by other sentiments than those of pure self-interest. The desire expressed by one leading British statesman to see Russia in Constantinople in order to have a better government established there, and of another prominent speaker who hoped that "India might perish rather than England should strike a blow in a cause which was not just," must have seemed to the Turk such an outburst of fanaticism as his whole soul could respond to, or, considering the impression he may have formed of British government in India, on information obtained from Moslem sources, it might have seemed to him hypocrisy. It is the difficulty of reconciling the professions of Christian nations with their practice, which inspires him with such a boundless confidence in what he feels to be his own moral superiority. If his religion tells him to slay, he slays remorselessly, and he maintains that he does so with no more barbarity and far more consistency than the Christians did who were commanded by General Kauffman to exterminate Tartar hordes in Central Asia, or by the Russian General Suwaroff, who within the memory of man put 38,860 men, women, and children to death at the siege of Ismail. In the eyes of the Mahometan these butcheries were quite inexcusable, because they were not done on any religious principle, whereas he feels he is as much justified in slaughtering by Divine command in Bulgaria as was the Joshua of old in Canaan, whose acts of a similar nature both Christians and Mahometans consider sacred.

Thus it has come about that the Christian and the Turk have a very confused notion in regard to the moral standard by which they are respectively governed. The religious motives, for instance, alleged by Europe as a justification of its interference in the Mahometan system of government, inspires the latter with the most profound contempt, because he believes them to be simply a disguise under which the great Powers can more conveniently carry out their political designs, and behind which they can veil their mutual jealousies.

The spectacle of a Protestant and Catholic nation in 1854 eagerly rushing to battle to protect Mahometans against the onslaught of another Christian Power, and of one of those same nations in 1876 carried away by a burst of Christian sentiment so vehement that they outdo their old enemy in their anti-Mahometan zeal, produces a profound scepticism in the Turkish mind as to the real motive which is animating its policy. When, in addition to this, Russia is found constituting herself the champion of the Slavonic race, and at the same time crushing the Slavs of Poland more cruelly than the Turk has crushed the Slavs of Bulgaria;* when Jews are constrained to flee to the Mahometan provinces of Turkey as an asylum from the persecutions to which they are subjected by the Christian governments of Roumania and Servia, and the remonstrances of the Turkish government that the latter state should grant to Catholic Christians and Jews the same civil rights that members of the Greek Church enjoy, prove unavailing; when the Montenegrins, who are Christians, habitually cut off the lips and noses of the Turkish soldiers whom they capture in warfare; when there is abundant evidence that the insurrectionary propaganda, which is unceasingly active in Turkey, is mainly kept alive by the money and efforts of Pan-Slavonic Christians who sometimes in the disguise of Turks plunder and pillage their co-religionists, thus achieving the twofold object of enriching themselves and stimulating the hatred of the Christian against the Mussulman;† when hordes of Russian volunteers in the uniform of the regular army pour into Turkish territory to swell the ranks of a rebel force, in open violation of international law as laid down by the Christian Powers at Geneva, without remonstrance on the part of those Powers; when petitions pour in on the Sultan from the Mahometan populations of Russia, applying for protection against the persecution of the Czar,‡ — when, in a word, the Turk's experience of Christian nations is that they are utterly unprincipled in the political combinations which they make against Turkey for their

* Polish refugees in Turkey are constantly assuring the Turks that this is the fact, and it is to some extent warranted by my own observation in Poland during the insurrection of 1863, and by the details given in an able pamphlet by Mr. Alfred Austin, entitled "Russia before Europe."

† A disguised band of this description was captured on one occasion on the Servian frontier while I was at Belgrade.

‡ See "Times," of January 26, 1877.

own interested ends, that they are in some instances as barbarous in warfare, in others as intolerant in religion,* and in others as corrupt and oppressive in their internal administration as they accuse him of being, he arrives at a curious, but not altogether surprising conclusion. Strange as it may seem to us, many Mussulmans, especially among the religious classes at Constantinople, are firmly convinced that the Christian Powers are not religious Powers at all in the sense in which the Ottoman Power is religious, while their idea of individual Christians is that their only God is Mammon, — a notion principally derived from the extreme facility with which Christians in Turkey manage to transfer Mahometan money into Christian pockets. Hence these fanatics have created for themselves the singular illusion, that the consistency and piety of the Turkish government is a standing reproach to the Christian Powers, and that their real reason for wishing to expel the Mahometans from Europe is not because the latter refuse to imitate the virtues of Christian nations, but because they altogether re-

* The Russian St. Petersburg "Gazette," in an article on the Russian Church, observes that the number of dissenters in Russia has very much increased of late, especially among the masses of the population, and that even in the higher classes of society the mystical doctrines of fashionable preachers and the manifestations of "Spiritualists" have undermined the influence of the orthodox clergy. This is certainly not due to any excessive tolerance by the government of sectarianism, for "the state could not do more to support orthodoxy than it does, unless it adopted a system of intolerance like that practised in the Middle Ages." The writer next enumerates the laws which are now in force for the protection of the state Church in Russia. "If a member of the orthodox Church changes his religion, both he and the person who instigated him to do so are punished. When the adopted religion is a non-Christian one, the instigator is punished with hard labor; when it is the Roman Catholic or a Protestant faith, he is banished; and when it is that of a Russian sect, he is 'interned.' As for the person who leaves the orthodox Church, he is in every case placed at the disposal of the ecclesiastical authorities for suitable correction, and his property is sequestrated. Members of the orthodox Church are forbidden to marry non-Christians, and the children of mixed marriages (except only in the Baltic provinces) are bound, under severe penalties, to be brought up in the orthodox religion. The right of propagating religious doctrines is possessed exclusively by the state Church; the members of other religions are not even allowed to convert pagans to Christianity. The establishment of new religious communities, too, is strictly forbidden. And yet, though the state thus protects the orthodox Church, the latter is daily losing ground in the Empire. It is not the fault of the state that, notwithstanding such severe protective laws, the Tchouvashes, Tcheremisses, and other alien races are being converted in masses to Mahometanism; that whole villages which were regarded as orthodox are now found to be Mahometan; that the Mahometan propaganda is rapidly spreading northward, while the orthodox propaganda finds but few supporters."

pudiate their vices. And they therefore feel doubly indignant with Christians for using their religion as a bond of union to justify an interference in the affairs of a Mahometan country which they never presume to exercise amongst themselves. In other words, if the Sultan were a Christian instead of a Mahometan, they believe that the Christian Powers would have no excuse for combining to impose their own administrative schemes upon him, no matter what the nature of his government might be.

I do not for a moment mean to offer any opinion as to whether the Turk is in any degree justified by the facts in entertaining these opinions either of Christian governments or of Christian individuals. That he does entertain them, no one who knows him can doubt, and one great source of the strength and self-confidence which he has manifested in the present struggle has arisen from the conviction which he possesses, that a religious government must always triumph over those which, in his opinion, practically have no religion. Had the leaders of the popular policy in England realized this fact, they would not have harped with such pertinacity upon the theme that if Europe were united the Turk would give way demoralized before it. The stupendous blunder into which they fell is a curious illustration of the incompetence of the masses in a Christian country to comprehend to what an extent a strong religious belief may govern the policy of a whole nation, even in the presence of great risks and sacrifices.

The next idea which these gentlemen failed to grasp was that even supposing that in the opinion of the Porte the example of the Christian nations in matters of administration was such as to warrant them in proposing a scheme of reform, any such scheme in order to be acceptable must be applicable to the whole Empire, and not merely to a part. Indeed, the first utterances of leading men in England were not calculated to induce the Sultan to listen favorably to schemes of any kind, such, for instance, as the proposal of Mr. Gladstone that he should be turned out of Europe "bag and baggage." Only about one quarter of the Mahometans in Europe are pure Osmanlis, the remaining three fourths are Europeans by descent, whether Slavs, Bulgars, or Albanians.* The

* Some authorities give the Turkish population at 1,300,000, but this includes those of mixed blood. The pure Osmanlis do not probably much exceed more than half that number.

expulsion of the Turk from Europe means, therefore, the transferring of the Mahometan population — which is indigenous to the soil, and compose, in fact the aristocratic and proprietary element in the country — to a government which, if it is to be Christian, must be taken from the rural classes. It is, to say the least, a singular way of recommending the Christian religion to the Sultan, to announce to him that it justifies the Powers professing it to engage in a bloody war for the purpose of forcibly expelling him and his whole race from a country they have occupied for five hundred years, because they do not approve of his system of government. This doctrine would hardly suit the citizens of the United States, who have not "camped" in the lands of the Indian nearly so long as the Turk has in the lands of the Slav.

Apart, however, from the moral aspect of the question, which is one which people can generally only see through their own spectacles, the idea that the expulsion of the Turk from Europe would facilitate the solution of the problem of good government in Turkey, is another of those fallacies upon which the Eastern policy of the British public is based. For the question would then arise, Who is to govern the two millions and a half of European Mahometans, composing the dominant class, who are left? I have been the guest in their own konaks of some of these Mahometan Beys in Bosnia, and I feel convinced that they would resist to the last any attempt to turn their serfs into their masters. Though of the same race, and speaking the same language, often in fact not knowing a word of Turkish, they are fanatic in their faith, warlike in their habits, and possess all the prestige which must always attach to the hereditary lords of the soil; and one great difficulty which the government at Constantinople finds in attempting to inaugurate reforms in these provinces is, that this Slav aristocracy resent any attempt on the part of the Turks to interfere in their relations with the peasantry, which are no doubt arbitrary and oppressive. The insurrection of the Slav Christians is quite as much directed against their Slav masters as against the Turkish government, quite as much agrarian as religious. If we can imagine Ireland coterminous with a vast and powerful Celtic empire bitterly hostile to England, constantly carrying on an active Pan-Celtic and Catholic propaganda among the Catholic peasantry, and finally combining with all other Catholic countries to insist that

England should permit a foreign military occupation in Ireland to guarantee Home rule and other reforms, the exact nature of which were specified, and further threatening that in case of such reforms not being satisfactorily forced upon a bigoted Orange aristocracy, England might find herself at war with Catholic Europe, we may form some idea of the alternative now being presented to the Porte, and of the reason of the Porte's resolute resistance. No Englishman would for a moment admit that any foreign Power, however well informed, could possibly propose measures of reform for Ireland, which would satisfactorily solve the problems that exist there now, and which are simple compared with those with which Turkey has to deal, much less would he consent to such measures being decided upon at a preliminary conference in London, from which British representatives were excluded. That the proposals made at the Conference were most superficially considered, may be gathered from the readiness with which they were abandoned, dwindling down in a week from military occupation, total disarmament, and numerous other elaborate contrivances in the shape of guaranties, to an International commission and the sanction of the appointment of governors for five years. Apart, however, from their inherent impracticability, even locally considered, they possessed the fatal defect of not being applicable to the whole Empire. In the eyes of the Greeks it was flagrant injustice towards them, on the part of their European co-religionists, to leave them "out in the cold," and hence the representatives of all the Christians who were not Slavs cordially supported the Grand Council in Constantinople in refusing to concede to the demands of the Conference. As the antipathy of the Greek for the Slav is far stronger than it is for the Osmanli, and as the Hellenic Patriarch of the Greek Church hates the Slav Exarch of the same Church far more than he does the Sheik ul Islam, the notion that this detested branch of his Church should be under the special favor and patronage of Europe filled him with holy rage, a sentiment which was not unnaturally shared in by his spiritual brother the patriarch of the Armenian Church,* and by the chief Rabbi

* "The Christians," says the "Times" correspondent, writing from Constantinople during the Conference, "urged by their priests, seem to forget all their ill-will to their Mahometan oppressors in their still more intense hatred of their Christian fellow-sufferers."

of the Jews. Had the Porte accepted the proposals of the Powers, they might, had they been so minded, have proved their worthlessness, and obtained a bloody and fearful revenge, by simply letting the Greek populations of Epirus, Macedonia, Thrace, and Thessaly loose upon the already exhausted Slavs of the Northern provinces, while the Roman Catholic tribes of Albania, being of a different religion, might have joined impartially whichever side they thought best in their own interest.

Any scheme, then, of a reformed administration for Turkey to be effectual must be universal, in Europe at all events, but an effectual scheme means one of which the entire responsibility must rest upon those charged with its execution. In other words, it means depriving the Turkish government of all real authority, while leaving it the shadow, and placing the actual government of the whole country in the hands of a European commission. It was quite evident that this was the logical result of the proposals of the Powers, and that to yield at all would be to let in the thin end of the wedge by means of which the entire Turkish Empire was to be split to pieces. Fortunately for the Powers, the Porte refused to yield, and those of them who have a better idea now of the complications of the administrative problem in Turkey than they had a year ago, have an opportunity, if they are wise enough to avail themselves of it, of retiring from the arena of Oriental politics until they see their chance of interfering, not in favor of any particular Christian, which only places them in a false position, but openly and straightforwardly and without any hollow religious profession in their own special interests. This is the simple policy which Prince Bismarck has given us from the first to understand that he intends to pursue.

Meantime, out of deference to the prejudices with which he has had to contend, the Turkish Prime Minister has introduced a constitution which, if it fails as an administrative measure, has evidently been a political shot well aimed into the Russian camp. It is, in fact, a challenge to the Russian government to venture itself upon a reform half as liberal. What better answer can Turkey make to Russia as a guaranty of good faith in the direction of liberal government, than to promulgate a constitution which the Czar would not dare to introduce into Russia? This enables Turkey to say that if Russia now goes to war it will be to

check the spread of liberal institutions. "It is very plain," says the *Vakyat*, or "News" of Constantinople, "that to prevent the rise of a constitutional state on the Russian borders, Russian diplomacy will not allow us to carry out our designs." This is turning the tables with a vengeance, but I do not think Russian diplomacy will be required to make the new Turkish Constitution practically a failure. If the solution of the problem is not to be found in the interference of foreign Powers, it is quite as little likely to be found in an adaptation of the most advanced institutions of people educated to work them to the ignorant and heterogeneous population of Turkey.

One of the favorite theories of the Christian public is that the evils which they seek to remedy in Turkey arise entirely from the corruption and tyranny of the Turkish administration, and if this could be reformed they assume that a system might be introduced which would be easy of application. Hence, whenever an opportunity occurs, Europe kindly furnishes a system, such, for instance, as the Hatti Houmayoum, which was the result of the Crimean War, and which to those acquainted with the country was a manifestly impracticable measure of reform, no matter how perfect the officials who were charged to put it into operation might have been; the plan proposed in the Andrassy note the other day was even more futile, and why the British government did not refuse to assent to it, on the same ground that it refused to assent to the Berlin memorandum, it is difficult to conceive. At the same time no one can deny, who has lived in Turkey, that the system of government is more inefficient and backward than any which exists in Europe, and that, excepting possibly in Russia, there is no country where the petty officials are more oppressive and corrupt. The question is whether, given the existing conditions, the most enlightened government and the purest bureaucracy could deal with them. First, it should be remembered that any scheme which does not embrace the Asiatic as well as the European dominions of the Sultân, would give rise to jealousies and complications which would in the end lead to new troubles; but as Europe has thought fit to patronize exclusively the Christians in Europe, I will confine myself to the difficulties attending reform in European Turkey. We find here the following races and religions: (1) the

Slavs, who are in religion Greek, Catholic, and Mahometan; (2) the Hellenes, who are Greek with a few Catholics; (3) the Latin tribes in Albania who are Catholic, together with Albanians of the same region who are Greek, Mahometan, and Catholic; (4) the Bulgars, who are Greek, Catholic, and Mahometan; (5) the Armenians, who are Gregorians and Catholics, the latter subdivided into Hassounites and Anti-Hassounites; (6) the Koutzo Wallacks, who are of Gypsy Wallachian origin, and are of the Greek Church; (7) the Osmanlis, who are Mahometans; (8) the Jews; (9) the Tartars, exiles from the Crimea, Mahometans; (10) the Circassians, exiles from Circassia, Mahometans; and (11) ordinary Gypsies.

These eleven races hate each other on religious grounds in the following directions. The Catholic and Greek Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovine are in hot and constant antagonism; the Mahometan Slav of the same provinces dislikes and despises both. The same kind of antagonism exists in Bulgaria, but the most inveterate hatred is that which is felt by the Hellene for the Slav, and *vice versa*. This is political as well as religious, and arises from the latent feeling that, should the Christian ever get the upper hand in Turkey in Europe, the real struggle for supremacy will be between these two races. The Hellenes entertain an antipathy for Catholics and Mahometans wherever they are found, second only to their hatred of the Slav. Wherever the Catholics are numerous enough, they indulge chiefly in persecution of the Greeks and Gregorian Armenians, naturally, also, abhorring the Mahometan. An intense feeling of bitterness exists between the Gregorian Armenians, who own allegiance to the Patriarch at Etzmiazin, and the Catholic Armenians; also between the Hassounites and Anti-Hassounites. Christians of all these denominations oppress the Jews whenever they get a chance, and are cordially detested by the latter in return. The Gypsies wander about with their hands, in their small way, against every man. The Circassians are by no means quiet neighbors; and the Mahometans, with tolerable impartiality, oppress everybody.

In Constantinople itself, there are seven ecclesiastical chiefs of rival religious sects, exercising special jurisdiction over their co-religionists in questions of civil and religious rights, many of them enjoying the protection of the representatives of Christian

Powers, who are used for political purposes, and who are able to put pressure on the Central Government in their conflicting interests.

There are altogether nineteen European consular jurisdictions in Turkey, each consul exercising political and civil functions quite unknown in other European countries. They are all representatives of Christian Powers, and sympathize with and protect their co-religionists indirectly, in accordance with the political views of their respective countries. Thus France and Austria, when Austria was anti-Russian, protected the Catholic against the Greek; before the war Austria has had political reasons, which have since ceased to exist, for a *rapprochement* toward Russia, and protected the Slav in concert with Russia. An act of this kind was the prime cause of the last outbreak in Herzegovine, in the autumn of 1874, which has given rise to the Eastern question in its present shape. Hence every town in Turkey in which there is a group of foreign consuls is a hotbed of intrigue, and frequently the influence wielded by these gentlemen exceeds that of the Turkish official. I was very much struck with this some years ago at Scutari in Albania, when I paid a visit to the late Bibdodo Pasha, chief of the Miridits, a Latin Catholic tribe, and found French influence paramount. Turkey is thus in fact the touchstone of Europe. Whenever there is a change in the relations of any two European Powers, Turkey instantly vibrates to it. When any two powers are opposed to each other in politics it is their battle-ground, and they foment religious animosities with the view of obtaining diplomatic triumphs; when they are reconciled, it is always to defeat some new combination on the part of the other Christian Powers. These are practically divided into two camps, one presided over by England, the other by Russia. The effort of the Russian camp has been to induce the representatives of other Powers to aid her in rendering all government in Turkey impossible, which, as I have shown, considering the materials there are to work upon, is an easy task. The effort of England has always hitherto been to support the Turkish official in his endeavor to overcome the difficulties thrown in his way by the representatives of the Powers bent on impeding the machinery of the government, and destroying the prestige of the central authority. So long as the efforts of Russia are persistently directed to this one object, so long as a political and religious prop-

aganda subsidized from without, is maintained for the express purpose of encouraging Christian insurrections, and so long as other Powers, to serve political ends, actively support or passively countenance, on the part of Turkey's greatest enemy, machinations aimed at the disintegration of the Empire, any scheme of reform will prove inoperative.

A good illustration of this is furnished by a report recently published by Monsieur Aksakoff, in which he gives an account of the work now being carried on by some of these Slavonic Committees, prefacing his remarks by saying that the time has not yet come "for Russia [i. e. the people of Russia] to resign into the hands of the state this great and important work." "The society," he remarks, "or rather the people, carry on a war in the persons of her sons (I say sons, not hirelings) at their own expense, in a country which, though bound to ours by strong ties of relationship, is not known to the masses, and has been, up till now, rarely spoken of, and without any consideration of selfishly material or practical purposes, but on a question of principle or sentiment"; and he goes on to say: "For the Russian there is no enemy more popular than the Turk; . . . . the Russian people will not abandon the work which it has begun, of that we may be sure." This latter assertion is just what renders all attempts at reform in Turkey so hopeless. If the Turk is always to be hated as their most "popular enemy" by those wishing to see him govern better, it is evident that his most honest efforts must be rendered futile. Surely, the more benighted the Turk is in his administrative ideas the more he requires the assistance of enlightened nations. But instead of this he has been subjected to a pressure, on the part of Europe, since the Crimean War, by no means calculated to increase his love for the Christian. In 1858 the Danubian Principalities were practically detached from the Empire, and placed under the collective guaranty of European powers. In 1860 the Sultan was forced by Europe to permit the occupation of Syria by a French army. In 1862 he was compelled to hand over the fortress of Belgrade to the Servians. In 1866 special privileges were extorted from him for the Cretans. In 1870 the Khedive of Egypt was supported in his pretensions against the Sovereign Power. All these concessions were the consequence, in the first instance, of intrigues on the part of Christian Powers, which produced either insurrections or compli-

cations resulting in a diminution of the territory or authority of the Sultan, and are so many acts of the programme which has for its object the ultimate dissolution of his Empire. No government can successfully inaugurate reforms, especially amongst an ignorant and heterogeneous population divided internally, unless it is a strong government, and no government can be a strong government while it is actively undergoing a process of decomposition forced upon it from without. If therefore the problem of good government in Turkey seems insoluble, it is not because the officials are corrupt, — their reform would not be hopeless, — not because the elements of which the population is composed are too conflicting ever to be harmonized, though the task might well seem desperate, — but because it is impossible ever to reform those officials or to harmonize those elements in the presence of the tremendous influences of race and religion which certain Christian Powers can bring to bear to thwart all reform and destroy all harmony.

Had Russia been sincere in her desire to ameliorate the condition of the Christian Slavs in Turkey, there were several occasions, even within the last six months, where her influence might have been exercised in such a manner as to stop the effusion of blood, and avert the crisis which now threatens to overwhelm them with disaster. When all Europe agreed to the Andrassy note, and the Porte accepted the provisions which it contained, guaranteeing reform, the insurgents in Bosnia and Herzegovine were encouraged by Russia to continue the struggle, though there can be little doubt that they would now thankfully accept the conditions which were then proposed the rejection of which at the time was due to Muscovite instigation. Again, in September last, England, in response to an appeal from Prince Milan, procured a suspension of hostilities for ten days, and Lord Derby proposed to open negotiations with the Porte on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum* for Servia and Montenegro, and administrative autonomy for Bosnia and Herzegovine. Turkey, under the strong pressure of England and to her own great military detriment, agreed to a further extension of hostilities; but all the while Russian volunteers were pouring into Servia, and Russian influence was counteracting all pacific counsels, until finally Prince Milan, much to the displeasure of the British government, rejected the proposal, on the

plea that his interests would suffer from any arrangement which was not preceded by a regular armistice, and recommenced the war. How thankful would he be to accept these conditions now! When only a month later Turkey proposed a six months' armistice, to which England, France, Austria, and Italy agreed, Prince Gortschakoff telegraphed from Livadia, that Russia could not ask Servia to accept so long an armistice, because the Principality could not keep its army on a war-footing for such a length of time without putting too severe a strain upon its resources. Thus the war was continued till the Servian army was destroyed, and the consequences were far more disastrous to Servia than any which could have resulted from the armistice proposed by Turkey. At last this unhappy Principality is waking up to the painful consciousness that the influence of that Power which professed the warmest sympathy for her has been most fatal to her real interests.

The "Times" correspondent at Belgrade, who cannot be accused of Turkish sympathies, bears the following testimony to this fact:* "The Servian peasant has conceived a worse hatred against the Russian brother than he had against the Moslem oppressor, of whom he knew but very little. This feeling of dislike has extended backward and upward, until it has reached the highest circles of Servian citizens; and if a vote were taken to-day for Russian or Turkish domination, the latter would have an immense majority." Before many months are over there will not be a Christian peasant in all Turkey who will not share in the hatred which Servia now feels for Russia, and he will extend it to all his co-religionists in Europe, to whose Christian and most injudicious intervention in his behalf all the woes and miseries in store for him are mainly due.

Unfortunately the Christian races in Turkey are not alone in having been the dupes of Russia; the Christian Powers of Europe have been no less deceived by the religious pretexts which have been put forward by that Power to justify her insidious policy of aggression upon the Ottoman Empire. It cannot be too earnestly pressed upon those powers who are sincere in their desire of ameliorating the condition of its European provinces, that this can only be achieved by the entire abandonment of that policy which has fos-

* See "Times," January 19, 1877.

tered the animosities of race and religion, for one in which all such invidious distinctions should be ignored, and which should be universally applicable to all races, all religions, and all provinces. Such a policy should have for its object, first, the establishment of a sound and general system of national education; second, it should provide for the introduction into the army of the non-Mussulman population; third, it should initiate a radical reform in the judiciary; fourth, it should seek to improve the financial administration of the Empire; and, fifth, it should aim at developing its commercial and agricultural resources by means of public works and improved means of communication. Turkey has often applied for instructors in these various departments, but unfortunately, with a few honorable exceptions, the agents who have been sent by various Powers have either proved grossly incompetent, or, if they possessed ability, have been used by the representatives of those powers for purposes of political and diplomatic intrigue. The effect has been to lower the prestige of Europe in the eyes of the Turk, and to introduce confusion instead of reform. So far the responsibility of failure has rested quite as much with the Christian as with the Moslem, and this is likely to be the case so long as European agents charged with these high functions, from the ambassador to the most subordinate emissary, place their own private or national ambitions above the interests of the country they profess to serve. If the Turk is as backward and as barbarous as he is said to be, he cannot accomplish reforms which it has taken homogeneous and civilized nations centuries to achieve, without the most strenuous and disinterested assistance, and the most indulgent treatment on the part of those nations. If he is not so, then their right to interfere in his internal affairs vanishes. Under no circumstances does extermination by the sword, with which he is now threatened, seem to be either the proper or the Christian remedy.

In conclusion, I would venture to assert that in the interests of humanity the policy attempted by the Christian Powers so far has been the least merciful one to pursue. Had they succeeded in forcibly imposing their guaranties upon the Porte, they would have fatally weakened the central authority, and opened the door to an infinite amount of intrigue and quarrelling among the representatives of the different Powers composing the Commission. The

hostile feelings which the various races of different religions now entertain towards each other would have become still more exacerbated under foreign pressure, things generally would be rendered more chaotic, and the remedy prove worse than the disease. Should one or more Powers combined now undertake an intervention by force, the immediate result to the Christian races will be most disastrous, for their homes will become the battle-field. Should the Turks be defeated and the final problem of the government of these provinces fall to others, it is impossible to conceive how it can be solved excepting after wars in which the hatreds of these rival races and religions will find their vent. The Mahometans, who are of the same races as the Christians, will certainly never submit to be governed by their own peasantry, excepting after a furious resistance. Should these Christian serfs, who are even more uncivilized than their Mahometan masters, be victorious, the oppressed will become the more bitter oppressors, while they will still have rivals among the other Christian races for supremacy, unless, indeed, the strong hand of Russia be spread over them, which of all possible catastrophes is the one they most dread.

Unfortunately, those who have been mainly instrumental in England in bringing matters to their present crisis do not seem yet to realize the harm that has been done, or the still greater evils that are to follow from a persistence in the policy, if policy it can be called, which they have forced upon the country. The sacrifice has already been made to Russia of everything that was gained during the Crimean War, for the Treaty of Paris has virtually become a dead letter, but the problem of good government for the Christian Slav is as far from solution as ever. In 1827 England expended blood and treasure for the sake of the Christian against the Turk. In 1854 she embarked in a sanguinary and costly war for the sake of the Turk against the Christian. In 1877 the Liberal party proposes to co-operate in a crusade on behalf of the Christian against the Turk, in alliance with a people almost as barbarous and as fanatical as their Moslem enemy. As upon this occasion all purely political considerations have been excluded from the question, the war, if war there be, will be based on humanitarian and religious grounds. Experience has unhappily proved that the most terrible and sanguinary of all wars are those which have had for their justification the highest and holiest interests of humanity,

but never before in the history of such struggles could the fanaticism by which they were inspired avail itself of the present enginery of war. Never before, since the foundation of Christianity, have the soldiers of the Cross been formed into such gigantic armies, or been so splendidly trained, or supplied with such ingenious contrivances for the wholesale destruction of their fellow-creatures professing other religions; never before could the soldiers of the Crescent be summoned by telegraph from the most distant ends of the earth, and transported by railway and steamer to the battle-fields on which they were to die for their faith.

The nineteenth century of Christian civilization has reserved for us the singular spectacle of Europe converted into an armed camp, and the nations of Christendom endeavoring to forget the feelings of jealousy, hatred, and distrust by which they are usually animated, in the effort to unite upon a common basis of race prejudice and of religious intolerance. Should the war which now appears impending between Russia and Turkey really break out, it is impossible to foresee the magnitude of the disasters which may follow in its train, or the extent over which they may spread. That forty millions of Mahometans in India will escape the influence of such a conflagration, and remain perfectly passive, is confidently believed in England; but indications are not wanting, both in that country and Algeria, to prove that the Mussulman population is keenly alive to the progress of events in Turkey, and the more formidable the Christian coalition in Europe becomes, the more readily will one hundred and eighty millions of Moslems combine to meet it. Fortunately European nations are pausing, as the vast proportions which such a struggle might take are becoming more clearly defined. There are disturbing socialistic elements in the midst of them which cannot be ignored, and there are classes in almost every Christian country ready to seize the opportunity for which they have long been watching, to rise also in the interests of humanity against those whom they consider as unjust and oppressive as the Turk.

Thus it has become apparent that if the Christian nations of Europe are now shrinking from the anachronism of a bloody crusade against Islamism, their reluctance to precipitate such a catastrophe does not spring from the moral progress which they have made, or from that broader and purer love for humanity which

should seek to shield it from such a calamity, but is suggested rather by their own conflicting interests, by their mutual jealousies and rivalries, by their dread of domestic revolutions which would be social and anti-Christian in their tendencies, and by the fear that the moral forces at their disposal may not be sufficiently cohesive to cope with those wielded by their Moslem adversaries, who will find in a religious war their strongest bond of union, and in the summons to a Jahad their surest guaranty against internal revolt.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

ART. IV. — WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.*

THE common belief that no man can be wholly trusted when he writes the story of his own life is well founded. Like most of the opinions which men hold of mankind, it comes less from experience of others than from knowledge of ourselves. We feel, each and all of us, that we ourselves could not be trusted to give the world, or even our best friends, a simple, full, unbiassed revelation of our lives, inner and outer. We know, most of us, that in the telling of any incident of daily life of which we have been a part, the temptation arises, more or less strong or weak, to show ourselves at the best consistent with truth, to keep back anything that might make against us, and to give a little glow of color to what would else be a too cold and simple story. Few men are able to withstand this temptation wholly; still fewer do not know it at all. But there are men who do not know it; men to whom self is out of mind, and before whose eyes truth always stands, their only guide, almost their only God. Such men, however, very rarely write their own biographies. For such men have rarely, we might say never, anything to say about themselves that the world would care to hear, or even that their own vanity might suggest that the world would wish to know, — a fact very significant and not wholly admirable, but rather derogatory to

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* *Autobiography of William H. Seward from 1801 to 1834. With a Memoir of his Life and Selections from his Letters from 1831 to 1846.* By FREDERICK W. SEWARD. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1877. 8vo. pp. 822.

those of whom the world does like to hear, and to the world itself; a fact encouraging to egoists, to all those men who like to have the world take them at their own valuation. Of this class are almost all writers, — whether of prose or poetry, whether in words or in music, — painters, sculptors; and of this class are statesmen even. For it is the business of all these men, a work to which they are born, to impress *themselves* upon the world. The poet shows us human nature, not pure and simple, but as he sees it; the painter puts upon his canvas physical nature as it is thrown upon his brain. All creators put something of themselves into their work. "I can't see that in the landscape," said the lady who overlooked Turner's drawing. "Don't you wish that you could, madam?" was the painter's reply, — arrogant, yet justified, and fully self-justifying. Of intellectual workers only the men of science are entirely free from this not ignoble egoism. They are only seekers, and do not expect themselves to be sought. They search only for fact and law, and stand before Nature in the attitude of learners, mute except for asking what and why. The less there is of anything outside of Nature, in the results of their labors, the less there is of themselves, the better for the discovery of that truth, universal to the world and to all time, of which they are in search. Science seeks not to make, or really to do, but only to see, to know; it is merely a knowing. Exactness is its object, reason its method. Among all intellectual workers only scientific men have this receptiveness, this self-negation. The very poet is not more self-asserting than the statesman. For not only is statesmanship not the science which some people seem to think it, but it is not even the art of ruling according to established law, either written law or the law of right. It is the art of using existing facts and controlling existing forces to effect the purpose of the ruler. According to the character of that purpose is the statesman noble or base; according to his methods is he great or petty. But noble or base, great or petty, he puts himself into his work; his work is himself made manifest in act and force.

In the autobiography of a statesman, therefore, we cannot reasonably look for the absence of self-justification; the most that we can ask is honesty, a frank revelation of himself, his purposes, and the reason of his action. We may hope to find something but not all of that which while he was a power in the state he was obliged

to conceal. For conceal he must, or at least withhold, or he would not rule for a day. Nor is he peculiar in this. All men conceal their thoughts; even the best, the purest, the most benevolent, the most trustworthy, the most candid. They do not tell all their thoughts, even to their most trusted friends, or of them. Jonathan and David will trust each other with their lives, their fortunes, and their honor, but not with all their thoughts. A man and his wife, whose love is perfect, whose mutual confidence is unimpaired, whose purposes are one, keep from each other a part of their thoughts. It is inevitable that it should be so. It is a sad truth, but one which will not be disputed by any observant man who has even a moderate knowledge of the world, that if even friends and fellow-workers could see each other's souls and know each other's thoughts, not only while they are apart, but when they are together in an intercourse of perfect confidence and mutual respect, friendship would become impossible, and society would fall to pieces, — into as many pieces as there are individuals of which it is composed. Reserve is the very foundation of confidence and mutual respect. The difference between honesty and dishonesty, good faith and bad, in the intercourse of life, is not that the former tells all and truly, and the latter only part or untruly; but that the former tells all and gives all that it professes to give, and that the latter professes to tell and to give what it keeps back, sinning with the sin of Ananias and Sapphira.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Seward's eminently noble and useful life was ended before he had finished the Autobiography which, at the request of his family, he had begun. For, from what he had written of it before his death, and from the revelations of his letters written to his family and his nearest personal friends, we may infer with certainty that he would have dealt frankly with the world, and would have told us all that the most candid man could be expected to tell of his purposes, his methods, his feelings, and even of his thoughts. He would have had his reserves of course. No man is so without intellectual and moral shame that he goes forth with mind and soul unclothed. Some "troublesome disguise" he must put on except when he is quite alone. But we may be sure that if Mr. Seward had completed his record of his life, we should have known him thoroughly. Perhaps we do so now, so far as his nature and his motives are concerned. For this auto-

biography and these letters reveal him to us as a man not only of remarkable singleness of purpose, but of a rare candor and simplicity of soul. He did wear his heart upon his sleeve when daws were not by to peck at it. To those whom he loved and trusted and who loved and trusted him he was singularly open-hearted. Such is not the general opinion in regard to him, but such will almost surely be the verdict of those who read the imperfect record of his life which is now laid before the world. And, moreover, it is manifest that no small part of his influence over men and upon public affairs was due, on the one hand, to his candor in regard to himself, and on the other, to his charity toward others. For more than thirty years of his life Mr. Seward was a power in the land, active, formative, impelling. To no other one man of his generation is due so much of the present greatness and prosperity of the United States. That greatness and that prosperity have been achieved in the direct lines which he marked out and in large measure by the very means which he indicated. He was at one time, in the earliest years of his public life, almost in a minority of one. His career was an unceasing struggle. He did battle daily. He had hosts of bitter political enemies; he was subjected to constant misapprehension and misconstruction, and he suffered all his life from personal misrepresentation and abuse. But his experience of the latter was invariably from the hands of strangers. Of those who were brought into personal contact with him, even as opponents, he made not personal enemies, but often personal friends. This was the result of his perfect candor, his good faith, and the kindliness of his nature. And yet it was his fate to be regarded during a great part of his life as a scheming demagogue, a man of bitter soul, unsparing enmity, and unscrupulous ambition; how unjustly we shall see by glancing over the traces of his career.

Early in his Autobiography Mr. Seward records that he had often reflected that, whatever care and diligence we exercise, our fortunes in life are beyond our control. Of the truth of this reflection no reasonable man of any experience of the world will entertain a moment's doubt. Whatever a man's ability or inclinations may be, circumstances, of which opportunity and necessity are the most controlling, determine his career. Mr. Seward's reflection was, indeed, brought to his mind by the remembrance that his course of life was not that which he had marked out for himself.

He tells us that until late in life judicial preferment was the aim of his ambition. He meant to be a lawyer, and he wished to be a judge. His early bias in this direction was caused by his observation of the deference paid to his father as a justice of the peace. This, however, was a mere boyish fancy, the impulse of which would not long have acted even upon the youthful aspirations of such a man as he, had it not accorded with the great motive force of his nature. This was a love of justice; not of that kind of justice which warrants the apophthegm *summum jus summa injuria*, but that which consists in doing essential right to all men. It was for this that he longed for judicial power and place, — that he might defend the right, protect the weak, and give restoration to the injured. But although his mind was in a certain sense judicial, — judicial in its freedom from prejudice and from personal bias, even the bias of sympathy, which, however strongly felt, seems never to have blinded him to the perception, not only of essential right and wrong, but of what on the widest view of every case seemed to be the best and most prudent course to be taken, — he was not juridical. He had too little deference for precedent to have become a good presiding officer in a court of record, at least without doing violence to his nature. He would have fretted under the legal restraints of the bench. His place in the attainment of justice was that of an advocate, the earnest and implacable, yet charitable foe of wrong; for his charity was as great as his love of justice. He could not sit quietly and see wrong done, even under the forms of law, if it were done to others; but he could forgive the wrong-doer, and even seek and suggest the excuses that would palliate his wrong-doing. He was not a good hater. Such being his nature, and circumstances having very early in life drawn, almost forced, him into the field of politics, he became a statesman of large and liberal views, a leader in the great progressive movement of his age and country toward the elevation of the whole people, without distinction of condition, nativity, race, or prescriptive right of whatever kind, to all the benefits conferred by absolute freedom of personal action within the law, by absolute equality before the law, and by such education as should fit each man to hold and use these rights and advantages with benefit to himself and to the whole community.

It is a remarkable fact in regard to our political men (unhappily

we cannot say our politicians without conveying with the word some of the taint with which it is penetrated) that so many of the more distinguished among them have been not only lawyers, but lawyers of rural birth and education. For whatever reason, our large cities have produced very few of the men who have exercised any great influence upon our public affairs. Almost all of these have come, if not from the agricultural districts, from the small towns which are the intellectual centres of such districts. Mr. Seward was not an exception to this general rule. He was born in a little village of not more than a dozen dwellings, almost in the centre of the State of New York, and he was first heard of as a young lawyer in Auburn; and in Auburn, when his public duties did not call him to Albany or to Washington, or when he was not travelling to satisfy that insatiable craving to study the world, physical as well as human, which never ceased but with his life, he lived as a practising lawyer until he became too important a personage to appear as attorney and counsel unless for a nation or an oppressed people. As a school-boy he began to think, — a rarer mental process even in the mature than is generally supposed, — and to develop that love of freedom and of liberty restrained only by right and law which became the informing sentiment of his whole life. He records how the performance of Addison's "Cato" at a school exhibition, when he was too young to take part in the puerile representation, made him "a hater of military and imperial usurpation for life." He completed his academic studies at Union College under Dr. Nott, whose liberal "broad-church" management of that institution made it such a refuge of young fellows driven out from other colleges by their stricter discipline, that it received and long retained the name in college circles of "Botany Bay." The attempt of Dr. Nott to control undergraduates only through the influence of their own self-respect had, we may be sure, the young Seward's warmest sympathy. It must have commended itself wholly and warmly to a nature like his, and he records his memory of the manliness of spirit developed under the system of Dr. Nott. But he does not speak so highly of the system of instruction, which consisted chiefly in a cultivation of the memory, and under which much was forgotten as soon as learned. He justly says that this system was not peculiar to Union, and then makes another remark significant of his view

of the policy in all respects the wisest for America. "The error," he says, appears to be "incidental to our system of education, which sacrifices a full and complete training of the individual to the important object of affording the utmost possible education to the largest number of citizens." Whether the education possible under this system is the best that could be given, even with such an end in view, may be questioned; but that that end commended itself to his judgment in his later as well as in his earlier years there can be no doubt whatever. These were the ruling motives of his life, the fundamental principles of his political action, — war upon oppression in whatever form, and the diffusion of knowledge among the whole people; all else was incidental to these or developed from them.

This view of education is very "American"; and the sum of Mr. Seward's opinions and feelings and mental traits made him a notably "American" man. Capable of a very broad view of politics, as well as of men and things, he habitually saw them with the eye of a man who had the welfare of his country close at heart, and to whom the good, the happiness, the hopes and wishes, and even the peculiarities, of the people around him were of the first importance. He was serenely indifferent to foreign criticism. It did not trouble him as it did others less self-contained and more sensitive, although he studied it to learn from it, — much however, it may be suspected, as if he had the hackneyed *fas est ab hoste doceri* in mind. And indeed foreign criticisms, particularly in politics and diplomacy, are rarely friendly. It was no mere sense of duty or of becomingness that placed Mr. Seward thus always on the "American" side of every question, and tinged all his opinions with "Americanism." He had a genuine and lively sympathy with his countrymen of the "average" class; and early in life he formed the opinion that in the long run they might be safely trusted with all political power. He also was not long in discovering that the prosperity of the United States and their progress to the power and station which they have since attained were possible by the wise use of their peculiar advantages, physical, political, and social, and a development of their peculiar traits, to the comparative disregard of that which they had in common with the people of older political organizations in more thickly settled countries and on soil longer reclaimed. Hence his "American-

ism" was not "native Americanism." The party which was founded upon that one idea was a genuine outgrowth of true patriotic feeling. It was an honest protest, put into action, against the demagogism that used the ignorant emigrant, and was in turn used by him, for selfish purposes, the end of the bargain being political corruption and a low tone of social morals. It sought to make Tweeds and the users of Tweeds impossible. Had it obtained control of the government long enough to have effected its purpose, it would have accomplished a certain good; and perhaps Tweed might have been impossible. But its patriotism was narrow. It would probably have impaired the material prosperity of the country, and checked the development of its resources; and it certainly would have introduced distinction of class in giving us a body of denizens, chiefly laboring men of foreign birth, who would have found themselves disfranchised, without a voice in a government professing to rest upon the principle of equal political and civil rights in all men. Those who believe that full citizenship and a voice in the government should be a privilege, and not the matter-of-course possession of every human being of legal age who is not in a prison or a madhouse, may still mourn the failure of "native Americanism"; but Mr. Seward was not of their number. His "Americanism" welcomed the immigrant, and sought to "Americanize" him as soon as possible, and as thoroughly as possible. His attitude upon this question subjected him to the charge of demagogism on the part of many honest people, some of whom, at least, changed their opinion both of his policy and his good faith in the light of the events of subsequent years. He was thought to be bidding for the votes of citizens of foreign birth. Those who imputed this motive to him ought at least to have remembered, what we may be sure he knew well and never forgot, that the bulk of our immigrant citizens was always to be found acting with the political party to which he during his whole life was in opposition. His policy upon this question was indicated clearly, unmistakably, in his first message as governor of New York in 1839, long before the "Know-Nothing" party was thought of, and in the treatment of a subject entirely aloof from the political notion upon which that party was founded. Discussing the subject of railways and canals to connect the chief seaport of the country with the West through the great State of which, at the age

of thirty-eight years, he found himself the first magistrate, he put forth views which his son and biographer has thus summarized: —

"America is a land of latent, unappropriated wealth; the minerals under its soils are not more truly wealth hidden and unused than are its vast capabilities and resources, material, political, social, and moral. Two streams that come from the Old World, in obedience to great natural laws, are pouring into it daily fresh, invigorating energies. One of these streams is the surplus capital of Europe. The other is the surplus labor of the world. Both steadily increase in volume and velocity. It is idle to try to roll back their tide. It is wise to accept them and to use them. Instead of delaying about one great line of communication from the sea to the lakes, rather open three, — through the centre of the State, through its northern counties, and through its southern ones. Instead of vainly seeking to exclude the immigrant, rather welcome him to our ports, speed him on his Western way, share with him our political and religious freedom, tolerate his churches, establish schools for his children, and so assimilate his principles, his habits, manners, and opinions, to our own. In a word, open as far as possible to all men of whatever race all paths for the improvement of their condition, as well as for their mental and moral culture."

This was all; but it was enough. He lived long enough to see the logic of events rapidly prove and illustrate the wisdom of his policy, and to know that no considerable number of his fellow-citizens, however purely "American" in birth and feeling, would think of adopting the "Know-Nothing" theory of exclusion sooner than they would have returned to the early New England practice of making church-membership a condition of full citizenship. In this same message he also recognized the soundness and the wisdom of the views in regard to the vast importance to New York of all means of transportation through the State, and particularly of the Erie Canal, which were set forth, with a far-reaching vision and a splendid confidence that provoked derision from shorter-sighted men, by Samuel B. Ruggles, since recognized as our most eminent practical political economist and statistician; and he and Mr. Ruggles both lived to see the views and plans which the one projected and the other approved much more than sustained by the conversion of glittering probabilities into facts of solid gold; and to see this they did not have to live very long.

Mr. Seward's sagacity, — and he was notably sagacious, — and

his habit of looking at all questions of state from a practical point of view, no less than his hatred of oppression and his love of his fellow-men, however humble, led him to take a view of slavery which was in entire accordance with his views upon that of immigration. He not only detested slavery as a cruel wrong to the negro, but he saw in it a permanent element of political weakness, an active cause of social demoralization, and the means of a fictitious prosperity which was sure to end in poverty and ruin. The negroes were here, and here they must remain. Would we or would we not, they were a part of our social fabric; for they were men. Deprived of the rights of men, under a government professing to be founded upon the inalienable rights of man, they were an element constantly working toward destruction. His dogma of the "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery which brought down upon him such fierce denunciation, in the free States hardly less than in the slave, was in fact only the formulation of a fundamental moral truth exemplified and illustrated in all history, a truth which has its foundations in man's reason and man's nature. He saw it, and with that boldness which, no less than his candor, was a part of his own nature, he uttered it in a happy phrase that became a watchword and a battle-cry in one of the grandest and most terrible conflicts of opinion and material force that the world has ever beheld.

Mr. Seward's position in regard to slavery was peculiar. Politic although he was, a statesman, and not unskilled in statecraft, he was yet a man of sentiment; and of all his sentiments none, not even love of family and friends, was stronger than his hatred of slavery. He really hated it; hated it with an enduring, remorseless, unrelenting hatred. He was determined to give it no peace, but to hunt it down as if it were a wild and bloody beast. His whole life reveals this. His hatred began when he was a school-boy. And yet he never was an Abolitionist, never took his position openly among those who made antislavery agitation the chief purpose of their public lives. But in this there was neither inconsistency nor cowardice. His sagacity and his practical view of all affairs showed him that he could champion freedom better with his strength buckled within the belt of law than with it, cast loose, relaxed in the free fighting of agitation. As his biographer picturesquely represents his position, he did not take his place among

"the pioneers who straggle forward hacking and hewing at whatever comes in their way, winning no battles although they open the way for battles to be won." But he was one of the chief leaders of the disciplined army that first stood fast like a great reserve, and finally swept on to grand and forever irreversible victory. Of the service that he rendered the cause of freedom by his forbearance, his unresenting endurance of misrepresentation, vilification and wrong, his refusal to be tempted without the bounds of law, there can hardly be too high an estimate. To him, chiefly, was it due that the final break between the slave power and the free, and the immediately succeeding civil war, were postponed until the free States had reached the needful degree of moral tension to make them willing, or at least ready, to stand up boldly in the conflict. As it was, the rupture came almost too soon; and had not the essential question been mixed with one of patriotism and national existence, there would have been a repetition of compromise. The free States were like Capulet's serving-man Sampson, and would not bite their thumbs at the slave States unless they had the law on their side. And at last the time came when they had it. The slave States were in the wrong, or seemed to the free States to be so; and at least they were in the wrong of an attempted destruction of the government of which only a few months before they had endeavored to get the control at the ballot-box, and gallantly although they fought, the government sustained by the free North was too strong for them. Now they were forced into this wrongful initiative chiefly by the forbearance of Mr. Seward. Had he chosen to do so, he might have brought on the rupture long before, or at least have hastened it; but he saw that the time had not yet come, and he saw, moreover, the inestimable importance of placing the slave States in the position of aggressors, and therefore, while he remained the determined foe of slavery itself and of the political system and party by which it was protected, he still observed a certain restraint, he advised forbearance and a keeping within the law, and he remained as far as possible upon terms of friendly personal intercourse with the representatives of the slaveholding States. Nor was there in his course upon this question the least duplicity.

Although he may have been silent as to his opinions in regard to future events, and as to the modes of action he should advise, he

never concealed his feeling toward slavery or his purpose to withstand its extension at all hazards. He never curried favor with the slaveholders at Washington, or bid for slaveholding approval or slaveholding votes in any way. On the contrary, notwithstanding his respect for the law, and his determination to keep within the bounds of the Constitution, he added to his dogma of the "irrepressible conflict" that of the "higher law," — a higher law, that is, than the Constitution of the United States. Truly, if a trumpet were ever blown with a not uncertain sound, it was that with which he from time to time roused up and heartened the ever-increasing band which was slowly but surely moving upon the last stronghold of slavery. Neither friend nor foe could mistake his meaning. There might have been reasonable objection, if not to the doctrine of a "higher law," at least that the proclamation of such a law did not become the lips of a Senator of the United States, whose very senatorial office and functions were the creation of the Constitution; it might have been said that before proclaiming such a law he should have laid aside his senatorship, because, however it might be with a private man, for a Senator of the United States there could be no higher law than the Constitution of the United States; but, however just this criticism, there could have been no misunderstanding by the slaveholders of the fellness of his purpose. And there was none. They recognized in him their most dreadful enemy. But with their enmity — we can hardly say their hatred — there was mingled, if not a feeling of awe, a very profound respect. At the ordinary agitators, however skilful and inflammatory, they could rave and storm, and threaten them with pistol and bowie-knife, and, when they caught them, coat them with tar and feathers; but this quiet, clear-headed, law-abiding man, respecting himself, always respecting others, never giving personal offence to others and himself refusing to be offended, — what could be done with him? Nothing. With all his self-respect and his consciousness of his own power, he had no offensive egotism; he gave no provocation to personal enmity by personal bitterness; and the fate that fell upon Charles Sumner he escaped. Even to the end he remained upon terms of personal intercourse with the leading representatives of slavery at Washington. For not only did he refrain himself from giving them ground of personal offence, but he showed them unmistakably that he would not

be provoked into personal retort by personality, but he would keep himself to the question in the abstract. It is told of him — but not in the book before us, which brings his life down only to the year 1846 — that one day a Southern Senator, irritated beyond endurance at Seward's calm but relentless manner of treating a question connected with slavery, rose and poured out upon him a sudden volley of bitter personal vituperation. When the Southerner had taken his seat, Seward rose, but did not reply; he walked quietly and firmly toward his assailant. The Senate was mute with expectation, almost with apprehension. Was Seward at last driven from his self-possession? Was there to be a personal scene, a personal insult, perhaps a personal conflict, in the Chamber? When Seward reached his still excited opponent, who looked at him in doubt and wonder, he extended his hand toward the other's desk, upon which lay a small box, and blandly said, "Senator, will you you give me a pinch of snuff?" And so he snuffed the man and his bitter speech out into utter darkness. What could be done with a man who feared no one, hated no one, who broke no laws, even those of social courtesy, who, with a calm consciousness of of personal dignity, would not be offended, and who yet was steadily although slowly making arrangements for your utter political extinguishment, the removal of your social candlestick out of its place forever! Truly a most perplexing and impracticable person. The enemies of such men have only the alternative of overcoming them by argument or some more peaceful contrivance, or killing them. Now in Mr. Seward's case the slaveholders could not do the first, and the last would not on the whole have been a very serviceable way of getting rid of him, such are the prejudices of modern society.

The irrepressible conflict went on; the higher law asserted itself; the great crisis was at last no longer to be put off by whatever skill or whatever endurance. And when it came, he to whom all eyes had been turned for years as the man who in such a contingency was to be at the head of affairs was put aside in favor of one almost unknown, and one altogether untrained for the duties of such a place in such an emergency. It is not too much to say that the whole civilized world was surprised and dissatisfied when the Republican Convention of 1860 did not nominate Mr. Seward to the Presidency. And this failure to meet the expectations of

the world, foes as well as friends, was due entirely to one of those manifestations of personal pique, which have so often had an influence upon the fate of nations. It was by the hands of a former friend and for many years a fast ally, that Mr. Seward saw the crown of his life petulantly snatched from him and given to — no matter whom, if not to him — but to one who had done nothing to merit it, and who was so unknown to the majority of his countrymen that his identity had to be explained to them. When Horace Greeley announced to his former political partners that "the firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley was dissolved," Mr. Weed doubtless saw that he meant mischief; Mr. Seward probably did not give that view of the matter much thought. And evidently he, with all his sagacity, had been as much surprised as any one when he found that Horace Greeley, by profession philanthropist and journalist, hungered after office. With much undisciplined mental force, with a power of direct utterance on paper which compelled attention, with many vague, inchoate, shifting views as to social and political science, and a genuine hatred of slavery, Horace Greeley was probably the most unfit man for official life that could be found in his party; and yet he wanted to be a Senator, longed to be a Cabinet Minister, and pined to be President. Probably no two men knew his unfitness for any executive or legislative position so well as Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed, except one other, Charles A. Dana, who had been managing editor of the "Tribune" during the years while it was becoming a power in the land; and his political partners did not encourage him in his aspirations. But at last he would be put off no longer, and he broke with them in a huff. To the workings of his personal spleen was due the defection from Mr. Seward at Chicago which made his nomination impossible.

Here he was at the end of his career, and that which the world looked upon as his, according to all the laws of fitness and desert, was given to another, and to one of whom the world knew nothing. That the disappointment was great for him as well as for others cannot be doubted; it must have carried with it a sense of wrong. But it bred no bitterness in Seward's soul. Erelong it was known that he had accepted the post of Secretary of State under his obscure and uncultured rival, whose success was the most open political affront that could have been offered to him. For the first time he accepted an office by executive appointment. Only

once before, early in his career, — in fact, early in his life, so long before as 1828, — he had sought the appointment of Surrogate; and although he did not receive it, he found, in the seeking of it, that office-holding or office-seeking would not comport with his manner of political thought and action. "I saw at once," he says, "how much the desire or the holding of such a place tended to compromise my personal independence, and I resolved, thenceforth, upon no considerations other than the safety of the State ever to seek or accept a trust conferred by executive authority. That case occurred later, when I, with extreme reluctance, and from convictions of public duty, took the office of Secretary of State at the beginning of the civil war, and filled it until the restoration of peace." Of the value of his counsels, his sagacity, and his long experience, to the raw and entirely untrained and inexperienced man who found himself in the chair in which he had himself expected to see Mr. Seward, the estimate can hardly be too high, nor of their value to the nation. There were other men who would have made at least as efficient and admirable a President as Mr. Lincoln was; but it is safe to say that there was not another man who could have filled the office of Secretary of State as Mr. Seward did. Our foreign relations became perplexing and full of danger, to a degree before unimaginable; and with them was complicated the management of public opinion at home. For this task Mr. Seward had just the union of political sagacity and political experience, of directness in purpose and state-craft in method, of tact, of imperturbability, of untiring good-nature, that was required. His despatches did not quite please the diplomatists or the political censors of European nations, and particularly those of Great Britain. And one reason of this was that they were written, and necessarily written, with one eye at home and the other abroad. They effected their purpose. They maintained the dignity of the country even in its darkest, most distracted hour; and, supported and enforced by the tact and skill of Mr. Adams, they carried us safely through our perils from those who loved us not abroad and put the government in no peril at home. The British political censors never tired of accusing Mr. Seward of a sort of bad faith in the Trent affair. According to them he should have hastened to give up the Confederate Commissioners before they had been asked for. But Mr. Seward knew that, in the state of

feeling among his countrymen against the British government and governing classes, to do that would have put Mr. Lincoln's government in immediate peril. He knew from the beginning, we may be sure, that the Commissioners would be given up; but he postponed their surrender until the last moment, that excitement might have time to subside, and that cool reason might be heard; and when he gave them up, although he addressed the British Minister, he used all the ingenuity in his power to work out a series of reasons that would satisfy, not the British government, but his own countrymen, of the necessity and rightfulness of compliance with the demands of a government which was then hated at the North even more than that of Jefferson Davis. The whole record of Mr. Seward's life shows him to have been eminently a magnanimous and faithful man, and never was his magnanimity or his faithfulness to the right and to his country put to severer test than when he was called upon to accept the position of Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln.

This imperfect appreciation of his life must be closed without a consideration of its private side, where he appears always admirable, even charming, always lovable and loving. His wife and his children were constantly in his thoughts as in his heart, and his friendship was firm, warm, and lasting. There was in him a very high and delicate sense of honor, and he always held himself far above any position or office which he filled. That he sometimes used politic means for politic ends in no way justly taints his fame with duplicity or with any other craft than state-craft. He was the leader of an army in a great contest; and such leaders must use, and always have used, even spies and deserters and traitors. No man ever said truly that Mr. Seward had deceived him to his wrong. On the contrary, his effort was constantly toward openness and candor and kindliness in political affairs. His view of affairs was always a high-minded one, as well as broad and generous. His natural tendency and his long experience of public life made him a true statesman, and he was one whose greatness becomes more impressive as time bears us away from him, and we look upon his life not in detail but in its full proportions.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Art. V. — English Arctic Expedition.

When it was announced that the English government, which had for years left the matter of Arctic exploration to the Germans, Scandinavians, Austrians, Russians, and Americans, was about to send out an expedition, the greatest interest was awakened, as it was a field in which the English had been particularly distinguished. They had been identified with Arctic exploration since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In the search for Sir John Franklin they had explored a large part of the Polar area; the most extensive sledge-journeys had been made by them; and as several of their most able Arctic commanders were still living to advise with, it was universally felt that an expedition would now be despatched which in the completeness of its equipment and the character of its officers and men would be unsurpassed by any expedition that had ever been sent into the Arctic seas.

This expectation was fulfilled. The British government, with a most commendable liberality in expenditure, bringing to its aid everything which science or past experience could suggest, fitted out two steam-vessels, the Alert and the Discovery, and, that nothing might be wanting in the management of an expedition, the object of which was geographical exploration and the acquisition of scientific knowledge, an experienced Arctic explorer, Captain, now Sir George Nares, was recalled from the command of the scientific expedition of the Challenger, and put at the head of this new expedition for Polar research and discovery.

How fully the government had performed its part will appear by quoting Sir George Nares's language, publicly uttered before his departure. "No similar expedition," he said, "has ever quitted the shores of this or of any other country as fully prepared as we are"; adding, "Now that England has resolved to take part in these enterprises, success is certain." Nor was this expectation confined to England. The venerable geographer, M. Vivien de Saint Martin, when referring in his "Année Géographique" to the expedition, said: "In its organization, so distinguished by foresight and prudence, no less than by the scientific acquirements and practical ability of the officers who are to conduct it, this expedition is one that justifies our indulging in the very highest hopes.

This time, at last, a European flag will perhaps float over the Pole."

The expedition was directed to continue two years; to attempt to gain the highest northern latitude, and, if possible, to reach the Pole. It returned in one year; and when the telegraphic despatch from Sir George Nares appeared, "Pole impracticable, no land to the north, expedition otherwise successful," there was a general feeling of disappointment. It was felt that an expedition from which so much had been anticipated had failed to accomplish its object, and the desire was wide-spread for more particular information.

We have now all the essential details in an elaborate report by Sir George Nares, which, with other communications on the part of individual officers that have appeared, enables us to review the voyage and its results. The vessels reached Upernavik * in Baffin's Bay, the farthest northern settlement, in July, 1875, and from thence, being steamers, they forced their way through the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, a passage generally dreaded by mariners, getting through it to Cape York, and in five days after leaving Upernavik both vessels anchored in Port Foulk, in Smith's Channel, at the entrance to Smith's Sound, the best-known station for winter-quarters, and, as Sir George Nares calls it, "the elysium of the Arctic region." From Port Foulk they crossed the channel to the westward, reaching Cape Sabine, which lies at the entrance of Smith Sound, and from thence through the Sound, they had a long and continued struggle with heavy ice-floes, demanding incessant watchfulness and the most skilful seamanship. Sir George Nares was in the crow's-nest literally day and night during this perilous passage. Off Cape Victoria both vessels were run into the pack, with the expectation of steaming their way through it, but became hopelessly beset, and were in imminent peril by the rapid advance of an iceberg towards the floes to which they were attached, the advancing mass tearing its way through the surface ice, so that preparations had at once to be made for a severe nip by unshipping the rudder and screw of each vessel, and the Alert narrowly escaped being crushed to pieces. Whilst Hall, in the Polaris, sailed almost without obstruction up to 82° 16′ N. lat., they were

* In the prefixed Circumpolar Map of the Arctic the places referred to in the article, the positions where the vessels wintered, and the discoveries made, will be found.

twenty-five days in making their way along the west side of Smith Sound from Cape Sabine to Discovery Bay, a distance only of about two hundred and fifty miles; both vessels, to use the language of Sir George Nares, "dodging about as best they could, taking advantage of every change in their favor," the Discovery, as well as the Alert, having several hair-breadth escapes. "The constant movement," says Sir George, "of heavy ice-floes nipping together with great force, like the closing of a gigantic pair of scissors, between which, if once caught, our vessels would have been instantly crushed, kept us in constant anxiety and necessitated incessant watchfulness and labor on the part of both officers and crew."

Without pursuing further the details of this arduous passage, it will be sufficient to say that upon reaching Lady Franklin Sound they found upon its northern shore a well-protected harbor for the Discovery, where she remained until the return of the expedition; whilst the Alert, seizing a favorable opportunity, proceeded onward to Cape Union, the farthest northern point seen by Dr. Hayes, in 1866, and succeeded, by the 1st of September, in getting around the northeast coast of Grant Land to 82° 27′ N. lat., the farthest point ever reached by a vessel. Here a view was had from an elevation of three hundred feet; and it was found that President Land, which was supposed to have been seen from the Polaris, trending poleward, does not exist, nor was any land to be seen to the north; "but," says Sir George, "we had arrived on the *shores of the Arctic Ocean*, finding it exactly opposite to an open Polar Sea." It being impossible to get any farther, the only alternative was adopted of securing the vessel behind a protecting barrier of ice, where, though thoroughly embayed by the pack, she was fairly protected; for the heavy ice outside of her grounded in twelve fathoms, and she remained there securely until the return of the expedition.

During the autumn sledge-journeys from the Alert were made along the coast of Grant Land to the westward as high as 82° 44′ N. lat. The broken masses of ice pressed up against the coast were in some places thirty feet high, and the snow-drifts in the valleys rendered the travelling very slow and difficult. The fall of snow was so enormous that the men had to draw their sledges through it up to their knees, and frequently up to their waists. On four occasions the sledges, with their cargoes, broke through the ice;

the men fell through it frequently, and out of a party of twenty-one, eight were severely frost-bitten and three suffered amputation.

In October an attempt was made by a sledge-party to communicate with the Discovery, but it was without success. A long Arctic winter then followed, with an unparalleled duration of darkness for one hundred and forty-two days, during which the severest cold yet known was experienced. In the Alert, in March, it was as low as 73° below zero, and in the Discovery, at the same time, it reached 70° below zero.

The winter was not one of idleness. Notwithstanding the intensity of the cold, magnetic, meteorological, and other scientific observations were kept up, an observatory having been erected upon the shore; a school for the instruction of the less educated of the men was regularly held; scientific lectures and theatrical entertainments were given, in which both officers and men participated; and by these means, with the daily routine of duties and the excellent discipline that was maintained, the depressing effect of being deprived of the light and heat of the sun for nearly five months was averted, and this period was passed with "much cheerfulness and contentment."

On the 12th of March a sledge-party was again despatched to communicate with the Discovery, but was compelled to return, as one of the number, Christian Peterson, the well-known Danish interpreter of many previous expeditions, became so exhausted that nothing could keep him warm. He was badly frost-bitten in the feet, both of which had to be amputated, and he died a few months afterwards. This journey was resumed, and after an arduous effort the Discovery was reached on the 26th of March. Her crew had passed a comparatively comfortable winter, and whilst the region around the Alert was almost barren of animal life, they had succeeded, in the Discovery, in obtaining thirty-six musk-oxen.

In April several sledge-parties started for exploration, — one from the Alert in the direction of the Pole, under Commander Markham; one from the same vessel under Commander Aldrich, to explore the coast of Grant Land to the northward and westward; and one from the Discovery, to explore the northwest and northern shores of Greenland, under Commander Beaumont; with many minor expeditions from both vessels.

In Commander Markham's expedition across the Polar Sea north, in the direction of the Pole, the men had not only to draw their sledges, but two heavy boats, fifteen and twenty feet long, over rugged floes of ice, separated by ridges sometimes thirty feet high, — to make their way over the débris of the pack ice broken up by the previous summer, and refrozen during the winter into chaotic rugged masses of angular blocks, from forty to fifty feet high, and of every possible shape. They had frequently to cut their way with picks through great hummocks; and such were the contortions and checks that they had frequently to go five times over the same ground, so that, in making a distance of seventy-three miles towards the Pole, they actually travelled over two hundred and seventy-six miles. Each man had to drag two hundred and thirty-six pounds, and to work from ten to twelve hours a day, and as they could pull but a few feet at a time, they were able to make but from one mile and a quarter to two miles and three quarters a day. They were absent on this expedition, engaged in this incessant labor, for two months and a half; and to add to their trials, the scurvy broke out amongst them, so that, when relief reached them, out of seventeen of the party, only five were able to drag the sledges. They succeeded in getting to 83° 20′ 26″ N. lat, — the farthest northern point ever reached by man, or about four hundred miles from the Pole.

The outbreak of the scurvy, and the fact that, in consequence of the slowness of their progress, they had reached the utmost limit of their provisions, made their return indispensable. Had it been possible even then to have extended their journey, and had the ice, upon their return, broken up as the summer approached, it may be doubted if they would ever have reached the vessel, hampered as they were with boats. In the return of the Austrian expedition in sledges and boats, with the aid of dogs, during the months of May, June, and July, 1874, they found, after *two months* of incessant labor, that the distance between them and their abandoned ship was only *two German miles;* a fact which will impress the reader with the great difference between sledging over land or along the line of a coast, and attempting to penetrate the Polar Ocean, where, for safety, boats must be taken.

Commander Beaumont's sledge-party along the north coast of Greenland were beset with like difficulties. Enormous blocks of

polar ice had been pressed against the shore, making the travelling a matter of incessant labor, so that seven days were occupied in moving only twenty miles. The scurvy also broke out with them; and when they came in, three only — Commander Beaumont, the quartermaster, and another — were able to draw the sledges. The western sledge-party, under Commander Aldrich, found the same heavy ice extending along the coast of Grant Land. They were also attacked by the scurvy, Commander Aldrich being the only one who escaped, and relief fortunately reached them the last day that most of them were able to travel.

Commander Aldrich explored a line of coast for two hundred and thirty miles west of the spot where the Alert wintered, — ninety miles of which trends northwesterly to Cape Columbia, the name given to the extreme northern cape, 83° 7′ N. lat., 70° 30′ W. long.; thence westward for sixty miles to 79° W. long., and from there gradually south to 82° 16′ N. lat. and 84° 33′ W. long., with no indication of land extending from there either westward or northward.

Commander Beaumont, with his sledge-party, traced the northwest and northern coast of Greenland from Polaris Bay to a point east of what has been called Mount May, in 82° 40′ N. lat., 50° 40′ W. long., where he sighted the farthest northern land seen in the expedition in 82° 54′ N. lat. and 48° 33′ W. long. (Cape Britannia and Mount Albert), and found that the Greenland coast runs from Mount May, in a southeasterly direction, to below the eighty-second parallel of north latitude; whilst Lieutenant Archer explored Lady Franklin's Bay, and Lieutenant Fulford and Dr. Coppinger, Peterman's Fiord and its vicinity.

The result of these expeditions has been that the coast of Grant Land has been explored from Robeson's Channel westward for a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, leaving about four hundred miles unknown, between Aldrich's farthest point west and the nearest known land, Ireland's Eye. The north coast of Greenland has been discovered for about one hundred miles, leaving unknown five hundred miles, from Beaumont's farthest to the farthest point ascertained by the expedition of Koldeway, Cape Bismark, on the east coast of Greenland, — the entire exploration east and west extending over thirty-eight degrees of longitude. All this was accomplished against the most formidable

obstacles and under circumstances about as trying as have ever fallen to the lot of Arctic discoverers. The patience, cheerfulness, courage, and perseverance displayed alike by officers and men in accomplishing the work of these expeditions entitle them to the unqualified praise of the entire geographical world.

In addition to these labors the western coast of Smith Sound was surveyed and accurately delineated to the Polar Sea. The ice-formation upon the shores of what Sir George Nares has denominated the *Palæocrystic Sea* were carefully studied. The evidence of the luxuriant vegetation which is now known to have existed in the Arctic regions in a past period of the world's history has been traced as high up as the eighty-second parallel of north latitude, — a deposit of coal, equal to that of Wales, having been found three miles from where the Discovery wintered, with the impression of leaves on the overlying shale. The meteorological observations were extensive and valuable, and a very complete series of magnetic observations were taken at the two stations. A very full collection of plants has been made, and the zoölogy of the region has been thoroughly investigated; the distribution of animal life upon the land and in the water has been carefully studied, and crustaceans have been brought up from a depth of seventy fathoms, at the farthest northern point reached by Markham.

By the geographer and man of science the voyage will be pronounced a most important and successful one. Mr. Clements L. Markham, the editor of the "Geographical Magazine," declares it to be the most successful Arctic expedition that ever left the shores of England, achieving, he says, an amount of valuable work such as has never been equalled, in face of the appalling hardships and difficulties that were encountered. On the other hand, it has been severely criticised both in England and in this country. The complaint made is, that, in view of the perfection of its outfit, and the great expense incurred, it did not accomplish more; that it did not remain, in accordance with the orders given by the Admiralty, until the end of another year; that the outbreak of the scurvy and the great extent of it was owing to a neglect of the ordinary preventives, especially upon the sledge expeditions, and that the most judicious method of sledging was not adopted. Much of this fault-finding, so far as it has fallen under our ob-

servation, has been by writers whose productions show that they have but a very limited acquaintance with what is known respecting the Arctic, — a remark not meant to apply to Dr. Hayes, Dr. Rae, and others, of Arctic experience. A leading English journal, the "Saturday Review," went so far as to declare that the principal officers in command had no heart in the work; that they went because they were appointed, and returned as speedily as they could. To us, on this side of the Atlantic, this appears to be exceedingly unjust. Judging only by what is known to the world, but little, if anything, more could have been accomplished by remaining another year with crews disabled by scurvy. The results of the extensive Russian expeditions, and of many others, show that there is a limit as to the time within which men can be kept in the Arctic. The effect of great cold is very depressing in its influence, for, though stimulating at first, it gradually lessens the muscular action, enfeebles the power of the will, and produces depression, languor, and a desire for rest; so that two years, at the farthest, is the limit to which men can be usefully employed in the Arctic. Attacked as extensively as the crews were in this voyage by scurvy, they would, had they remained, have been incapable of hard labor, and the wise and true course, therefore, was to return at the first available opportunity. Sir George Nares's decision in this respect has been approved by the Admiralty, and will be approved by all who are familiar with the history of Arctic exploration.

We have little to say upon the subject of scurvy. It has broken out where lime-juice was used and where every other precaution possible was taken; whilst there have been extensive sledge-expeditions, where no lime-juice at all was used, that were wholly free from it. As respects the sledging, the whole arrangement for it was devised before the vessels left England, by Sir Leopold McClintock, who has had more experience in sledge-travelling than any living Arctic explorer, and Sir George Nares, who carried it out, had himself great experience in this mode of travelling in the expeditions of the Resolute and the Intrepid, 1852–53. It is also to be borne in mind that the expeditions around Grant Land and Greenland found the sea along the coast covered with broken-up masses of ice of immense thickness unlike anything hitherto seen in the Arctic, except by McClure, Collinson,

and Meacham off Banks and Prince Patrick's Islands, and we have already pointed out what the party had to encounter that attempted to reach the Pole.

Sir George Nares, in a very able paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, has given his views of the condition of the Polar Ocean, with the conclusion that all further attempts by the way of Smith Sound are useless, and that the region between Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph's Land has now become the most interesting neighborhood for exploration; with which Dr. Peterman, the eminent geographer of Gotha, concurs. Sir George is of opinion that Greenland does not extend much farther north than the latitude to which Beaumont traced it. He is certain that they were on the borders of a large sea, which is covered by ice during winter. Whether it extends to or across the Pole he does not assume to determine, but thinks that it may safely be predicted that a very broad opening or large sea exists from Cape Columbia, the farthest northern point of Grant Land; and this opening or sea he believes extends as far as the Pole. In the summer, he says, there is a thaw over the whole Arctic Sea; the ice breaks up, and is subject to motion from the winds and currents; about the first week in July the whole of the pack begins to drive backwards and forwards, according to the wind and current, — its main course being to the outlets, through which it escapes from the Polar Basin in small quantities, and this state of things continues until the end of September, when the increasing frost cements the contending masses of ice, and by the end of October the whole Polar Sea is again frozen, breaking only occasionally with the tidal currents. He further states, that, as there is a constant formation of ice during seven months of the year, it more than equals the melting or decay during the other five months; and that, allowing that it moves when escaping through the outlets at the rate of four miles a day during the three or four months of summer, there would be from one half to two thirds of the whole quantity constantly remaining in the Polar Basin; that from this state of facts there is a great accumulation, in the Arctic, of ancient ice, — ice, Sir George says, one hundred years old, forced up, as they found it; of enormous thickness and height along the shores of the Polar Sea, which he distinguishes by a newly devised term, *Palæocrystic*.

This opinion of the physical condition of the inner Polar Basin is entitled to weight, coming as it does from a previous Arctic explorer, who knows the difference between old and new ice, and who, having upon this occasion spent eleven months in studying the formation heaped up along the coast of Grant Land, must have been able to form a tolerable judgment respecting its age. Whatever quantity of land, he says, may yet be discovered, it may safely be assumed that the area of the Polar Sea embraces from a million to a million and a half of square miles, its principal outlet between Spitzbergen and Greenland being little more than three hundred miles broad.

If this, then, be the true condition of the region around the Pole, it affords no support to the theory of an open Polar Sea, — the conclusion to be arrived at being that there is a large Polar Sea, but that it is not an open one; that, on the contrary, it is frozen over for seven months in the year; and that during the few months of the summer its condition is such as to render navigation exceedingly perilous, if not impossible. The belief in this supposed open sea, which has prevailed more or less for three centuries, we have never been able to trace to its source. In Jacob Ruysch's map of the world, prefixed to the edition of Ptolemy, of 1508, an open Polar Sea is represented with a rock in the middle of it. When the mariner's compass came into use in Europe, about the twelfth century, the belief arose that the attraction to which the needle yielded was a huge magnetic rock, situated at the Pole. Ruysch, in an inscription on his map, says, upon the information of a work to which he refers ("The Discovery of Fortunatus"), that there is, at the North Pole, a large rock, of thirty-three German miles in circumference, surrounded by a sea into which rivers flow; and that there are islands around this sea, with high mountains, two of the islands being inhabited. A century afterwards, Plancius, a Dutch theologian and geographer of the sixteenth century, drew attention to the existence of this sea, as a route by which to reach the Indies; and when Mercator published his map of the world, in 1569, although he omitted this sea in the general map, he represented it upon the same sheet by a separate map, with a large island in the centre, and four rivers flowing into it from the four opposite points.

In Mercator's Atlas by Hondius, Mercator's drawing or map of

this imaginary sea is said to have been made from a description of it in the Itinerary of Jacob Cnoyen of Bolduck, who, it is said, derived his information in part from the "Res Gestæ" of Arthur of Britain, and in part from a priest of the King of Norway, who said that an English monk from Oxford had visited the islands of this sea in 1364, and measured them with the astrolabe. In the imperfect state of geographical knowledge at that time, such information as this was regarded as reliable, and stories were current in Holland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that Dutch fishermen had sailed into this open sea without any obstruction as far as the Pole. These stories continuing to be circulated, and being published in geographical works, both in Holland and in other countries, Professor Allman, of Leyden, determined in 1773 to ascertain by investigation how far north Dutch fishermen had reached, and Captain May, an officer in the Dutch service, together with Van Keulin, the eminent Dutch cartographer, made a thorough investigation, which was carried on chiefly at the Helder, where most of the Dutch fishermen lived, and where these expeditions were fitted out. Information was sought from the oldest shipmasters and from those mariners who had made the greatest number of voyages. Journals were inspected, old maps and charts examined, and every available source of information was ransacked. The result of this inquiry was that the Dutch vessels had generally succeeded in getting as far as 81° N. lat., and that the most northern voyage ever heard of at the Helder was that of one John Schol in 1700, who, according to his reckoning, had reached as far as 84° N. lat., which cannot be implicitly relied on, as inaccuracy in latitudes was then common, Hadley's quadrant not having been invented until 1730. Daines Barrington, in 1775, published in a volume a full account of all the loose and hearsay information which had accumulated with the result of Professor Allman's exhaustive investigation in Holland, to which Colonel Beaufoy added an appendix in 1818, and nothing more was heard of the open Polar Sea until Captain Maury, it would seem, revived it, about the year 1850. Maury acquired, especially in England, a great reputation by the hydrographic observations, worked out by a much greater man, the grandson of Benjamin Franklin, Dr. A. D. Bache, for many years the head of our Coast Survey, which Maury in his publications made use of and which the world

accepted as his own. With the reputation thus acquired as an hydrographer, his advocacy of the theory of an open Polar Sea gave it a certain weight. Attracted by Dr. Bache's investigations upon the observations of the course of the Gulf Stream taken in our Coast Survey, Maury, a man of active imagination and wholly wanting in those essentials requisite in a geographer, — care, caution, and accuracy, — at once leaped to the conclusion that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream penetrated as an undercurrent into the Polar Basin, whilst a cold surface-current passed out through Davis Straits, and that this warm current of the Gulf Stream, rising to the surface at the Pole, or its vicinity, modified the climate there, and was adequate to produce and maintain an open sea "teeming with animal life." In Maury's imaginative language, "the extra-tropical regions of the northern hemisphere acted as a condenser to a grand steam-machine, the boiler of which was in the region of the southeast trade-winds."

The effect which the Gulf Stream does produce in modifying the climate along the northern coast of Norway, and as far as Nova Zembla, together with the existence of polynias * of open water, which had been seen by explorers in other parts of the Arctic, led him to another loose generalization, that the belt of extreme cold was south of 80° N. lat., and that beyond this to the north a milder climate existed, to which the birds seen flying to the north, in Polar expeditions, resorted, and through the seas of which those whales found their way that were struck with harpoons in the Pacific and were afterwards found in the Atlantic with the same harpoons in them. The water sky seen by De Haven in Wellington Channel, and the polynia or open water afterwards found by Captain Penny in the same vicinity, were to Maury convincing proof of the existence of an open sea to the north, not always, he said, in the same place, as the Gulf Stream is not always in the same place, but to be found wherever the warm water in the Polar area rises to the surface. Here the existence of the warm current of the Gulf Stream in the interior Polar Basin was taken for granted, of which there was not then, nor has there ever been since, the slightest evidence. In the Austrian expedition to Franz Joseph Land in 1872–73 no proofs of its existence in that direction north were discovered, and the very last observa-

* A name given by the Russians to a supposed iceless sea around the Pole. — Ed.

tions indicate that its farthest prolonged course is easterly, through the Kara Straits, into the Kara Sea, with a greatly diminished volume.

The flowing of this warm current into the interior of the Arctic being thus assumed as a basis, it was easy to build a plausible structure upon it, and, Maury being a very attractive writer, a general impression was produced that this large open sea existed.

It will illustrate the imaginative character of Maury in geographical matters to state that he had a like conception respecting the Antarctic. In 1858 he addressed a long communication to the American Geographical Society in exposition of a vague theory he had formed that the winds did not blow across the interior of the Antarctic but moved in a circle around that region, producing by the congelation of their moisture the circle of ice-barriers by which it is known to be surrounded, in which communication he claimed that when these barriers were crossed a region would be found within, capable of sustaining animal and vegetable life, and which was probably inhabited by man, — proposing that the society should petition Congress to send out an expedition to prove the truth of this hypothesis, which the society declined to do.

Dr. Kane, after his return from the first Grinnell Expedition, in 1851, impressed by the high reputation which Maury then had as an hydrographer, embraced this theory with his characteristic ardor. He rejected as unworthy of credit the stories of Dutch fishermen having sailed through this open sea to the Pole, but adopted Maury's general views. This open sea, he said, "is generally recognized to exist, not upon the result of explorations, but rather upon the well-elaborated deductions of Sabine and Berghaus, and especially of our accomplished hydrographer, Lieutenant Maury," and he embodied his own and Maury's views in an able and eloquent paper which he read before the American Geographical Society in 1852. We were present at the reading of this paper, and our impression was then, and has been ever since, that in ignorance of the physical condition of the interior of the Polar Basin, the rational presumption would be that the state of cold which is found around the Polar Circle as far as it has been penetrated would not be diminished but rather increased, farther north, as the length of the winter or long

polar night increases towards the Pole. Dr. Kane, however, did not think so. His object, in his expedition in 1853–55 was, in addition to searching for Sir John Franklin, to find his way into this open Polar Sea; and when Morton, in June, 1854, at 81° 22′ N. lat., saw open water with the waves wildly dashing against the shore in what we now know to be Hall's Basin, at the end of Kennedy Channel, Kane sincerely believed that his associate was upon the shores of this great open Polar Sea, and even so cautious a scientific reasoner as Dr. Bache was convinced after Kane's return that he had found such a sea.

Dr. Hayes, who accompanied Kane in this expedition, and went upon an expedition of his own in the same direction in 1860, in the schooner United States, thought then, and thinks still, that this sea exists. In justice to Dr. Hayes, his view should be given in his own words. He holds that the Gulf Stream flows northward, "pouring the warm waters of the Tropic Zone through the broad gateway east of Spitzbergen, forcing out a return-current of cold water to the west of Spitzbergen and through Davis Straits," and that "this displacement of the waters of the Pole by the waters of the Equator . . . . tempers the whole Arctic region with a warmth above that which is otherwise natural to it." His further argument is that, as "the ceaseless currents of the sea and the tide-flow of the surface" there "keep the waters ever in movement, it is not possible that any considerable portion of this sea can be frozen over"; that "the sea does not close except when at rest; and that "at no point in the Arctic Circle has there been found an ice-belt extending, either in winter or in summer, more than from fifty to one hundred miles from land."

Scoresby maintained, long ago, that the sea in the Arctic will freeze over. The point has been disputed and discussed for a great length of time, but it may be stated, upon the authority of Payer, that that discussion is now at an end, the prevailing opinion being that it will freeze.

Great respect is due, by writers who have not been themselves in the Arctic regions, to the views of a man of the ability and Arctic experience of Dr. Hayes, especially as like views were entertained by two eminent English Arctic explorers, Sir Edward Belcher and Admiral Inglefield; but, as against their united judgment, it

should be stated that many of the most distinguished Arctic explorers have never believed in the existence of this open sea, among whom may be named Hudson, Baffin, Phipps, Scoresby, Buchan, Franklin, Parry, Collinson, Hamilton, McClintock, and, among recent explorers, Koldeway, Nordenskjöld, Weyprecht, Payer, and Nares. Payer, at the farthest point reached in Franz Joseph Land, 82° 5′ N. lat., saw open water of a considerable extent. He was able, from a height, to survey its extent, and found that it was not an open sea, but a polynia, *surrounded by old ice*, within which lay masses of young ice. In the Austrian and the English expeditions, which from different points reached nearer the Pole than any others, it was found that animal and vegetable life steadily decreased as they got farther north. Franz Joseph Land was pronounced the most desolate land upon earth, and the northern region explored in the English expedition was of the same general character. The result of both of these last expeditions is, therefore, not only unfavorable to the existence of this supposed open Polar Sea, but their experience shows that the difficulty of reaching the Pole, even by sledging, is greatly beyond what it was supposed to be, unless a coast-line should be discovdred trending in the direction of the Pole.

The conclusion of Sir George Nares, that any further attempt in Smith Sound is useless, will not be accepted by American geographers. Unexplored land exists northeast of the farthest point reached by Beaumont in Greenland, and though Sir George thinks that the land thus seen is about the northern limit of Greenland, Dr. Peterman, on the contrary, maintains that Greenland probably extends to and across the Pole. From what is now known, further explorations can be carried on as well by the way of Smith Sound as in any other direction, and in that view Captain Howgate, of the United States Signal Service has advocated the establishment of a station in Smith Sound, as a base from which explorations may be directed as favorable opportunities offer, and a bill is now before Congress to carry out this plan.

The question is frequently asked, "What is the use of continuing these Polar expeditions, now that the existence of a northwest passage is ascertained, and that it is of no practical value for commerce?" The answer is, that there is no portion of the earth's surface where exploration for scientific purposes is of so much

value as in the region of the Arctic. It has been penetrated much farther than the Antarctic, and can be penetrated still farther, whilst the Antarctic is so walled around with great ice-barriers as to make the task there exceedingly difficult, if not hopeless. We have extended the limits of this article so far that we cannot enter upon this question at length. It will suffice to say that the late Admiral Sherard Osborn gave a full enumeration of the many important scientific subjects to be elucidated by investigation in the Arctic area; Mr. Alex. von Humboldt van der Hoerck set forth the scientific reasons very lucidly, a short time ago, in a paper read by him before the American Geographical Society; and Professor Loomis of Yale College in a recent letter to Captain Howgate has stated the general reasons so concisely that we will give them in his own words:—

"There is scarcely a problem relating to the physics of the globe which can be fully understood without a knowledge of the phenomena within the polar regions. Whatever phenomena we may wish to investigate, it is of special importance to determine its maximum and minimum values, and in nearly all questions of terrestrial physics one or other of these values is found in the neighborhood of the Pole. If, for example, we wish to determine the distribution of temperature upon the surface of the globe, it is specially important to determine the extremes of temperature, one of which is to be found near the Equator, and the other near the Poles. If we wish to investigate the system of circulation of the winds, our investigation would be sadly deficient without a knowledge of the phenomena in the polar regions. If we wish to study the fluctuations in the pressure of the atmosphere, whether periodical or accidental, we cannot be sure that we understand the phenomena in the middle latitudes unless we know what takes place in the polar regions. If we wish to investigate the currents of the ocean, we find indications of currents coming from the polar regions, and it is important to be able to trace these currents to their source. If we wish to investigate the laws of the tides, we need observations from every ocean; and observations in the Arctic regions have a special value, on account of their distance from the place where the daily tidal wave takes its origin. If we wish to study the phenomena of atmospheric electricity and of auroral exhibitions, no part of the world is more important than the polar regions. If we wish to study the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, observations in the polar regions have a special value, since it is here the dipping needle assumes a vertical position, and the in-

tensity of the earth's magnetism is the greatest. If we wish to determine the dimensions and figure of the earth, we require to know the length of a degree of latitude where it is greatest, and also where it is least. If we wish to determine how the force of gravity varies in different parts of the world, we require observations of the seconds' pendulum, both where it is the greatest and where it is the least. In short, there is no problem connected with the physics of the globe which does not demand observations from the polar regions; and generally the Poles and the Equator are more important as stations of observation than any other portions of the earth's surface. If the information which has been acquired upon these various subjects in the numerous polar expeditions of the last half-century were annihilated, it would leave an immense chasm."

In closing, we call attention to a statement of Sir George Nares, that Kane and Hayes changed the names which had been given by Admiral Inglefield to headlands in Smith Sound, and that both published very misleading delineations of the coast. As this is the only reference made to these two previous American explorers in the same field, and is and was meant to be severe in its condemnation of them, it would naturally be expected that some facts would have been stated to justify it. If Sir George Nares considered it necessary to introduce such a subject in an account of his own expedition, it should not have been by a general charge in this form, but the facts should have been set forth upon which it is founded. It is even incumbent upon him now to do so, as Dr. Hayes has, as respects himself, denied the charge through the public journals, and Dr. Kane is dead.

CHARLES P. DALY.

Art. VI. — Of Poetry and Verse-Making.*

The angry god who dealt so vigorously with Marsyas understood perfectly well the insufficiency of any milder discipline upon so important an occasion. The succession of the poetasters is perpetual. The mediocre is always halting behind excellence, while the camp-followers, "pioneers and all," close the long procession, here strident and there musical. In every collection of fables, from Æsop to Pilpay, the crow cries canorous conclusions with the nightingale. In the very beginning of his Virgilian studies, the school-boy, too often neglectful of the warning, encounters Bavius and Mæviis, that luckless pair, nailed fast in the pillory of an immortal hexameter; while we still groan with Horace at the bore who claims his literary fellowship in the Via Sacra. Satire, merciless, sanguinary, and savage, can never silence, and much less can it extinguish the brood whose only hippocras is small beer. Nobody can understand why Shadwell did not hang himself upon the very first perusal of McGlecnoe, or how Dennis lived to a good old age in spite of fustigations such as no mortal man ever before suffered and survived. In literary discipline the *fortiter in re* has proved a failure. Nobody wrote a line the less because of his niche in the Dunciad, or acknowledged himself to be a fool because he had been exhibited to the world as living in a garret, as haunting cheap ordinaries, as shabby and penniless and hungry.

The inefficiency of the ordinary methods of dealing with bad poets may be partly attributed to a lack of sincerity. The verse-maker who, after he has done his best, instead of being well paid,

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* *Avenia: A Tragical Poem on the Oppression of the Human Species.* By Thomas Branagan. Philadelphia. 1802.

The Fall of Virtue: Being a Paraphrase of the whole Book of Job. By Chauncy Lee, A. M. Hartford. 1806.

The Napolead. In Twelve Books. By Thomas H. Genin. St. Clairsville, Ohio. 1833.

The Months: A Poem. By Benjamin J. Herve. Lancaster, Pa. 1874.

The Vendetta, and Other Poems. By Thomas Brower Peacock. Topeka, Kansas. 1876.

Suicide, considered Practically and Philosophically. By Charles J. Coles. New York. 1876.

and benevolently encouraged to go on, is denounced as a pretender and made the laughing-stock of literary circles, naturally feels that he is there treated not as an offender against the canons of the poetic art, not because he is a botcher and a bungler, but merely that at his expense a clever man may display his own brilliant dexterity. Whatever may be the faults which are then set forth and censured, — and often they are patent to the world without formal indication, — it is impossible to separate from their too eager experience the suspicion of a malevolent motive, or careless disregard of the unprofitable suffering so needlessly occasioned. The quarrel of Pope with the scribblers was personal and not critical. The animosities of Swift were against men and politicians, and not against writers as such. Gifford, a poor young man just from the shoemaker's bench, and anxious for reputation and success, waged a horrid war, which was no better than mercenary, against the moths and the maccaronis of the Della Crusca. Mr. Brougham, importuned by Jeffrey for a showy article, met, accidentally perhaps, with the "Hours of Idleness," and gladly improved the opportunity of abusing simultaneously a poet and a peer. Lord Macaulay's well-known paper upon Satan Montgomery may have had no higher origin. The poems which were reviewed were as bad as possible, it is true; but, on the other hand, they were below criticism and unworthy of the notice of the "Edinburgh Review." Hundreds of people have said sharp things of Mr. Tupper, who would never of themselves have discovered the rare and meritorious character of his platitudes.

There is a method of dealing with the whole tribe of verse-makers in gross, which involves some inquiry into the real nature of their mistakes and offences. It may be possible in a friendly way to make them comprehend the substantial immorality of wasting time and talent in doing what it is impossible for them to do well, and in persistently producing that for which, even though it were fairly done, the world has no occasion. Young people betake themselves to the penning of stanzas, when they should be engrossing, or doing something still more useful, partly from a genuine, however limited, poetical feeling, which they erroneously suppose to be a special and exclusive emotion of their own; and partly because they find, with all the pleasure of a discovery, that to rhyme is easy, and that a tolerably accurate met-

rical arrangement of words is by no means difficult. It is not merely by a devotion to longs and shorts, to male and female rhymes, to odes and elegies, to epitaphs and sonnets, and, alas! sometimes to epics, that beginners are misled, and left floundering in a slough of despond. They try painting, sculpture, and music; they spoil canvas, waste clay, and wear out instruments, and all without achieving any result of the slightest importance, even to themselves. Only failure and disappointment can come of a mistaken, however honest, estimate of personal capacity; and such a mistake persisted in may squander many a weary year of life, only to end at last in tragedy.

To men of a certain temperament mediocrity is better than silence, and even notoriety than absolute obscurity. Apart from the difficulty which they experience in making a just estimate of their own productions, they find a pleasure even in the pretence and show of doing what it is not given to all to do. The origin of most of the volumes at the head of this article is not far to seek. These writers, we may assume, are human beings. They think, feel, love, suffer, hope; they are not wanting in a liking for the beautiful, whether in art or in nature; they feel with sensitive facility necessitudes, whether painful or pleasant; and they are not deficient in a due appreciation of the merits of the poems usually found in domestic collections. They do not stop to inquire, possibly they are incapable of inquiring, whether to them has been vouchsafed any fresh and peculiar revelation of the mystery of existence, of the meaning of the past, of the duty of the present, of the probabilities of the future; that which they have to sing may have been often sung before, but this is a point which they scarcely pause to consider at all. They assume a universal interest in their own presentation of what is either private and personal to themselves, or within the common knowledge and daily experience of all the race. They make little or no distinction between what is printed and what is worth printing, and their names upon the title-pages of puny and still-born duodecimos, fortified only by paper or cloth covers, seem to them to be as indelibly recorded as if carved in gigantic characters upon the walls of a pyramid. They are famous in villages, and illustrious in a corner of the county newspaper, and when their effusions are numerous enough to fill a volume, the volume is printed and perishes almost in the process.

Life is short, and in considering these unlucky books the waste of time which the proportions of some of them imply must not be overlooked. The poem called "The Months" by Mr. Herve is a book of 225 pages, and contains about 8,900 lines. In 1806 the Rev. Chauncy Lee paraphrased, it appears, the whole Book of Job, writing, probably with his own hand, about 5,000 lines, and among them these: —

> ". . . . beauteous daughters three,
> Again compose his smiling family,
> *Jemima, Kerrenhappuch, and Kezia!*"

Mr. Branagan's "Tragical Poem of Avenia" fills a book of 308 pages, and contains 10,472 lines. Mr. Genin's "Napolead" is in twelve books, and contains 11,187 lines. Productions like these are not written in a day. There is something touching in the wasted application to which they owe their existence. To live for years a life of uninterrupted rhyming, to pass every day and night in dactylic mensuration, to think poetry, breathe feet, walk stanzas, dream cantos, wake to the same task of harmonious drudgery every morning, to live as it were under the perpetual surveillance of the Muse at home, abroad, everywhere, — this is a fate from which the warmest admirer of lines beginning with capital letters might well ask to be saved! It is a consolation, as we recede still further from the antediluvian period, that poems of Mastodonian proportions have become almost unknown. Very few of the builders of rhyme now venture upon a twelve-storied epic, partly because no magazine will print it, and partly because no publisher will so much as look at it. The master-singers of the century usually set an example of commendable brevity, and their imitators and apprentices have at least sense enough to follow it. Naturally, the mob of gentlemen and ladies who write with ease prefer the lighter labor of the lyric. Instead, therefore, of a small number of big poems which nobody can read, like Mr. Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," or Mr. Barlow's "Columbiad," or Mr. Emmons's "Fredoniad," we have a large number of little poems, each of which anybody may, if so minded, read without undue coercion of the faculty of perusal. These little are to these big as an ode of Anacreon to the Iliad or an epigram of Martial to the Pharsalia of Lucan. If we are spared the full symphony, we can surely listen to these waltzes or sarabands thrummed upon the guitar. And yet

there is something wearily monotonous in both the topics and the treatment. Of love we expect every poet to discourse with more or less distraction of manner and of matter; but why should the love of one enamored bard be exactly like that of another? Why should the same things be said over and over again about the seasons, the flowers, the stars, the zephyrs, and the birds, about twilight and daylight and midnight, about childhood and old age, about death and burial and the resurrection? And why should twenty writers in their writings be as precisely like as two peas? Surely a thing, having been well said or ill said, may be dismissed, that other things equally important or unimportant may receive attention. Why is Spring always "gentle" in our small poems, especially as she is usually such a termagant in the weather-reports? Why is she always "waking from her long repose"? Why do we always have her "verdant leaves" and her "opening buds"? Why is she always called "a spirit hovering there"? Why must we be always asked to smell the same nosegay, the hyacinth and daffodil, the daisy and the dandelion? Yet the moment a true poet introduces us to these objects, familiar as they are to weariness upon the printed pages, how they start into a new beauty and grow fragrant with a diviner essence! Nature, become an absolute dowdy in second-hand and third-rate portraiture, is again fresh, original, and comely! The same things are said; the same phrases are used; there is nothing of novelty. Speaking strictly, in the subject, yet in the absence of pretence, and under the charm of a genuine affection, we seem never to have heard these wood-notes before. Between the spring of Mr. Bryant and the spring of Mr. Nobody there is a likeness of letter which makes the world-wide difference of spirit at once a pleasure and a puzzle.

The biography of one of these little cambric-clad books of verses, so altogether harmless and unimportant, would itself be curious, entertaining, and didactic. The writer finds out, all too early in life, that he can make rhymes, and he makes them, to paternal wonder, and the envious admiration of his schoolmates. Then comes to him the exquisite pleasure of print in newspaper or magazine. He collects; he publishes in a volume with an affected title, and a fanciful dedication, and a preface saturated with that vanity of self-depreciation which is the vainest of all. "Notices" and advertisements follow, and then all is over. Of such merchandise

the sale is necessarily small, and even the desire to give away the whole edition is limited by a sense of decent personal dignity. In a few months the verses are utterly forgotten, if anything can be forgotten which has never been known. How should they be remembered when so many works of real merit have passed into oblivion! The frequenter of the stalls finds the poor, forlorn book, with its back broken, with its dainty binding defaced, its leaves dog's-eared, and its price reduced from several dollars to a single sixpence. The rains of heaven have fallen upon it; the dust of the street has covered it; the pickers-up of unconsidered trifles have left their thumb-marks upon it, and it lodges disreputably in a heap with old grammars and dismal Congress documents and odd volumes of religious magazines. As we have lifted up, and out of whim or for some special reason have rescued, the waif from the purgatory of the pavement, we have sometimes wondered whether the writer was satisfied with one trial and failure, and went sadly but resolutely back to some business containing the potentiality of wholesome bread-and-butter, or whether, in a life-long obscurity, he persisted in producing other and like volumes, in their turn to be printed and to perish. To what avocations do these writers betake themselves when the thrills of fancy and the pursuit of fame are alike abandoned? Are they ever radically cured of the intellectual distemper which betrayed them into the worst of blunders, — the blunder of putting out a book not wanted now, and never likely to be wanted through all the ages? And, if so cured, with what mortification must they look back upon the old hopes and aspirations, the vanities, the self-complacencies, and the absurdities of their nonage! The dreadful mistake is perhaps suspected among their friends, who never mention it; fortunate is the reformed scribbler, if his enemies do not know that he has written a book! The only instance which we can recall of an immediate and thorough repentance is that of John Kemble, who, in early life, published and suppressed within the space of a single day a volume of verses. But, alas! while he was thus rapidly coming to his senses, several copies of the work had been sold; and collectors now pay enormous prices for the rarity. More than one practical merchant or hard-headed old broker, who left college redolent of the honey-dew of Castalia, and so printed his poems before he fully comprehended what he was doing, blushes as he

recalls his indiscretion, and regretfully remembers the copies which he presented to libraries. How sure he felt that he was one

> "Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
> Magna sonaturum";

and how sure he is now that his *ingenium* is for selling short, his *mens* for making a corner, and his *os* for the bellowing or the growling of the stock-exchange! We are all nightingales in the springtime of life, and then — *vox corvi canentis!*

The disappointed minstrel whose epics or elegies, songs or sonnets, mankind has obstinately refused to read, regards himself as ill-treated, and declines to accept the readiest explanation of such neglect. It might illuminate his understanding if he would but consider that no book lives for more than an extremely limited period, except by sheer force of its own peculiar merits, while according to this law some books cannot live at all. To real excellence the world is singularly just, not instantly it may be, but usually at last. Those who divert themselves with the antiquities of literature find a charm in the obsolete as such, and regard a piece of printing as the Antiquary in Congreve's comedy regarded a mummy, or as Martinus Scriblerus expanded with rapture over a rusty old buckler. But the truth remains that most of those who have written English verse since the days of Gower are hardly known to readers by name, and not at all by their works. The most brilliant contemporaneous reputations have faded into blank nothingness, and men have risen to reputation and fallen to oblivion even in a single generation. The probable nature of poetical fame ought to prove to every young aspirant how uncommon is a poetical faculty original enough to warrant cultivation. A poem which will be of no importance to the twentieth century can be of no vital importance to the nineteenth. Newspapers and most pamphlets we know are for to-day; novels meant only to amuse can amuse only those for whom they are constructed; in various departments of literature there is no pretence of an elevated purpose; but in the writing of poetry there is at least an assumption of a higher mood, and an implied attempt to refine and elevate mankind, to assuage grief by a profound sympathy, and to foreshadow an existence unhampered by the accidents of time and undeluded by the senses. History proves that only to a very few is it given to

raise the immortal strain of immortality, and reason supports and explains the testimony of history. The relation of the teacher to the taught must always be that of one to many; and in no age and to no people have the prophets come in battalions. If the young man who fancies himself a poet born will but consider seriously what a poet is, he may perhaps lower his self-estimate. If he can be made to comprehend how little needed are his own productions, he may abandon an enterprise which can only go on in waste, and only end in disappointment. Of all the spheres of intellectual activity, why should he elect that in which discomfiture is all but predestinate.

If one writes verses long enough, and is not hopelessly deficient in ear, — we mean ear for verbal melody, — the presumption is that in time he may write them correctly. The imitators of Pope had exactly the measured swing of their master, the same syllabic distribution of accents and pauses, and everything except his warmth and wit and wisdom. Merely mechanical merit is the lowest of qualities; and even in this our verse-mongers are often deficient. They have nothing to say, and they say it badly. But clumsiness is not so intolerable as the coarse affectation of strength, the pretence of passion, the making of mournful or mad faces, the cheaply terrible, the repulsively amorous, the simulation of eccentricity, the studied oddity, the disregard of method and of established literary forms, the insolent vulgarity, the restless variety, and the impertinent subjectivity, of which we have recently had too much. It is sad to be only a bad Tupper; it is sadder to be a bad Byron. It is discreditable to write dime-novels in prose; it is infinitely more so to write them in verse. Several of the volumes named at the beginning of this article, if valuable for nothing else, are at least good examples of sound and fury, signifying nothing. A sick girl, alleviating the tedium of her chamber by stringing innocent couplets together, may be pardoned if she gathers her small blossoms into a bouquet of a book, and tries to sell it that she may buy bread; but when Mr. Thomas Brower Peacock writes his "Vendetta" in five calico cantos, which are to poetry as reporter's English is to the English of Addison, what is there to say except that fine feathers, in spite of the proverb, may make exceedingly vulgar birds? Nothing strikes us more forcibly and unpleasantly than the bad workmanship of most of

the books named by us. It was once customary for reviewers to parade the blunders and absurdities of a writer brought to the bar of critical judgment, and to perform something like a vivisection at which the reader was expected to laugh. For this method of dealing with the metrical disease we have little taste; but it may not be superfluous to warn neophytes that they may possibly present to the eyes of the judicious a figure altogether laughable.

Finally, we may be permitted to suggest that verse-making, which is by no means a difficult business, may also be an innocent recreation from which we would by no means debar the young amateur. We have rarely read the preface to a volume of fugitive poetry which did not contain a frank acknowledgment that it was not worth printing. Why, then, print? Are there not secret places in which their bantlings may be hidden? Are there not stoves in which they may be burned? Are there not dealers who go from door to door and purchase waste paper? The young bards assure us, in the constantly quoted language of Coleridge, that poetry has been its own exceeding great reward. Why, then, seek any other? Why, then, put it into the market to be sold for a price? Why these little feeble grasps at immortality? All that there is of any value in the whole *corpus* of all the poets in all languages is worthless compared with sincerity and veracity of life. So much is within the reach of all; and happy are they who secure it, though they may miss praise which is so sweet, and fame which seems to be a prize to the famous, and, in truth, is of value only to those by whose acclamations it is conferred.

CHARLES T. CONGDON.

ART. VII. — THE INSURANCE CRISIS.

LIFE-INSURANCE has sometimes been adduced as a measure of the social progress and condition of a people. Be that as it may, it can safely be said that it has flourished only in an advanced civilization. Depending upon the heaven-born precept to bear each other's burdens, life-insurance affords the most successful application of the scientific doctrine of probabilities to the wants of our better nature. By the application of this principle, compensation

for the misfortunes of an individual, arising from the happening of a contingency to which each person is liable, may be effectually made by spreading the burden over the many, — the share of each one being very small in proportion to the benefit which may be derived. The principle is susceptible of almost infinite application to the practical affairs of life, success depending upon the proper observance of the laws of probability.

Life-insurance has for its scientific basis the laws governing the chances of living or dying, combined with the improvement of money by interest. While nothing is more uncertain than the duration of life in the case of an individual, yet nothing can be predicted with greater certainty than the average duration of life, or the rates of mortality which will prevail among a large number of cases. The census-returns of the different countries, and more particularly the mortuary statistics of life-insurance companies, enable us to base our predictions as to the rates of mortality among a large number of persons, similarly situated as regards habits and conditions of life, with all the precision attending the application of mathematical principles to the laws of nature. The statistics of different companies in this country and Europe have been carefully collated, and the result is, practically, that the rates of mortality among insured lives can safely be predicted within well-defined and narrow limits. This knowledge enables us to determine accurately the yearly cost of insurance for each age, or the sum which is necessary to be paid in order to secure a stated amount in case of death within the year next ensuing. The foundation, or theoretical basis, upon which life-insurance rests is unimpeachable, — it is the application of monetary values to well-ascertained and clearly defined laws of nature. When such application is made to a sufficient number of cases, so that the law of average may have free scope for its operations, and the monetary trust is wisely, honestly, and economically administered, there is nothing in the commercial world which approaches the security of a well-established life-insurance company.

The wonderful growth of life-insurance in the United States within the last twenty years sufficiently demonstrates its necessity in our social economy. The fact that life-insurance affords the best, if not the only, means by which a capital sum may be instantly created upon the death of the head of a family, is generally

understood and clearly appreciated. Our citizens must and will have this protection. We have endeavored to prove that the foundation, or theoretical basis, of life-insurance is impregnable, and is worthy, when properly applied, of our highest confidence. Notwithstanding these facts, we are now passing through a crisis in life-insurance by which the institution is put to the severest strain. Distrust and uncertainty prevail more or less in regard to the whole system, even when administered by the best and strongest companies, where confidence is deserved and should by every means be fostered and encouraged. Three companies, comparatively old and well established, with *nominal* assets exceeding eleven million dollars, have recently failed most disastrously, entailing loss and dismay to thousands of families, and covering with merited disgrace their former managers, who have proved unfaithful to their trusts.

A clear perception of the progress of the business during the past seventeen years, as well as an idea of its present status, may be had by an examination of the following table, compiled from the last Report of the Superintendent of the New York Insurance Department.

TABLE showing the Number and Amount of Policies in force, Gross Assets, Gross Liabilities, and Surplus of Life Insurance Companies transacting Business in the State of New York, from the Year 1859 *to* 1875, *both inclusive.*

YEAR.	Number of Companies.	Number of Policies in force.	Amount of Policies in force.	Gross Assets.	Gross Liabilities, except Capital.	Surplus as regards Policy-Holders.
1859	14	49,608	$141,497,977.82	$20,536,084.58	$15,464,936.44	$5,071,148.14
1860	17	56,046	163,703,455.31	24,115,686.85	17,159,873.46	6,955,813.39
1861	17	57,202	164,256,052.44	26,670,397.04	18,278,402.40	8,391,994.64
1862	18	65,252	183,962,577.43	30,123,331.75	23,791,458 70	6,331,873.05
1863	22	98,095	267,658,677.22	37,838,190.10	28,665,153.70	9,173,036.40
1864	27	146,729	395,703,054.77	49,027,297.40	34,718,230.66	14,309,066.74
1865	30	209,392	580,882,253.46	64,232,123.24	46,341,499.26	17,890,623 98
1866	39	305,390	865,105,877.24	91,587,027.97	65,588,522.76	25,998,505.21
1867	43	401,140	1,161,729,776.27	125,548,951.40	88,597,422.36	36,951,529.04
1868	55	537,594	1,528,984,685.32	175,262,329.71	135,806,958.19	39,455,371.52
1869	69	656.572	1,836,617,818.97	227,767,025.57	180,313,971.36	47,453,054 21
1870	71	747,807	2,023,884,955.00	269,520,440.76	221,032,146.22	48,488,294.54
1871	68	785,360	2,101,461,834.00	302,558,199.23	254,551,781.19	48,006,418.04
1872	59	804,444	2,114 742,591.00	335,168,542 70	288,327,106.78	46,841,435.92
1873	56	817,081	2,086,027,178.00	360,140,684.49	311,550,927.62	48,589,756.87
1874	50	799,534	1,997,236,230.00	387,281,896.81	328,392,551.70	58,889,345 11
1875	45	774,625	1,922,043,146 00	403,142,981.58	342,330,952.86	60,812,028.72

From the foregoing table we observe that the life-insurance companies permitted to do business in the State of New York

were credited, at the close of the year 1875, with assets amounting to no less than $403,000,000, with insurances outstanding amounting to nearly $2,000,000,000 upon the lives of three quarters of a million persons. These aggregates are startling and difficult to grasp. Some reflections, however, are at once forced upon us in regard to these vast accumulations: What are they? To whom do they belong? Are they necessary in order to secure the protection sought in the event of the death of the bread-winner? Have these funds been honestly, safely, and economically managed or invested? What rights have the policy-holders in these vast accumulations? These are suggestive queries. Life-insurance has been purchased, hitherto, almost without exception, by the payment of equal, uniform, or commuted yearly premiums extending over the whole duration of life or for a stated number of years. Since the risk of dying and consequently the cost of insurance usually increases with the age of the person whose life is exposed to the risk of mortality, it follows that any uniform or commuted yearly premium must, of necessity, be larger than is required to provide for the insurance or protection during the earlier years of a policy, in order that it may be sufficient to provide for the enhanced cost of insurance during the later years. In other words, every such uniform annual premium provides not only for its equitable share of the death-claims and expenses of management during each separate current year, but it includes also a further sum to be retained and accumulated by the company in order to provide for insurances (or endowment) in the distant future. These last-named fractions of each uniform premium which, as we have seen, are in excess of and are independent of the current yearly provision for death-claims and expenses of management, are simply and solely deposits or payments in advance, for insurances (or endowment) to be furnished in future upon the depositor's own life. These yearly deposits, with interest accumulations thereon, constitute the reserve upon the policy, and in their aggregate comprise the assets of the company. No policy-holder has any right, title, or interest in the reserve of any other policy-holder, each one having his own similar and sufficient sum in the hands of the company. The enormous accumulations of our life-insurance companies, amounting, as we have seen, to over $400,000,000, are then merely the aggregate of individual

deposits, or payments in advance, for benefits to be furnished in the future. These reserves, it should be clearly understood, are what is left from the previous payments of policy-holders after all death-claims and expenses of management in the past have been paid in full. In other words, the company, having been fully compensated for all the work done in the past, holds these reserves as payments in advance, or deposits, on account of work promised to be done in the future.

The complete separation of the deposit portion of each uniform annual premium from the remainder, or insurance portion, of the same, is essential to the proper understanding and treatment of a life insurance contract. The latter is intended to provide for its proportion of the death-claims and expenses of management during the current year, and should in all cases be sufficient for that purpose. If it is not sufficient in any case, the premium should be increased, or a special guaranty-fund should be created, but in no event should the deposit portion be trenched upon to pay any death-claims (except that of the person for whom the deposit was made) or expenses of management. These deposit portions are private accumulations or individual properties, and as such they should be treated. No commission, for instance, should ever be paid for their procurement. No expense of any kind should be incurred for their management and investment which would not be sanctioned in the soundest and most prudently conducted savings-bank or trust-companies. These deposits, or reserves, are intended, it is true, to be left with the company for a long series of years, or until the death of the depositor, but for this very reason every safeguard which by legislative enactment is thrown around the custody and management of other trust-funds under corporate or individual control should in even greater measure attach to the reserves of life-insurance companies. Economy, accountability, and transparent integrity of management are surely not less necessary in the latter than in the former case, where deposits may be withdrawn at pleasure, and during the lifetime of the depositor. In fact, policy-holders have a right to insist that their reserves or accumulated deposits in life-insurance companies shall be managed as economically, invested as securely, and held as accountably, as if they were intrusted (as, in fact, they might be) to the best savings-bank or trust-company.

The neglect on the part of life-insurance managers to separate the deposit portions from the insurance portions of their uniform premiums, by allowing commissions and other expenses upon the whole premium, for instance, has already been productive of great mischief, and is in great part the cause of the distrust and doubt with which the whole system is now regarded by many intelligent men. The disgraceful failures of the Continental, the Security, and the New Jersey Mutual, however, have been mainly caused by unfaithfulness in the management of the trust-funds, — by the investment of these funds for the personal profit of the managers, by accepting bribes or commissions on loans, and, in fact, by practices which would not for a moment be tolerated in any other trustees, private or corporate. Such practices are bringing the whole business of life-insurance into deserved disrepute, and the remedy is by greater publicity on the part of the companies and by the criminal prosecution of the offenders.

Life-insurance more than any other business, depends upon confidence, both present and future. To make it worthy of confidence the system should be freed as far as possible from every defect, so that any head of a family, contracting to pay a certain sum every year during his life, in order that those dependent upon his exertions shall be provided for in case of his death, may have not only security, which is the first consideration, but may feel confident of obtaining a full equivalent for every dollar paid to the company. This brings us to the consideration of the greatest defect in life-insurance, — the liability to forfeiture, and to the confiscation of all the accumulated deposits in case of the omission to pay a stated premium when due. It is a startling fact that, in round numbers, nine policies lapse by forfeiture or surrender, where one is terminated by death; also, that the average duration or lifetime of a policy is about seven years only. In effecting an insurance, how few persons reflect upon the facts that, judging by the past, there is only one chance in ten that the policy will mature by death, while there are nine chances out of ten that it will terminate by forfeiture or surrender. The policy-holder may at some future time be unable or unwilling to pay a stated premium when due; the insurance, highly prized now, may in time be no longer needed or desired; those for whom the payments are now willingly made may be no longer living, or may be pro-

vided for in other ways. Surely there are contingencies other than that of death which ought to be considered by every prudent man, when he effects an insurance on his life, and agrees to pay every year a certain sum of money to a life-insurance company. The way in is easy enough; the way out is not so clear. The way out should in all cases be nominated in the bond. Under the usual form of contract with a life-insurance company, the policy-holder covenants to pay with undeviating punctuality during life, or for a stated number of years, a uniform annual premium, as the consideration for the sum insured, which is promised to be paid at his death, or on his attainment of a stipulated age. The omission to pay any one of these premiums will, by the terms of the contract, work a forfeiture of the insurance, and a confiscation of the reserve or the deposit portions of all previous fragments. Such stringent penalties are not necessary, and would never have been assented to had policy-holders understood their true interests. We have before shown that these reserves are deposits, or payments in advance, for insurance (or endowment) promised to be furnished in the future. If the policy-holder should, by dissolving the contract, relieve the company from the obligation to insure him further or endow him, for which he has paid partly in advance, it would seem only just that a portion at least of such advanced payments should be returned to him. The company should be protected against injury by the possible withdrawal of sound lives, leaving only those whose health has become impaired, but this may be measured by the cost of providing in each case a satisfactory substitute for the person withdrawing, and affords no justification for the wholesale confiscation of trust-funds. The loss to individuals from the forfeiture of their policies has been something fearful in past years, while the gain to the companies has been neutralized in part, at least, by the odium justly attaching to such injustice, and the consequent enhanced cost of procuring new insurances. The injustice of allowing companies to retain and to confiscate trust-moneys received without consideration rendered, is too obvious for valid defence.

In former days the provisions of a mortgage-contract on real estate were rigidly enforced. Failure to pay an interest instalment when due entailed forfeiture, — the realty became at once

the property of the mortgagee without redress, no matter how great the disproportion between the amount of the debt under the contract and the value of the estate. In time appeals were made to the English Court of Chancery. It was ruled that the forfeiture of say two thousand pounds, because a debt of one thousand pounds was not paid punctually on the day when it became due, was unconscionable, and a remedy was furnished by giving the right of appeal. In this country the remedy is found in the Statute Law. The mortgagee, when interest or principal is in default, may recover, by foreclosure and sale, the full amount of principal, interest, and costs of collection; but the remainder, if any, belongs of right to the mortgagor. In the case of a life-insurance contract purchased by uniform annual premiums which is in default by reason of the nonpayment of a stated premium when due, the company should be entitled to full compensation for the cost of the insurance already furnished for an equitable share of the expenses of management, and for the cost of procuring a substitute equally satisfactory as a contributor to death-claims and to the necessary expenses of management; but the remainder, if any, from previous payments belongs of right to the policy-holder, and should be paid over to him. If this is denied, the remedy, it is believed, could be found in any Court of Equity. There is something to be said in favor of allowing this balance or surrender value to be paid in the form of continued insurance; that is to say, the equitable surrender value might be returned in the form of a temporary insurance of the full amount, as under the Massachusetts non-forfeiture law, or in the form of a paid-up policy for a reduced amount. There is no doubt, however, in simple justice, that a fair surrender value, either in cash or in continued insurance, should in every case be given by the company, and should be guaranteed in the policy contract. In support of this position, that the reserve or deposit belongs to the policy-holder, we refer to the terms of the Massachusetts non-forfeiture law, by which it is provided that when any uniform premium is due and unpaid, the policy should not be absolutely forfeited, but eighty per cent of the net reserve shall be used as a single premium by which the insurance for the full amount is continued without further payment for a definite term, which term is in any case ascertainable by an arithmetical calculation.

In connection with this let us refer to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, as delivered in October, 1876, by Mr. Justice Bradley in the case of Life-Insurance Companies *v.* Statham *et al.* It is established, by the decision of the highest court in the land, that if a person is prevented by circumstances beyond his control, as in the case of war, for instance, from paying a stipulated premium when due, the insurance is forfeited, but "in such case insured is entitled to the equitable value of the policy arising from the premiums actually paid. This equitable value . . . . may be recovered in an action at law or by a suit in equity." The court also says: "This reserve-fund has grown out of premiums already paid. It belongs in one sense to the assured who has paid them, somewhat as a deposit in a savings-bank is said to belong to the person who has made the deposit. . . . . To forfeit this excess, which fairly belongs to the assured, and is fairly due from the company, and which the latter actually has in its coffers, and to do this for a cause beyond individual control, would be rank injustice." The bearing of all the recent decisions in life-insurance cases, as well as the opinions of the highest authorities on the subject, tends to establish the fact that the reserve on a life-policy is an "excess" over the cost of past insurance, and is a deposit, or payment, in advance for benefits promised to be furnished by the company to the individual depositor in the future. There is no escape from the conviction that this fund is a private accumulation, held in trust for the individual policy-holder, who is entitled, as a matter of right, to the return of an equitable portion thereof, in cash or in further insurance, should the original contract be terminated.

The equitable distribution of the surplus of a life-insurance company, made possible by the "Contribution Plan" introduced in 1863, and since adopted, at least ostensibly, by every mutual life-insurance company in the country, recognizes the fact that the reserve in each case is the policy-holder's own money, and consequently he is entitled to any extra interest which may be earned thereon. So long as life-insurance is purchased by uniform or equal annual premiums, there must be a reserve or excess over the cost of insurance furnished. An equitable surrender value, in cash or in paid-up insurance, should be inserted as a matter of contract for each year, in every policy. No policy should be accepted without this guaranty. Otherwise the deposits or over-

payments will be at the disposal of the company, and may never be recovered by the owner.

But there is no necessity for confining life-insurance to the plan of uniform or level premiums, which necessarily involve large accumulations or payments in advance for insurances which may never be needed, or which the individual may not live to enjoy. The natural and common-sense plan would be to pay each year for the cost of insurance actually furnished during that year, including a suitable margin for expenses, and to guard against adverse contingencies, such as might arise from an epidemic, for instance. In this way the protection of life-insurance could be purchased at a fair price each year by itself, and as long as may be needed or desired. The outlay for a number of years would be far less than by the old plan of uniform premiums, and there would be no necessity for making deposits or payments in advance, and thus contributing to the piling up of such vast accumulations as are now held by life-insurance companies. These accumulations, already the subject of deep concern among thoughtful business men, may be injudiciously managed or insecurely invested, and are placed by the companies entirely beyond the control of the individual owners or depositors. They offer a fearful temptation to designing and unscrupulous men to get and to retain possession of a company, and thus to control and manipulate the trust-funds for their own personal benefit. By this natural or yearly renewable plan of insurance, which has been commended by the highest authorities and experts as being at once simple, safe, and inexpensive, the protection of life-insurance may be secured, each year by itself, and just so long as that protection shall be needed or desired. When it is no longer needed or desired the insured may cease to pay, and in that event he will not be obliged to mourn over confiscated deposits or payments in advance, as unfortunately has been too often the case hitherto, under the old plans of insurance.

In conclusion, the following considerations are suggested as desirable for adoption by the companies, if they would regain that confidence and esteem of the public to which life-insurance as a system is justly entitled. (1.) The insertion in each policy of life-insurance, which is to be purchased by uniform or level premiums, of an equitable surrender value for each and every year of its ex-

istence, to be paid in cash or by continued insurances. (2.) Greater publicity in regard to the character of the investments of the reserves or deposits of policy-holders, with a certification at stated intervals, by competent, disinterested, aud outside auditors or professional experts, as to the facts necessary to form a correct judgment of the financial condition of the institution. And since it is obviously impossible for the State Insurance Departments to examine with sufficient minuteness the securities of every company, the value of professional auditors or accountants for corporations of every description is suggested. The value of the opinions of such experts, who have a professional character at stake, has been demonstrated in England. (3.) Greater accountability on the part of the managers of life-insurance companies as to the character of the investments made by them of the trust-funds. (4.) The adoption of the system of yearly renewable insurances, by which large accumulations are rendered unnecessary, and insurance, apart from deposits, may be obtained. In any event, the time has now arrived when the individual rights in the reserves should be recognized and clearly stated. The distinction should be clearly drawn between moneys paid for insurance and moneys paid for mere accumulation. If this is not done, intelligent men will take the matter into their own hands by selecting an insurance-company for the former and a well-managed savings-bank for the latter, thus blending the best features of the two institutions.

SHEPPARD HOMANS.

Art. VIII. — The Centenary of Spinoza.*

Probably no name in literature has taken the world so much by surprise as that of Benedict de Spinoza since his death, two hundred years ago. When he died (February 21, 1677) he was not by any means unknown to the people of Holland or to the scholars of Europe; and his expulsion from the synagogue by the Jews, and his reputation as a bold and strong thinker in philosophical circles, had called to the recluse lens-maker a degree of attention quite in contrast with his loneliness and poverty. Yet his reputation had more promise of notoriety than of fame, and apparently not one man at the Hague, of the large company that followed his body to the grave from the new church on the Spuy, February 25, 1677, had the least idea that they had lost one of the greatest of philosophers, and that in two hundred years a stately monument would be erected to his memory, which would make the figure of Spinoza more attractive to many visitors to that royal city than the portraits and the palaces of the counts of Holland and the princes of Orange.

It is not easy to understand how it was that Spinoza was left so much to himself in his last days, unless his own recluse habits and his feeble health tended to keep his friends and neighbors from visiting him much. Van den Spyck, the painter, in whose house Spinoza lodged, went to church with his wife on that afternoon of February 21, leaving the invalid and the house in charge of Dr. Louis Meyer of Amsterdam, who had been sent for the day before, and at three o'clock Spinoza died. Both the physician and the patient have been dealt with harshly for their alleged conduct on that day, and with no sufficient reason. His Lutheran biographer,

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* *Benedicti De Spinoza Opera Quæ Supersunt Omnia. Ex Editionibus Principibus Denuo Edidit et Prefatus Est* Carolus Hermannus Bruder. Vol. I. – III. Lipsiæ. B. Tauchnitz. 1843 – 46.

Ad Benedicti De Spinoza Opera Quæ Supersunt Omnia Supplementum. Amstelodami. Apud F. Muller. 1862.

Spinoza. Ein Denkerleben. Von Berthold Auerbach. Vierte Auflage. Stuttgart. 1860.

The Ethics of Benedict de Spinoza. From the Latin, with an Introductory Sketch of his Life and Writings. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1876.

Colerus, has fully disproved the charge that Spinoza took poison to end his suffering; and Dr. Meyer's good name and profession should lead us to remember that there were other ways of accounting for the disappearance of the ducat and loose silver money and the silver-bladed knife from the table than by the physician's hands and his fear of losing his fee. How poor Spinoza was we may judge from the fact that the allowance which he consented to receive from the heirs of his friends, De Witt and De Vries, amounted only to about two hundred dollars a year, and that all the personal property which he left amounted to about the same sum. From a tract entitled "Baruch Spinoza in the Frame of his Time," which was published at Basel in 1873, in a German translation from the Dutch of Dr. S. Sr. Coronel, we take a minute description of Spinoza's situation in the house of the Van den Spycks, which ought to be exact and sufficient. It describes him as he was when he came to live there in 1670, on the Paviloengracht, after leaving his former lodgings in a single back room, up two flights of stairs, in a house on the Veerkay. Dr. Coronel spells the host's name Van der Spych, and calls him Military Solicitor, and thus sets before us his guest's room: "We see there in an upper back room a man of about thirty-eight years, of medium size, in a Japanese dressing-gown, sitting at a desk with a smoky tallow candle, sunk in deep meditation. Near him, upon a work-bench, lie scattered some instruments and optical glasses. Here and there is a thick quarto volume set between working tools. In a corner there is a bedstead provided with curtains. A chest of oak, a pair of stools, and a table of beech, — that is the whole furniture of this cell; no more than absolutely necessary. The red light throws a faint gleam on the brown face of the thinker. The forehead, nobly arched, is strongly wrinkled. Long, heavy eyelashes, which reach near to the slightly curved nose, overshadow the dark eyes, which light up with a remarkable glow. The somewhat thick lips are firmly pressed together. The dark curling hair, which covers the temples in luxuriant fulness, betrays the Southern and the Jewish descent. The whole appearance indicates great peace of mind, earnest thought; yet it bears the marked traces of a malady which has seized the noblest organs of the feeble body."

Dr. Coronel goes on to describe Spinoza's struggle to do his work

of labor and of thought, in spite of the disease of consumption which he found fastened upon himself since his twenty-fourth year, and which gave a hectic fervor and sometimes an over-sanguine hope to his career. This fact should not be forgotten in our estimate of his philosophy, which was evidently pursued with the deliberate purpose of solving the problem of the universe and demonstrating the being and nature of God and the duty and destiny of man by geometrical principles. The severest of logicians was the most sanguine of enthusiasts; and he expected to clear the mental sight of men towards divine realities, as effectually as his lenses cleared their eyesight towards the animalculæ in a water-drop and the stars in heaven. There is the more reason for dwelling upon this account of him at the time specified, the year 1670, when he went to live with the Van den Spycks, since in that year he published his memorable "Treatise on Theology and Politics" and was elaborating the "Ethics," — the work which was to embody the mature results of his thinking and to give him his fame. In what we have to say in this attempt to make a fair estimate of Spinoza, at this present epoch of his honor, there must be all possible brevity, and we must be content with the most concise statement of the life of the man, the character of his thought, and the nature of his influence.

We are always trying to account for the genius and work of great men, and it is well to do what we can to trace out the circumstances and characters, the events and scenes, the books and the persons, that have had any part in the education of their greatness. But, after all, the starting fact of native gift is the main factor in the life, and all the helps in the world will not make a poet or a philosopher unless it is born in him. The old proverb and the general sentiment allow this to be the case with the poet, yet not with the orator; and perhaps for similar reasons the philosopher may be thought to require no inborn genius. But all true genius has the same mystery about its origin and ways, as well as a certain fellowship of affinity in its life. Richard Rothe, who, more than any other man, has borne Spinoza's mantle at Heidelberg, the very University where Spinoza was called to be professor, and completed his work of Ethical Science without holding his opinions, has well said that he himself had as much right to his speculations as Beethoven had a right to his sympho-

nies. Goethe ranked Spinoza with Homer, Raphael, and Shakespeare, among his master teachers; and that keen critic, Kuno Fischer, puts Spinoza and Shakespeare together as very much alike in their essential ideas. The native genius is the seed, but how it shall grow and what it shall bear depend of course much upon the soil and the surroundings.

Herein Spinoza's record is a great surprise, for who would look for such a man under such circumstances, — the most abstract and speculative of philosophers among the plodding and practical people of Holland, — the most daring champion of nature and assailant of miraculous revelation, appearing first as the pet scholar and then the outcast of the Portuguese synagogue of Amsterdam, — the most outspoken of democrats and defender of liberty of conscience and speech under the rule of William of Orange, and not a little under the influence of the age of Louis XIV.! What shall we say of the strange contrast between this man and his position?

Certainly, if ever there was a person who does not answer to the conventional idea of a Dutchman, it is this recluse, meditative, unworldly, mystical philosopher, who turned his back upon pensions and office, and who insisted upon studying the universe out of his own head instead of opening his eyes to the facts of experience. Yet there was good reason why such a mind should appear among the Dutch, for Holland was the refuge of the oppressed, and the same causes that brought the Jews, among whom were Spinoza's parents, from Spain and Portugal to Amsterdam, gave a home to other exiles, — to founders of colonies such as Robinson and Bradford of the "Mayflower," and to fathers of philosophy like John Locke and René Descartes. From the time when William the Silent won peace from Spain in 1579 after ten years' struggle, there was a certain liberty of conscience in the Dutch provinces, and no people seem to have felt the privilege so much as the Jews, who were so oppressed in Spain and Portugal, and who at the beginning of the seventeenth century had numbers enough to found a synagogue of the Portuguese rite in Amsterdam, more than two hundred of whose members owned more than three hundred estates. They found business as well as liberty in their new home, and the great trade with the Levant was very much in their hands.

Holland, we must remember, had always been famous for its schools, and the famous school of St. Martin's, at Utrecht, dates as far back at least as the eighth century, giving to that city the place of honor in this respect with York of England, Fulda of Germany, and Tours of France. A recent Dutch publication has great meaning in its very title, "The History of the Leyden High School from its foundation in 1575 to the year 1825," and this history is but one of the records of the love of the Dutch people for popular education. Undoubtedly much of their zeal for learning was stirred by the hardships of their situation, and they saw clearly that they must study as well as work to get a good living out of their unpromising country. Apparently their art as well as their learning grew out of the difficulties of their position. They made money out of the mud of their deltas, and as they gave height to this Hollow Land by tall masts and soaring steeples, so they threw rich colors upon their monotonous waters and flat grounds, and put form and beauty into their prosaic life. Amsterdam, Spinoza's birthplace, is fitly called the Venice of the North, and it may be that the marvellous color which appears in the Netherlander and Venetian paintings came from contrast with nature, the contrast which makes the eye, by some physiological necessity, see inwardly the opposite of what it last looked upon, and thus makes the flaming sunset suggest the tranquil blue of the sea, and the ruddy dawn prepare the sight for the quiet green of the meadows. It is certainly worthy of note that painting has so thriven in low countries, little rich by nature in color and scenery, as Venice and the Netherlands; and that the Van Eycks, who were virtually the founders of oil painting, and the great masters of color, Rubens and Van Dyck, were Netherlanders, and Titian and Tintoretto, the great colorists of Italy, were Venetians. Rembrandt, indeed, rebelled against the power of color, and owned only the law of light and shade; and Spinoza, his contemporary and countryman, followed him by discarding all color from his style; yet both magnify the element which they discarded by the gloom of its absence. Rembrandt's pictures and Spinoza's writings make us long for rich fields and bright flowers, gay birds, playful children, ruddy men, and fair women. Spinoza learned to draw, but we have no specimens of his work; and there is little reason to suppose that he had more color in his pencil than his pen, which

not only gives no color to its pages, but does not report any from nature and life, and presents even the rainbow, not in its prismatic beauty, but in its mathematical law.

How far he found food for his eager intellect in the society of Amsterdam, whether within or without the circle of the synagogue during his early years, there are no materials for satisfactorily deciding. There was no lack of this surely in the theological world about him, and although Arminius had gone to his rest in 1609, and his opponents had triumphed at the Synod of Dort in 1618, the Calvinists and Arminians kept constantly worrying each other; and the thoughtful young Jew, who agreed more with the Calvinists in their limit of free-will, seems to have liked the more scholarly and secular Arminians best as citizens and companions. With his Jewish teachers his disputes began very early, and as soon as his fifteenth year he put such fearful questions to the renowned Talmudist Rabbi Saul Leon Morteira, as to give him serious trouble. Yet the Hebrew fathers of the synagogue were proud of the bright boy's gifts; they offered to provide for his support, and encouraged his family to look forward to great honors for him among the Rabbins. But the difficulty between him and his people was deep-seated and thoroughgoing. He differed from Jewish orthodoxy not so much in particular doctrines of theology and interpretations of Scripture and tradition as in the great foundations of faith and duty. The reigning Judaism maintained that God is apart from nature and man, and that he is to be known only by special revelations, vouched for by miracles and committed to written and oral traditions. Spinoza tended more and more to believe in God's immanence in nature and man, and to disregard the old theocratic belief in the transcendent Jehovah and the Rabbinical rule. Where he got this idea it is not easy to say, although it was to be found in some of his favorite Jewish authors and has appeared in all ages of philosophy from ancient India to the latest mysticism of Germany, Italy, and France. But the question of importance is, not where he got the idea, but whence came the marvellous fervor and persistency with which he held it, and the power with which he made it the rallying cry of a new age of culture. No wonder that the Jewish leaders could not tolerate him, and that, after trying threats and promises, they in despair solemnly excommunicated him from their synagogue,

July 27, 1656. They were undoubtedly greatly provoked by his obstinate absence from the synagogue and his constant affirmation of his heterodox opinions; yet the severity of their course has been much exaggerated, and there is reason to believe that the form of excommunication was much milder than is commonly stated. It must be remembered, also, that it was a time of peculiar agitation among the Jews of Amsterdam; that they were constantly hearing of executions of their kindred and friends in Spain and Portugal; and that they had good hope of making converts from the ranks of Christians around them, whose Judaizing tendency the free-thinker disturbed. But with all fair allowance for extenuating circumstances, the excommunication of this gifted and earnest young man from the synagogue at the age of twenty-four, even when regarded in the milder form given by Van Vloten from the actual records in Spanish, is bad enough. Before God, the angels, and the saints, it anathematizes, separates, and curses him, and orders every one of the faith not to speak to him, write to him, not to show him any favor, not to stand under the same roof with him, not to come within four cubits of him, nor to read anything that he has written. Spinoza did not hear these imprecations, and perhaps took occasion at this time to visit the friend in the country at whose house he afterwards sought shelter from persecution. He seems to have found no rest in his native city, and after escaping the dagger of an assassin, which only pierced his clothing, being threatened with banishment by the civil magistrates at the instigation of the Jews, he took lodgings with a Christian family at Anwerkerke, a few miles from the city, where he supported himself by grinding and polishing lenses for telescopes and other optical instruments, a business which he had regularly learned.

Auerbach's romance turns upon the life of the thinker up to this period of his exile, in his twenty-fifth year, and is a glowing and elaborate study of his apprenticeship in philosophy. It begins on a Friday afternoon at the close of April, 1647, at the burial of the suicide Akosta in the Jewish cemetery at Amsterdam, where the boy differs from his young companion Chisdai, whose career of bigotry and envy runs through the book, and from the Rabbi Morteira, as to the destiny of the suicide, who seems to have been an unfortunate man whose head had been unsettled by peculiar sufferings.

In successive chapters the novelist describes the life of the Jewish family of that day; tells the story of the persecutions of their kindred in Spain; presents the worship and usages of the synagogue; lets the reader into the confidences between the father and the son as to the Saracen origin and eventful fortunes of the mother, Manuela; treats of the conflict in the youth's mind between the Talmud and the Latin, the celebration of the Peace of Westphalia in Amsterdam in 1648 and its effect on the youth's mind, his attempt to look into the mysteries of the Kabbala; his experience with the classic sceptical physician Van den Ende, his change of name to Benedict from Baruch, as the declaration of his new position as a philosopher of cosmopolitan largeness instead of provincial narrowness. The second volume continues the development, and describes his acquaintance with Meyer, the disciple of Descartes, his intimacy with Olympia, the learned and brilliant daughter of Van den Ende, his learning the trade of lens-making, his social life in its fitful love and its intellectual friendships, his conversations upon religion and revelation, his observations with the microscope, his personal peculiarities, the efforts of the zealots to win him back to the orthodox faith, the excommunication, the marriage of Olympia to another, his acceptance of his lot, and his decision to regard men and women henceforth as if the matter in question "were mere lines, surfaces, or bodies" and the true freedom were to be found in shunning evil as opposed to his nature and as separating him from God, the knowledge and love of whom is the highest good. The romance closes with a vision in which the sleeper sees a strange man standing over him with a broad hat yellow as barley under the sickle, with hair white and covering his shoulders, with a mark of blood on his brow, with hollow eyes, beard reaching to his girdle, with hair shirt and naked feet, with a flask at his side, and in his right hand a staff which reached above his head. This ghostly visitant, who is no other than the Wandering Jew who had turned from his threshold the Christ when he sought rest there on his way to the cross and who was doomed by Christ never to rest until he came again, drew near the sleeper, leaned over and kissed him, — "a kiss of the dying Ahasuerus, who bore upon himself the doom of Israel, which Jesus Christ had declared on the cross," and who now found rest in the presence of the young martyr, "who had given blessings

in return for curses, who had come to proclaim anew the kingdom of righteousness and peace and to give Christ anew to the world." Spinoza withdrew to Anwerkerke, thence to Rhynsburg, and thence to Voorburg and the Hague, and wrote the "Theological-Political Tract," and the "Ethics." "No thinker has risen like Spinoza, who so lived in the eternal." Thus Auerbach closes his remarkable *Denkerleben*, — "The Life of a Thinker."

This romance is carefully thought out, and skilfully wrought, and it perhaps equals any psychological novel of our time. Yet it is extravagant in some respects, especially in making very much out of whole cloth the story of Spinoza's love-affair with Van den Ende's bright little daughter Clara, — a mere child, who had apparently as keen an eye to the main chance as she had a nimble tongue for Latin, and who with all her Latin culture was set enough to insist upon having her accepted lover take her Romish religion, whilst she took his gaudy trinkets. The various relations of Spinoza with the men and the movements of his time are graphically, if not always accurately, sketched, and the reader cannot but wish that the novelist had acted upon the hint in his last preface, and carried out his story through the remaining twenty-one years of his hero's life, in their connection with the politics as well as the speculative thinking of the age. The latest studies show that Spinoza was wide awake to the civil history of his day, and Van Vloten maintains that he made new friends at the close of his life on the ground of political affinity with them, and their mutual interest in the movements of the age. He, of course, looked at affairs of the world from his own point of view, and as materials for teaching philosophy rather than as fuel for political ambition; yet he looked at them and into them very keenly, and his political essays have been regarded as quite prophetic, in their sagacity, by his votaries.

There was enough, indeed, for him to see and hear in his quiet life at the Hague, after his varied experience at Amsterdam and in his intermediate homes. He had lived in the very midst of the commotions of Europe, and the Peace of Westphalia, that closed the Thirty Years' War in 1648, made an epoch in culture as well as in politics. With the balance of power thus established, our modern political society was virtually settled, and with the close of the struggle for the supremacy of Rome over Protestantism the

new struggle for intellectual supremacy began, that great culture-conflict in which Spinoza has played so conspicuous a part, and in which perhaps he and John Locke, who were both born in 1632, took the lead. Although he held very strong notions of the necessity and authority of civil government, and was almost as vehement as Hobbes in his recognition of the bad passions of men, and of the danger of letting them have their way, he was on the liberal side in politics, spoke as earnestly as Milton for freedom of speech, and went with the republicans in their contest with the aristocratic house of Orange, who grasped at virtual monarchy in the office of Stadtholder. William of Nassau triumphed, John De Witt was slain in 1672 by his partisans, and soon after Spinoza's death the Hague was merry with the marriage festival of William and Mary, the daughter of James II., — the two who, eleven years afterwards, were to be the William and Mary of England, and to proclaim liberty of conscience there. It is interesting to remember that Locke, who was the adviser of William, was very much of Spinoza's mind as to religious liberty, widely as he differed from him in philosophy and faith, and that he wrote, as early as 1667, the letter on "Toleration," which was the basis of his Latin epistle to the Dutch Arminians, in 1685.

If he lived, as Auerbach maintains, in the eternal, Spinoza cannot be understood apart from his age, and we must keep in mind the intellectual conditions under which he thought and wrote in order to interpret his life. In a certain sense he was pre-eminently the modern man; he faced towards the opening light of nature and tried to meet the demand for unity in all knowledge, and especially between thought and being, as no other man of his day has done. He seems to have been for a while a disciple of Descartes, who lived many years in Holland, and left enthusiastic converts to his system at his departure, in 1649. But Spinoza, whilst he used the vocabulary of Descartes, and began his literary career with an elaborate compendium of the Cartesian system, was not a Cartesian. He learned of Descartes, indeed, to doubt all traditions, and not to accept any evidence which did not come home to his own mind; yet he found no case for doubt in a method that began with the human side of things and argued from subjective experience to objective reality. His motto was not *Cogito, ergo sum*, — "I think, therefore I am"; but he began with

God as the absolute being, and claimed to exist only in him and from him. His creed was, "God is; therefore I am, and the All is." Not self-consciousness, but consciousness of God and the universe of God, was his distinctive idea, and he tried to reason out the whole of existent things from the one self-existent Being in the forms of geometrical calculation. Behind the reasoning, however, stood the man's own reason; behind his definitions stood his living soul, with its positive faith and varied experience. A Hebrew monotheist at heart, and such by God's providence more than by his own work, he never could give up the God of his fathers or sink the old monotheism in the new monism. How he tried to meet the needs of the new science and to reconcile God with nature, we see by a glance at his chief writings. The new times called for a new thinker, and he was not willing to see through the eyes either of the theocratic devotees who separated God from nature, or of the old classic philosophers who interpreted nature by their own human conceits. He would see God and nature as one, and state their relation by the method which seemed to be taught directly by God and nature, the mathematical method, the geometry which was to him the logic of reality and abundantly able to measure both body and soul, all extension and all thought, in its point and its sweep. This was the task that Spinoza set to himself, and if he failed, as he surely did, he failed like Jacob, his ancestor in his wrestle with the angel, and won a blessing in his lameness that makes his name, Baruch or Benedict (the Blessed) no absurdity. Our modern culture has sainted him, and the Church, which cannot number him among her saints, cannot deny that alike by his light and by his darkness he has rebuked atheism and won not a few gifted souls to a faith better than his own.

From this survey of the man and his times, turn now to his works, that we may see more distinctly the mark of his thought upon the world. The four little volumes which contain all of his writings that have come to us, and which could easily be put into one good octavo, make up in substance for what they lack in bulk. They are marvellously condensed, and not condensed milk, but meat, and such condensed meat as to task greatly the reader's teeth and digestion. They are very hard reading, excepting some of the letters, which are quite lively and colloquial, not without epigrammatic point, and what would be pleasantry were not the

satire too serious to be amusing. Yet the style even of the most abstruse treatises, as of the "Ethics," is very clear; and perhaps on that very account, as with black fishes in clear waters, the ideas appear more dark. No wonder that the most keen and brilliant of the French critics find so much fault with Spinoza's way of stating things, and that their very bones seem to ache under the load of thought which his compact sentences put upon them, sometimes condensing into a paragraph material enough for a volume of Victor Cousin or Paul Janet. But it is comforting to know that there is always meaning enough in the heavy load to pay for carrying it home to head-quarters and for grinding it into edible form. The first volume gives one hundred and fifty pages to Spinoza's first book (1663), the "Compend of the Principia of Descartes," with his own interpretation of their meaning in an appendix; and the "Book of Ethics" exhausts the remaining nearly three hundred pages of the volume. The second volume contains the short "Treatise on the Improvement of the Intellect," the "Political Treatise" of about a hundred pages, and seventy-five letters of learned men, with Spinoza's answers. The third volume is mostly taken up by the famous "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," and closes with a Hebrew Grammar of one hundred and twenty-five pages. The supplementary volume begins with two hundred and fifty pages of the "Treatise concerning God and Man," which seems to have been the author's first study of the "Ethics," and closes with a short scientific essay on the rainbow and about seventy pages of before unpublished letters and *collectanea*, among them an autograph letter which shows that he wrote a clear but not handsome hand, that he made frequent corrections, additions, and erasures, and that he signed his name B. de Spinoza.

The two works that best interpret his mind and secure his fame are the "Political-Theological Treatise" and the "Ethics," since his other important writings seem to have been preparatory to these or vindications of them. Of the "Political-Theological Treatise," which appears to have been contemplated at an early date, and to have been finished between the years 1665 – 70, the purpose is to show that liberty of philosophizing is not only compatible with the security of piety and the public peace, but that it cannot be taken away except with the public peace and piety itself. In twenty chapters the argument is carefully elaborated, critically

and philosophically, with a full consideration of the Scriptures and of history, very much after the manner of the rationalist commentators of recent times, and great emphasis is given to the idea that the Scriptures were intended for practical guidance, not scientific knowledge, and that obedience, not philosophy, is the main thing with the Law and the Prophets. He ascribes to Christ pre-eminence over Moses and the prophets from the fact that he did not receive the revelation of God by the hearing of words nor through visions, but found it within his own consciousness, and in this sense the Divine wisdom became one with our humanity. This treatise has been called the foundation of modern Biblical criticism and exegesis and is marked by the keen discrimination and the ideal thinking of the new schools, whilst it also shares in their limited historical sense or the incapacity to accept the kingdom of God in its combined and continuous order and with its providential gifts and institutions.

It is with the "Ethics" that we have most to do; and attractive as Spinoza's "Treatise on Theology and Politics" may be, we must rely upon his greater work for the illustration of his thought and purpose. It was not supposed that the desk which, according to his direction, was sent by water-express the morning after his death to the worthy bookseller of Amsterdam, Jan Rieuwertz, contained this treasure, to which a genius like Goethe ascribed the most positive influence over his religion, and which a philosopher like Coleridge named with Bacon's "Novum Organum" and Kant's "Critique of the Pure Reason," — "the three great works since the introduction of Christianity." We are favored in having so correct a translator of the "Ethics," so handsomely printed, as Mr. Van Nostrand has published; and it is a memorable fact, that the American translator has not only surpassed his European predecessors, but that he was moved to learn the Latin that he might do this service to his favorite thinker. Not only is his version generally exact, but his notes on the text are valuable; and our New Amsterdam has no reason to be ashamed of the contribution which one of her business men has made to the memory of the philosopher who gave such worth and such fame to Old Amsterdam, the city of his birth, and who was the contemporary of our Governor Peter Stuyvesant, and our Dominies Bogardus and Megapolensis.

The first book of the "Ethics" treats of God in seven definitions, eight axioms, and thirty-six propositions, which seek to explain his nature and properties; to show his necessary existence; that God is one; that by the necessity of his nature he is, and he acts; that he is the free cause of all things, and how so; that all things are in God, and so depend on him that without him they could neither be nor be conceived to be; and that all things were predestinated by him, not indeed by virtue of his free-will or absolute good-pleasure, but by virtue of the absolute nature or infinite power of God. It is impossible to state fully Spinoza's reasoning without quoting a large part of his own concise propositions; and it is enough now to remark upon the prominent points. It is hardly necessary to say that they who are offended by his applying the word "substance" to the nature of God, as if it ascribed material form to him, are wholly in error, since "substance" is used by him to mean "essence" or "reality," and is virtually the same word (*ousia* in Greek, *substantia* in Latin) that was used by the Christian fathers to designate the nature of God. Less fault is to be found with those who object to his definition of "substance," as that which exists by itself and can only be conceived of without the conception of another thing as the cause, — a definition which excludes the idea of any created substance or essential reality but God, and leads to the denial of creation and the possibility of any substance whatever but God. The careful thinker may distinguish between inherency and causality, and say, with Kant, that where there are inherent properties there is substance, and that the property of causality is another matter which is to be settled on other grounds by consideration of effects, so that it will not do to say that whatever is in the least conditioned cannot be substantial and cannot have inherent properties. Still more objectionable is Spinoza's idea, that understanding and will do not belong to the eternal essence of God or to his absolute being and attributes, the *natura naturans*, but to the modes of his manifestation, or *natura naturata*. This idea is the denial of what must be regarded as the personality of God, if we take these words as they stand; and the American translator, with easy and inconsiderate approval, seems to take it for granted that Spinoza denied the personality of God, or of a definite, living, personal God, separate from and distinct from nature. Spinoza, indeed, uses very strong

language in opposition to the general belief in the personality of God; and when he speaks of this belief as necessarily setting a limit to the perfection of God, it is very easy and fair to reply, that to deny to God the attribute of personality is surely setting a limit to his perfection, the limit of negation, which is far more derogatory than the affirmation of personality and life. To say that God has personality exactly like our own, or in any merely human limitation of the meaning of the term, is unjustifiable; but what shall we say of denying to God the consciousness, thought, and will that are essential to perfect life, and which appear always more distinctly pronounced as we rise in our survey of the orders of being? That Spinoza did not hold such an idea many passages of his "Ethics" intimate, and there are two sentences in his appendix to his "Principia of Descartes" in which he confesses that language is incompetent to define the signification of personality as applied to God, "although we firmly believe that in the beatific vision of God, which is promised to the faithful, God will reveal this to his own."

In the second part of his "Ethics," Spinoza treats of the "Nature and Origin of the Mind or Soul," beginning, as before, with definitions and axioms. He regards thought as an attribute, or God as thinking being; and extension as an attribute of God, or God as extended being. There is the same order in the world of external reality as in the world of thought, and in both it comes from the infinite nature of God. Thus man comes both in body and in soul from God, and has his true life in him. There are three kinds of cognition: the first he calls opinion or imagination, which is based upon perceptions; the second is reason, which seeks adequate ideas of things; the third and highest is intuition, which knows God, and advances from the adequate idea of some of the attributes of God to the adequate knowledge of the essence of things. The first form of cognition is deceptive; the second and third forms are safe guides. The human mind by knowing things truly becomes a part of the Divine mind, and its ideas partake of the truth of God. The will is the necessary consequence of ideas, and the will and the intellect are essentially the same, — a statement which shows the weak point in Spinoza's philosophy of human nature, his losing sight of the distinct nature and force of the will in his homage to the intellect. The ideal

man of Spinoza, whose volition is but a form of the thought, is not the man that we find in ourselves and see about us in this stubborn, impulsive, restless world. This tendency to disparage and almost to ignore the will as a distinct faculty and essential force has much to do with his vague notion of the personality of man as well as of God, and also with his contempt of final causes. It is certainly the will that is central in our human personal consciousness, and which enables us to interpret the personality of God. It is our will that makes us act for a purpose, and of necessity to ascribe purposes to God. The true rational and moral motive unites thought with will, and carries in its own essence both idea and purpose, subject and object, first cause and final cause. Spinoza's error is the common error of certain ideal metaphysicians, of dealing with human nature according to abstract ideas, instead of studying actual powers. The higher and more practical philosophy regards the will as the most vital and essential of forces, not as a resultant of other forces only, but as a force of itself; not a mere direction, but a power; not a mere choice, but an origination; not a circumstance, but a quality; not a condition, but a life. It is the will that puts fire into the idea, and so kindles the best inspiration, and does the noblest work, whether in the creations of the artist or the prayers of the devotee.

This defect in Spinoza's philosophy of the will and the virtual atrophy of its functions in his whole system appears in the two remarkable treatises on "The Passions, their Nature and their Enslaving Power," which constitute the third and fourth part of his "Ethics." He regards the *passions* as those acts of the soul that proceed from inadequate ideas, whilst the *actions* of the soul proceed from adequate ideas. In this definition, as well as in his enumeration of the passions as being desire, joy, and sorrow, and the emotions which are derived from them, he shows great breadth of comprehension and fineness of analysis, whilst he slights the dynamic view of human nature, which finds the sources of the passions quite as much in the force of feeling as in the want of clear thought, and which also estimates the force of feeling by taking the active impulses as well as the receptive sensibilities into the account. His scale of the passions is very defective in what Aristotle and the old moralists called the irascible appetites, or those

which have impulse and tempt madness, or what Descartes meant when he ranked hate with love as a master passion. Spinoza did not feel, nor understand, nor approve, nor truly recognize the irascible passions or the domineering instincts, and what he says of ambition, envy, hatred, pride, and the like is very thin and unsatisfactory. The same defect appears in the treatment of "Man's Slavery, or the Force of the Passions," in the fourth part of the "Ethics," where he treats good and evil mainly as perfection and imperfection, and regards evil mostly as the absence of perfection, in fact, as the negation of reality, a void of life, not as a positive wrong, an affirmation of falsehood, a *plenum* of deviltry. He presents a charming picture of the true man as he lives in the light of reason and in peace with God and his neighbor; and there are passages which breathe a renunciation of the world and an aspiration for the better life that would do honor to the most saintly of our living scholars or devotees. But he makes sorry work with his task of doing away with the guilt and even the reality of evil. We will not deny that "blessedness is nothing else than that tranquillity of soul which arises from the intuitive knowledge of God"; but it is not safe to leave out the stern and striving conditions of that tranquillity, or to limit this soul-life, as he seems to do when he says that "things are only *good* in so far as they aid man to enjoy that soul-life (*mentis vita*) which is defined as understanding." It will not do, either, to measure the loss of the supreme good merely or mainly by the absence of such understanding. Evil is a positive and awful power, and even if, as Swedenborg so often and so strongly says, evil is the perversion of good, it is a real perversion; and the perversion of the best things in life, as in nature, makes the worst things. We will not argue with Spinoza the question which he decided in the negative in his work "De Deo et Homine," whether a spirit wholly evil like the Devil can be real enough to live, or whether the Devil as such is, as he maintains, a dead thing; but it is clear that evil is a terrible reality in the world, and that there is such a thing as guilt as well as suffering, there is sin as well as misfortune, wickedness as well as imperfection. To live truly is truly *to be*, but to live badly is much more than *not to be;* it is being bad, and whatever may be our rendering of texts, there is no doubt that hell and the Devil are all about us, and trying to get hold of us in actual presence and power.

The fifth and last part of the "Ethics" is the shortest, and in some respects the most satisfactory, for it treats of "Man's Freedom, or the Power of Understanding," and is full of light and peace, the philosopher's sermon on beatitude. His beatitude consists in love toward God, the love which is active virtue and contemplative wisdom, and which secures tranquillity of life and gives power over the passions. "No one enjoys the beatitude because he restrains his passions; on the contrary, the power of restraining them comes from beatitude itself." He who lives thus enjoys God and enters upon the eternal life, sure that whatever may become of part of what he calls himself now, the part of the soul which perishes with the body may be, when compared with that which remains and abides eternally, of no moment. "Our soul, in so far *as it understands,* is an eternal mode of thought, which is determined by another mode of thought, and that by still another, and so on to infinity, so that all these modes together constitute the eternal and infinite intelligence of God." So the philosopher's code of ethics does not begin or end very differently from the old Catechism, which starts with saying that it is the chief end of man to glorify God and to enjoy him continually. There is vast difference, however, in the way to that end pointed out by the two, — a difference by no means wholly in favor of the philosopher, who makes so little account of the soul's fellowship with the race, its share of sin and sorrow from the common stock, and the offer of help from One who came not only to teach wisdom, but to give redemption, — not only to open a school of intellectual light, but to establish the universal kingdom of God among men. The Beatitudes of the Preacher of the Mount are the best correction and completion of the beatitude of this philosophy of the cell. The "Our Father" and the "Thy will be done" are words that comprehend all that these five books of "Ethics" hold, and add to them the light and life which they have not. They contain a deeper philosophy as well as a more comprehensive and vigorous and spiritual religion. They do not lose sight of God's personality or of man's, but call both together in blessed union.

After this rapid survey of Spinoza's life and thinking, what shall we say of him and his work upon the whole? What shall we call him? No pure man has been called by more names than he in our time, and there is a great variety to choose from in the

large list from saint to atheist. An atheist he surely was not, for no modern thinker has been more full of the idea of God, and in fact he saw nothing real in the universe but God, so that the Roman Catholic Novalis called him "the God-intoxicated man." Nor was he a pantheist in the usual sense of the term. He does not start from the world in its aggregate or its unity and say that all things are God, nor is he content with affirming that the world is governed by certain immutable laws which all centre in an unknowable law or force. He is sure of having as clear an idea of God as of a triangle, but not so clear an image of him. He believes in a God who can be loved, and who is capable, if not of loving man directly, of loving his own perfection, and who loves mankind so far as man is one with himself. He affirms that our beatitude, our freedom, consists in the constant and eternal love of man towards God, or the eternal love of God towards man. Nevertheless, he is a pantheist in that he resolves the whole universe into God and leaves no will to any creature, although he accepts the fact of man's practical liberty of choice in opinion and action. But the whole heart and life of the man were not shut up in his geometrical formulas, and, as we have hinted, his implicit faith was larger and deeper and stronger than his explicit definitions. As the generous and catholic Maurice has said, "Spinoza did not merely receive the witness of One God from his mother's lips. The living God still spoke to the modern sage. He could not shake off the belief that his voice was to be heard *in some way* in the Bible. With all his physical science, all his reverence for the natural light, he bows before the God of his fathers." As the great scholar and keen critic Niedner wrote: "Spinoza set forth only one Being or Subject of Being, and since this All-Being was to him God-Being, he was absolute monotheist." Here surely he did not desert the God of his fathers, and he is one of the great company of Hebrew sages who have put upon culture that stamp of the Divine unity without which it always comes to naught.

Was he a fatalist, and does he teach that physical necessity which is such a blight upon much of our new science? He certainly led the way to such error without going to the end himself. He was as much of a predestinarian as Calvin, and a supralapsarian too, and his "Book of Ethics" goes as strongly for the Divine

sovereignty and its immutable decrees as the articles of the Synods of Dort, that so busied the people around him; yet like the theological predestinarians of the better class, he accepted our human conditions and faculties, and urged upon men the use of the higher faculties of mind and heart. Herein, in his fatalism as in his pantheism, his implicit faith was better than his explicit definition, and his noble example of humane and godly living was an offset to his system of determinism which makes of the world-process," as Niedner says, "only a nature-process, without distinguishing the dynamic from the mechanical agency, and presents only a rational nature-world, not a rational spiritual world; a freedom which is the consciousness of necessity; instead of two original forms of cosmic existence designed by God, — one ethical, the other physical, — the acceptance of two equally physical forms, thought and extension."

With all our admiration for his simplicity and self-denial, we must allow that he did not live in the way best fitted to bring out his best energies and to interpret best the mind of God and the welfare of mankind. He shut himself too much out of the fresh air and the sweet sunshine. He could work all day upon a basin of porridge with a little butter and a draught of beer, costing in all not more than threepence, and this diet was poor food for a workman and a writer, poor stuff to put into muscle or brain. He seems not to have been stinted so much in tobacco, and his pipe kept fit company with much of his speculation. Here Auerbach has a stroke of humor with a point of truth in the chapter in which Spinoza, when Olympia chides him for not coming to see her more, speaks to her of the companion whose inward glow cheers him, but whose form is so precarious and fragile, and she replies: "O you obstinate, godless smoker! In your place I would give up smoking, for it is only an artificial, an imaginary enjoyment." He replies: "Next to music, nothing can refresh our weary spirit like a pipe of the genuine American weed; as in music the tone-waves, so here it is the smoke-waves, which float about us and smooth out all our wrinkles." And he goes on to praise tobacco as an ethereal blessing which charms him like a soft melody and seems to expand his soul into the heaven of rapture and peace. This is the old story which India began with opium, and which Germany has been telling for so many years with pipe and cigar. Opium

and tobacco are the food for the pantheism that blurs all the bounds of personal being, dissolves man and nature into the All, perhaps sometimes into nothing, and substitutes the Nirwana of unconsciousness for the heaven of immortal life and blessed fellowship. Germany might have gone up in smoke, had not Stein and Bismarck beat the drum and called the roll, ordered the march, and, if not broken the pipe, stirred the manhood and the muscle, that made its smoke harmless and set the dreamers to work for their country and their race. So sunlight has come instead of moonshine, and our America has gone through the same process, and the roll-call and the drum-beat have roused our transcendental dreamers from their revery, and taught them that they are men, — men not with forehead only, but with back head and backbone; not with nerves only, but with muscles and blood, and with bowels, too, in the good old Bible sense of that word.

In our strictures upon Spinoza's mind and tendencies we do not mean to disparage his gifts, or to deny his great and, in some respects, his good influence upon mankind. Allow that he pursued a false method, and sought to treat moral and spiritual realities according to the principles of geometry, which deals with quantity in space, not with qualities of life, and which starts with abstractions instead of realities, and traces them to the results contained in the definitions, thus, as Schopenhauer grimly says the reasoning ever returning to its beginning and running in a circle, like a cat chasing her tail; allow that he reasons almost wholly *a priori*, and slights, for the most part, the lessons of observation and experience, as if Bacon had never set forth the laws of induction; allow that he glorifies the intellect at the expense of the will, and almost wholly ignores this causative force in the being of God and in the nature of man; allow that he is not master of historical wisdom, and that he little saw and felt the force of society and the momentum of its movements in politics and religion, and that he dwelt more upon the individual's thought than upon the convictions and the creeds of the race, and regards religion more as an intellectual idea than a catholic faith and a divinely human kingdom; — allow all these defects and more, and still we have a great thinker and a great man before us, — a man, too, whose mind was greater than his theory, whose life was deeper than his speculation, and whose experience was richer than his definitions.

Spinoza had remarkable power of concentration and compression, and, living as he did in an age and country where all ways met, and all ages and opinions gathered their powers, he seems to have made it his life-work to bring all the elements of thinking and belief together into his generous alembic, and to distil them into the marvellous essence that was to be, not the balm of a thousand flowers, but the life of all souls. Study his writings carefully, and you will find that he had been busy with the leading ideas of all philosophers and religions, and that he strove to carry the mind of Plato and Aristotle, Philo and Maimonides, Bruno and Descartes, as well as of Moses and Isaiah, Paul and John, Augustin and Aquinas, Calvin and Arminius, into his hospitable thought, and to give the essence of them in his own statement, and as far as possible in the light of the new study of nature and of the mathematic law which seemed to him to be its logic. The result was, not a heap of fragments tied together by a thread of eclectic theorizing, but a severe and apparently exact system of religion and morality according to the nature of things. The form is arbitrary, narrow, and unsatisfying, but it suggests, if it does not contain, the great principles of faith and duty, which the author so bravely, if vainly, strove to condense into his formulas. Pantheist as he was, he has put into his works the vital germs of the great faiths and philosophies, and these come to life whenever they are planted in living soil, and the idealism of Plato and the realism of Aristotle look out from that dark depth, and the law of Moses and the grace and truth of Jesus Christ bloom anew from that garner of seed grains. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that the study of Spinoza has been closely connected with the revival of Christology in Germany, England, and America, and that from the very works which were thought to destroy all positive Christian faith, Christianity has won signal triumphs by applying the idea of the immanence of God in nature and man to the faith in the incarnate Word and the quickening Spirit. The leader of the movement in Germany, Schleiermacher, in his early enthusiasm, saluted Spinoza's name as that of a saint, thus: "Offer up with me reverently a lock of hair to the manes of the holy but rejected Spinoza." Thus the mighty faith which was thought to be buried forever, like the giant Afrite in the enchanted bottle, sealed with Solomon's seal and cast into the depths of the sea, reappeared; the bottle has

come to light, s in the Oriental tale; the seal has been broken, and the giant has been welcomed as a benign genius. Spinoza's pantheism by the power of his sequent reasoning as well as by the spirit of his concentration has carried the elements of fervent positive faith into the strongholds of modern culture and scientific and religious seeking. He has had great power over naturalists, theologians, and men of letters.

The naturalists claim him as their own, and justly, so far as he affirms with them the unity of nature and the reign of law, but unjustly, if they ascribe to him the creed of materialism without the Almighty God and the omnipresent Spirit. The materialists, in claiming him, accept their destruction, as the Trojans accepted the fatal horse. He was too honest to say that he believed in God if he did not, and he was too learned and wise to confound God with matter without knowing it. The theologians have first wholly quarrelled with him, and then found light in him. He has helped them in their effort to recover the ground which was lost by the Locke school in its denial of the immanence of God and of all proof of religion but that of outward miracles, and his name stands closely connected with the revival of the doctrine of the Incarnation and of the living Church. Puritan New England has felt his power, and the controversy some forty years ago between Norton and Ripley turned much on the thought of Spinoza, and ended in gain to religion by uniting the new idea of God's immanence with the old idea of his transcendence, — a union so vital and central in interpreting the currents of Christian thought in the present day and the comprehensive character of the rising faith. The men of letters have been helped by Spinoza, and Voltaire's lampoon stands in strange contrast with the praise of Lessing and Herder, Goethe and Coleridge, and of the idealists of the new culture in both hemispheres. Goethe found in him the best teacher of renunciation, as well as the best witness to the fact of the mystical connection of the soul with nature and man, the mystery that so often had taken him by surprise and taught him that he did not do his finest work of himself only, but that it came to him from the unfathomed depths of being. So the lens-maker of the Hague was a master of great men; and he who bore in himself under his workman's blouse the self-denial that Thomas à Kempis, the monk of a Dutch convent, cherished under his

cowl, had a power that Marcus Aurelius his brother stoic, in his purple might have coveted, and perhaps he held it with as much dignity as that with which the imperial stoic held the sceptre.

In closing this study of the career of Benedict de Spinoza one cannot but conjecture what his influence upon the coming age will be, and it would be a comfort if we could help our vision of the future by such a picture of his place among modern philosophers as the pencil of Raphael gave of Plato with his school, or as Kaulbach gave of Luther and his company of reformers. Auerbach's romance brought the Wandering Jew to cheer Spinoza in his dejection and exile, and to salute him in his twenty-fifth year as the new saviour of men; but no such extravagance deluded the philosopher or dictates these pages. We may perhaps ask what visions filled the soul of the seer as death drew near, and what thoughts came to him as he went two hundred years ago to his bed for the last night's sleep on Saturday evening after he had smoked his pipe as usual and had a long conversation on the sermon which the painter and his wife had just been hearing. He may have looked out of the window upon that Dutch winter scene, and beheld his life there symbolized as his latest biographer, Van den Linden, sees it: "It is like one of those sad landscapes of Ruysdael's, which we hardly venture to approach in fear of destroying its silent solitude, and whose face can hardly be looked upon without profound sadness." What the sleeper saw in his dreams, or what visions opened within his mind on that Sunday morning when he awoke, we do not know, but we can tell now what only prophetic sight then might have told, as we translate sober history into prophecy and ascribe to him as he was dying the honors that have crowned his name since death. Sober truth places him in the centre of a circle of naturalists, philosophers, divines, and poets who have been sent to bring about the reconciliation of culture with religion, and to make the ethics of God and nature the law and the life of men. That lonely, sad, persecuted, deep, brave man builded better than he knew, and the Divine power that he worshipped has brought more meaning and virtue out of his thought than the thinker saw in it, and will bring yet more out of it in the new Truce of God that is coming between the belligerent powers of science and faith.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

Art. IX. — The Silver Question.

There can be no doubt that, in performing the functions of money, silver is of a greater antiquity than gold. Asia was a commercial country when Europe was a wilderness; and as it is a well-established fact that the East has not perceptibly changed her habits from the remotest ages, we find at the present moment that silver, and silver alone, is the money of Asia. Gold has no doubt at times been coined and perhaps used to a very limited extent in that region; but these coins have been used more as ornaments than money. The reason for coining gold in India may have been — indeed undoubtedly was — to give an ornament its actual value at sight. Thus, if a piece of stamped gold had a certain mark, it represented the then equivalent amount of silver rupees; and, on a husband decking his wife with a chain on which hung fifty gold coins, it was understood that the ornament was worth, intrinsically, one hundred rupees, as each coin represented a gold piece worth two rupees. There are even at the present time tons of gold and silver coins used in a similar way in India. But from the remotest age silver was the money factor of the East.

During the sway of the Romans in Europe both gold and silver were used as money, and it is from this period that in reality we gain some knowledge of the relative value of silver to gold. Such value, however, is very doubtful, and we must accept the best data and authorities that can be found on the subject. The authorities who have made the question their study give the relative value of silver and gold, during a period extending from the first to the close of the fifteenth century of our era, as follows: —

	Silver.		Gold.
First century average	11.70	to	1
Second and third century	11.98	to	1
Fourth and fifth century	14.40	to	1
Then a blank up to the ninth century.			
Ninth century	12.00	to	1
Again a lapse to the thirteenth century.			
In the thirteenth century the average was	10.50	to	1
Fourteenth century	12.30	to	1
Fifteenth century, up to 1494	10.50	to	1

These relative values were, however, very changeable. Thus, for instance, while the actual ratio during the year 1494 might have been 10.50 to 1 in Lombard Street, London, a higher or a lower ratio prevailed on the Rialto at Venice, or in the Judengasse at Frankfort. But commerce, industry, navigation, and finance itself were entirely changed by the discovery of America at the end of the fifteenth century.

The immense quantities of solid gold brought to Europe during the sixteenth century from America not only made it necessary to use gold as money, but also gave to silver a different relative value, while both metals, being used as a medium of exchange, lost their former degree of purchasing power. This, of course, was perfectly natural, owing to the immense increase of the precious metals in the civilized and commercial world, and it is highly interesting to study the ratio of silver to gold after the discovery of America. Thus we find that in 1494 the relative value was 10.50 ounces of fine silver to 1 ounce of fine gold.

In	1551	it rose to		11.17	to	1
"	1559	"	"	11.44	"	1
"	1561	"	"	11.70	"	1
"	1623	"	"	11.74	"	1
"	1640	"	"	13.51	"	1
"	1665	"	"	15.10	"	1

And from that date to the year 1800 it was, on an average, as near as possible, 15 to 1. During the present century, from 1800 to 1872, the average ratio has been 15.47½ to 1.

Thus it will be seen that the immense influx of gold during the sixteenth century depreciated the ratio of silver from 10.50, in 1494, to 11.70, in 1561, or over eleven per cent. This comparatively slight depreciation, notwithstanding the immense influx of gold, was owing to two causes: first, gold in a great measure assumed the function of money, which silver had hitherto chiefly performed; and, second, the influx of silver kept pace with that of gold.

During the seventeenth century the still greater influx of silver from Mexico, Peru, and other South American provinces speedily asserted itself, and we find the ratio in 1665 to be as high as in 1800, and even higher. The fact is, during the seventeenth cen-

tury, gold like silver could only be obtained by mining, and hence the cost of obtaining it from the New World increased proportionally.

It is remarkable that hardly any writers have looked upon the immense increase in the stock of gold during the sixteenth century in a practical light. When the Spaniards came to Mexico and Peru during the earlier part of the sixteenth century, they did not set miners to dig ore or wash alluvial soil; they simply took by force the precious metals of the Incas and Montezumas, which had already accumulated for ages in those countries. Hence, it needed no more labor or expense to get gold during that period than it would now cost for a band of pirates to ravage England and France of their accumulated stock of precious metals and bring them to America. But when this enormous supply of precious metal was exhausted, manual and expensive labor had to be employed to obtain the metal; and it is owing to this fact that not only did gold and silver retain their value as money, but also that the values of the two metals maintained a comparatively stable relation.

The main effect of the influx of precious metal into Europe, during the two centuries succeeding the discovery of America, was bloody and unrelenting war. This expensive pastime found even the enormous influx of gold and silver into Europe inadequate, and the great nations had recourse to two expedients for replenishing their exchequers, — first, loans, and, second, the more convenient forced loans of paper money. There is, of course, a great difference between a paper circulation resting upon an actual metallic basis and one based upon the faith of government. The one, being redeemable at the will of the holder, is, to all intents and purposes, actual money; the other is subject to the internal political state of the country and to the "supply and demand" of the metal in the land where the paper money is used. But an irredeemable currency has naturally the effect of banishing both gold and silver, to a great extent, from those countries where it was not only used formerly, but where it would be in great demand if an irredeemable paper currency should cease to exist. For instance, when this country resumes specie payment, if it be done entirely on a gold standard, it will require, at least, from four to five hundred million dollars in gold not merely to resume,

but to keep that amount of gold always in the country; whereas the whole amount of gold in the United States, including the Pacific States, is calculated at about one hundred and fifty millions.

As to the amount of silver needed, if this country remonetizes silver and goes again to a double standard, that is one of the knotty questions in which the present equivocal relative value of silver to gold is involved. If the relative value of silver and gold could be fixed with some degree of certainty, — say, for argument's sake, $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, — it would only require two hundred millions of silver, and two or three hundred millions of gold. Thus the two metals would divide the function of resumption, perhaps with ease, but certainly with a fixed stability. But if the rest of the world sells silver, and offers it at seventeen ounces to one of gold, it would naturally follow that the United States would be speedily depleted of her gold, receiving silver for it, and the country would, after all, have a depreciated metallic currency as compared with the other specie-paying countries of the world. In short, silver has not only become relatively depreciated, but it has become during the last year dangerously fluctuating; and this is the main question now at issue, whether silver remonetized in the United States would assume its former comparative stability of relative value to gold, or whether it needs a still stronger combination with foreign countries to enforce stability.

The relative value of silver to gold since the wonderful production of gold from 1849 to 1872, has been singularly steady, — its ratio fluctuating between $15\frac{1}{2}$ and $15\frac{3}{8}$ from 1852 to 1870. Yet the slight fluctuation of one eighth caused inconvenience.

In 1865, the celebrated Latin monetary convention came into existence. This convention consists of France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. Their agreement was to coin pieces in silver of one and five francs respectively, and five, ten, and twenty franc gold pieces, at the rate of $15\frac{1}{2}$, fine silver, to one, fine gold; thus giving, in the first place, more than sixty millions of the most thriving and industrious people in Europe a uniform currency and a uniform standard. Silver and gold coinage was made free in the convention; that is to say, any individual having silver bars in Paris, Florence, Geneva, or Brussels, could go to the mint and have it coined into five-franc pieces.

Now it might have been supposed that such a powerful Union would have given a permanent stability to the relative value of the two metals, but such was not the case. From 1865 to 1870 the fluctuation was $15\frac{3}{8}$ to one, which means that, instead of $15\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of silver, only $15\frac{3}{8}$ ounces were necessary to buy one ounce of gold. This difference was sufficient to deprive France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland of much of their silver money, and gold circulated freely. It is a natural law of trade that the cheaper money will exclude the dearer, although the difference is less even than one per cent.

But a change was soon to come over the relative value of silver to gold, which in its violence and suddenness has no parallel in history. In 1870 the Franco-German war broke out; in 1871 Germany not only made peace as a victor, but exacted an indemnity of one thousand million dollars from France. As is well known, Germany became a united country, not only in name, but in actual federation under the rule of one federal sovereign. It was, of course, necessary, as an act of union-policy, to have a uniform monetary system. Up to the date of the Franco-German war, Germany, being divided into numerous sovereignties, had all sorts of different moneys. Prussia had the thaler and silber groschen, Bavaria had gulden and kreutzers, the Hanseatic Free Towns had marks and schillings, while the Southern States of Germany had florins and rix-dollars. A uniform coinage in the once more united Germany was, therefore, the first important step in the German Parliament. Hitherto both gold and silver had there circulated, but the chief circulation — at least eighty per cent — was silver; yet, to the great astonishment of the whole world, Germany, in 1872, declared her intention to demonetize silver and make gold only a legal tender. No satisfactory reason has been given for this bold step, as it must be obvious to all financiers and adepts in the metallic money question that, had Germany joined the Latin Union and adopted its ratio of silver to gold, such an accession would not only have given the ratio a greater stability, but would further have given Germany's great stock of silver bullion a stable value. It is maintained that Germany, imitating England in her single gold standard, was actuated by great commercial considerations; but such an argument does not bear the strain of a full investigation. England, being the world's centre of

commerce and finance, naturally finds a single gold standard most suitable to her purposes. It was a wise measure for England to adopt the single gold standard in 1816, because the fixed value of gold at £3 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce was uniformly admitted throughout the world. England, therefore, proclaiming that she deals only in gold as money, drew to herself the exchanges of the commercial world from the remotest corners.

Far different is the case with Germany. Her foreign commercial importance is below that of Holland; nor can she ever hope to rival not only England, but even France, in her foreign commerce or foreign exchange transactions. Hence, it cannot be well maintained that the demonetizing of silver and the adoption of the single gold standard was a pure and simple commercial or financial measure.

It is, perhaps, a bold suggestion, but it may, nevertheless, be boldly made, whether the adoption of the single standard in Germany is not, after all, a necessary war-measure. It is a well-known fact that during the Franco-German war the invading army in France had immense difficulties in getting supplies for her ready silver thalers, or, in fact, silver money of any kind, and it was found that there was great disadvantage in paying enormous sums in silver. The great bankers in Berlin, Frankfort, and even London could tell the world how, during the month of August, 1870, and of March, 1871, the German army exchequer had to be supplied with gold coin for war expenditures. This difficulty may have induced the provident thinking minds of German statesmen to adopt a single gold standard which, should future wars occur, would place Germany, in her monetary as well as military system, at an advantage. Should this theory be well founded, neither Germany nor England is likely to adopt the bi-metallic standard again, at least so long as there is a shadow of a chance of fluctuation in the relative value of silver. The former great empire would be actuated by a policy on which she stakes her existence as a nation, and the latter, by the well-defined rules of trade and exchange demonstrated by a vigorous practice of sixty years. Germany, having concluded not only to have a uniform money for the Empire, but to make gold the single standard, demonetized silver. There is in England, Germany, and the United States, where gold alone is the standard, an immense amount of silver in

use as money. But the shillings of England, the five-mark silver piece in Germany, and the half-dollars in the United States are the so-called subsidiary coins; that is to say, in England, if a man has to pay a note of twenty or one hundred pounds, he can tender only two pounds in silver, — the rest must be paid in gold. It is the same in Germany, and at present only five dollars in silver is a legal tender in the United States. Although there is, at least, one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of silver in daily use in the "silver-demonetized" countries of England, Germany, the Scandinavian States, and the United States, yet that silver money is only used as subsidiary money and not as legal tender.

Germany began to call in her silver coinage in 1872. The effect during that year was not very marked on the price of silver, as she first exchanged all the small debased coin for the silver and nickel subsidiary money. But when in 1873 – 74 she began to exchange a great amount of her silver thalers and florins for gold, she had to find a market for her demonetized silver. Much of this silver went to the States of the Latin Union, where it was taken at $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and a still greater portion came to London in bars to be sold for the East India market. This unforeseen and unnatural supply caused a depreciation in the price of silver, and it fell from $60\frac{3}{4}$ pence per ounce to 59 and 58 pence.

The Latin Union, finding that a free silver coinage would not only speedily deplete them of their gold, but would also saddle them with a depreciated silver currency, at once agreed to restrict the silver coinage to 140,000,000 francs or about $ 28,000,000 per annum (at present the silver coinage is further restricted), and thus one great avenue in Europe for silver, passing unrestricted as money, was shut up. In the mean time three distinct events developed themselves to make silver in 1876 – 77 the most fluctuating metal in existence. In the first place, Germany, hitherto a customer for silver, became the heaviest seller. The amount of silver demonetized, which has accumulated in Germany, is variously estimated at between three and four hundred million dollars. This enormous amount is seeking a market, and is ready to supply the metal the instant there is a chance of getting anything like the former price for it. Secondly, the Nevada silver-mines from 1872 to 1875, inclusive, were very prolific. In fact, the yearly produc-

tion of silver during the four years from 1872 to 1875, inclusive, throughout the world was seventy-five and one half million dollars, whereas, during the present century, up to the discoveries of silver in Nevada, it only averaged between forty and fifty million dollars annually. Thirdly, the drawings of bills by the East India Council in London on India developed and increased steadily, and thus shut out a customer that otherwise would have come for silver to Europe. To understand this fully, the following explanation is necessary: After the suppression of the Sepoy rebellion in 1857–58, England discovered that India could only be held as a dependency by building a gigantic network of railroads. She set to work at once, and during the last fifteen years something like seventeen thousand miles of rail have been laid down in India. These railways were constructed by the government, and the money was raised in England at an average rate of five per cent which the government guaranteed, the interest being payable in London in gold or sterling money.

The earnings of the Indian railways go into the India Exchequer — of course, in silver rupees, like all the rest of the revenue. Now, in order to pay the interest on these bonds or any other India bonds held in England, the India Council in London sells twice a month bills of exchange on Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. They sell, for instance, every fortnight ten million rupees, in convenient sums, on these three cities, payable at the respective treasuries in India, for which the buyer in London gives gold, and this gold or sterling money is applied to the payment of interest on the India Railroad and national bonds. These drawings have increased from £8,918,500 in 1870 to £13,952,500 in 1872, to £14,835,100 in 1873, and to the enormous amount of £16,300,000 in 1875, the latter amount representing 81,500,000 dollars. Now, it is perfectly obvious that merchants and bankers buy these bills on India in order to pay for the produce that comes from thence, and which the exports to India fail to balance.

If, therefore, the India Council in London should not step in to sell bills on India, the merchants and bankers would have to send silver to make good the balances. Thus a channel for the outflow of silver was stopped, in 1875, by the India Council in London, which retained in the country five million dollars more than the whole production of silver in that year. Add to this another cause. The Indian and Chinese products for which silver is paid

were and are, since 1873–74, very low in price, and it therefore takes less silver to purchase a larger quantity of Eastern commodities. Now, on taking the several agents into united consideration, it will certainly not seem very mysterious why silver should not only have fallen in price, but why it should be daily fluctuating. The climax of the violent fluctuation and the fall was severest during the late summer months, when silver actually went down to 47 pence per ounce in London, which is equal to a fall of about 22 per cent of the usual ratio of 15½ to 1. From August, 1876, to February, 1877, the price of silver has fluctuated from 47 pence to 58¼ pence, and there has hardly been a single day during the last nine or ten months that silver did not fluctuate from one half to one per cent daily.

In 1837 this country adopted a silver ratio of 16 to 1, in opposition to the existing and subsequent ratio in the rest of the world; as everywhere else the ratio was 15½, fine silver, to 1, fine gold. "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar," said Napoleon. It may be safely said here: "Scratch any stupid economic question, and you will find the club-foot of Protection sticking out." In 1830–34 gold had been discovered in Georgia and North Carolina, and it was soon found that the aristocratic gold-dust of these States could not well compete with the pauper-labor gold-dust of the Ural Mountains. Hence the extraordinary expedient was adopted of making gold dearer and silver cheaper in the United States. The consequence was that the cheap silver of America was speedily exported to Europe, where it brought a higher price, and the United States were left to a gold currency that was found inadequate, and that degenerated, as is well known, into paper and "wildcat money" until the discoveries of gold in California. It is, however, but just to say that gold began to circulate freely in the United States from the memorable years of 1846 and 1847. The potato famine in Ireland and the general bad crops during two years in Europe made the American export-trade in breadstuffs very valuable, and gold came over here in great quantities. In 1849 the California gold began to pour into our money centres, and from that time up to 1861 gold was the chief circulating medium in this country; and although we had a bi-metallic standard and silver dollars of 412½ grains were legal tender, yet no silver dollars were either coined or used, for the simple reason that the then ratio was 15½ to 1 in

Europe, while a 412½ grain silver dollar was 16 to 1 in the United States. In 1861 the war broke out, and we took to paper money. Both gold and silver soon vanished from the land. During fifteen years the question of the silver and gold ratio has therefore been quite immaterial to the monetary system of the United States, inasmuch as our legal tender, east of the Rocky Mountains, was irredeemable paper. We, nevertheless, had on the statute-book the currency fiction that the ratio of silver to gold in the United States was 16 to 1.

On February 9, 1872, a bill to demonetize silver was introduced in the House of Representatives, and out of this bill eventually grew the demonetizing Act of 1873. It is a remarkable fact that the chief inflationists, like Mr. Kelly and others, were anxious and voted for this measure. The inflationists up to within a recent period when silver became depreciated looked upon that metal with the same aversion as they looked upon gold. The philanthropic inflationists maintain that gold and silver as money are the enemies of labor, of enterprise, and of the people. Mr. Kelly, the apostle of inflation, has made the great discovery that a currency which is exportable and can be sold or is wanted in foreign countries is the most dangerous thing imaginable. Hence, his philanthropic desire for such an unexportable currency as paper which can only have value at home.

It is not our purpose to extend the argument against this absurdity. We content ourselves by pointing out that the happy island of Santo Domingo has been blest with an unexportable paper currency for many years, yet we fail to find prosperity and commercial enterprise in that island. In justice to Mr. Kelly, however, it must be confessed, that in no country in the world do manufactured articles fetch such enormous prices. A paper of pins sells for one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, and an axe for three thousand to three thousand five hundred dollars. As for a suit of clothes, that must be paid for by a bundle of five thousand dollar notes. Happily, the people of Santo Domingo are so fortunate, under the blessing of their money, that they dispense with their clothing and shoes and many things that are elsewhere necessaries of life. But the inflationists finding in 1873 a chance to declare silver unfit for money, naturally accepted the boon. They would gladly have demonetized gold, too, as that was really what they wanted. It is, however, a melancholy fact, that this impor-

tant act of demonetizing silver in 1873 received little attention from our legislators. Indeed, the importance of it was not fully understood. We had at the time only *one* currency, which was paper, and it was of no immediate consequence whether silver was called money or not. Nevertheless, the act was a mistake. Had it not been passed, much controversy and much trouble would have been avoided. Still the fact remains; we certainly did demonetize silver in 1873, and that act has become one of great importance. It is well known that in 1874 a great effort was made by the inflationists, both in the Senate and the House, to further inflate our paper currency. In fact, the bill actually passed both Houses, and was only frustrated by the President's veto. The inflationists then began to despair of ever realizing their fondest hope of giving the country an unexportable currency! Unhappily, another quite new event sprang up to revive the souls of these fainting philanthropists. Silver, which was hitherto comparatively stable in price, began to fall in value, and the opportunity was immediately seized to replace the defeated inflation measure. In 1875 a 412½ grain dollar was worth about ninety-four cents in gold. In 1876 the price began to fluctuate and went down to eighty-four and eighty-five cents. Then arose the great clamor for making silver dollars legal tender, and all the Kellys, Landers, and other extreme inflationists became the sincere friends of the same silver which but three years before they despised and hated as an arch enemy to mankind.

During the first session of the present Congress Mr. Bland introduced his silver bill. That measure would certainly have received as great a majority of votes last year as it did some weeks ago; but the Democratic House was afraid of the effect it would have upon the elections, and the bill was delayed by "filibustering" during the whole of the first session. All that Mr. Bland obtained was the famous Silver Commission. A joint resolution, passing both Houses on the very last day of the session, created three Senators, Messrs. Jones, Boutwell, and Bogy, and four Congressmen, Messrs. Randall, Gibson, Bland, and Willard, to form a Silver Commission during recess, and to appoint three experts. This Commission was to take evidence on the subject, and report to Congress on the 15th of January, 1877. It was charged to make very important inquiries, — for instance, "to inquire into the policy of continuing legal-tender notes concurrently with the metal-

lic standards, and the effects thereof upon the labor, industry, and wealth of the country." It was also charged to inquire "into the best means provided for facilitating the resumption of specie payments." These inquiries translated into unsophisticated English mean, to make silver money a legal tender and redeem the greenbacks in that silver money. The country was not left in doubt about it very long, for on the 12th of December the Bland silver bill passed the House by an overwhelming majority. The gist of the bill is, "that there shall be, from time to time, coined at the mints of the United States silver dollars, of the weight of 412½ grains of standard silver to the dollar, as provided for in the Act of January 18, 1837, and that said dollar shall be a legal tender for all debts, public or private, except where the payment of gold coin is required by law." Thus, then, this Act would redeem the greenbacks in silver dollars; it would also pay interest on our bonds in silver, except in the very latest ones, which represent *gold coin;* and silver would be received at the custom-house instead of gold. This bill is now before the Senate, and may be acted upon before this article is published.

In the mean time, two strange events have happened. First, gold has fallen to only 5 per cent premium, and silver, instead of being worth 50 pence, or even 53 pence, has gone up to 57 and 58, so that the silver-paper financial geniuses are, for the moment, completely paralyzed. There is, however, no danger of the Bland bill passing the Senate in the shape in which it left the House. The silver legal-tender clause may perhaps be restricted to 50 dollars, and other amendments further restricting silver may be added. There can be no doubt that, should the silver bill be acted on in the Senate, such a restrictive measure would pass, — perhaps by a narrow majority, — yet it would be the popular measure of the Forty-Fourth Congress.

It requires very little consideration to see that as long as silver fluctuates as at present, a silver dollar in America of 412½ grains standard silver would only be an article of merchandise, and not money; or it would partake of the nature of our irredeemable greenbacks, and fluctuate in the same manner as paper money does, with the rise and fall of gold. It is by no means edifying to find that the monetizing of silver has been seized upon because this metal has become comparatively depreciated, for, instead of giving the country a better money than greenbacks, we may be

saddled with a currency that will be still more fluctuating than paper.

Is it advisable to have silver money? There is not the slightest reason why the United States should not have a bi-metallic standard, and why silver should not be used as money. This metal has for ages been the most extensively used material for money. America, both North and South, has been developed by means of the silver dollar; nor is the great argument of gold-standard advocates, that silver is too bulky, a good one. People would find it very inconvenient indeed to carry $1,000 gold in their pockets, simply because $1,000 gold weighs about 56 ounces. Silver, like gold, must have its representative, and that is at all times a redeemable paper currency. If, therefore, silver can be found to have a stable relative value to gold, say, 15½, 16, or any other ratio, to 1, and if this ratio is once so stable that at all times 15½ ounces of fine silver, for instance, can be exchanged in New York, London, Paris, or St. Petersburg, for 1 ounce, fine gold, then the two metals are as money the same. Hence it will be seen that silver can, and should be, used as money, and the only difficulty is to secure for it a constant value.

It has been maintained that, if the United States were to remonetize silver, this very fact and the great demand for silver in this country would be sufficient to give it a stable value. Time alone can prove the correctness of such an assertion. There can be no doubt that such an act would prevent silver from descending to panic prices as it did in August last; but it is decidedly doubtful whether a stable ratio could be maintained. The best and the most conservative plan of the true friends of a bi-metallic standard is a Congress of the nations who should agree upon a standard relative value of silver to gold. This plan is above all the one most persistently advocated by M. Henri Cernuschi, of Paris, — a man who has given the bi-metallic question more time and study than any other living writer. M. Cernuschi is sincerely devoted to bi-metallism. He even dreams of converting England and Germany to this faith. In this he will find himself mistaken. But there can be no doubt that the Latin Union would gladly join in an International Congress with the United States, Holland, Russia, Austria, and some South American States in this great work. And besides all this, it might be found that England would be willing to join the Congress in behalf of India. This accession alone

would accomplish the desired result. It must be obvious that if such a powerful combination should agree to make the ratio of silver to gold, say 15½ to 1, all future fluctuations of silver would practically cease. It is to be regretted that the Senate's resolution recommending the United States to join such a Congress was lately defeated in the House by the ardent advocates of silver themselves. They fear that such an act would delay the remonetizing of silver at home. But a little cool consideration ought to show them that the speedy remonetization of silver in the United States would be a dead letter as long as the price of silver daily fluctuates in the markets of the world, and that a powerful combination alone can realize a bi-metallic standard both here and elsewhere.

An International Congress would have to decide only two great questions, first, Is silver a fit metal to be used as legal-tender money? If Congress is of opinion that silver is not a fit metal for such a use, there would be an end of all further discussion. If, on the other hand, it should decide, as, no doubt, it would, that silver is a metal fit for money, then comes the second question, What shall be the ratio or relative value of silver to gold? Now, this is simply the whole kernel of the hard nut. All other arguments, learned or unlearned, are unprofitable subterfuges. M. Cernuschi, although called the bi-metallic Pope, is not alone in his opinion of the indispensability of an International Congress to establish the ratio of silver to gold. He is fortified by the assent of the best money authorities in Europe as well as in the United States. Perhaps no writer in this country on the silver question has more forcibly, though alas! a little too learnedly, treated the subject than Mr. S. Dana Horton of Ohio. His book on silver and gold is very valuable; and although the present writer certainly disagrees with him on the fundamental law of supply and demand, — a law which Mr. Horton unfortunately partially ignores, — his book is a monument of usefulness. A few extracts from this young but eminent writer on the subject will show how correct and far-seeing a thinker he is. Mr. Horton says: —

"Passing by, then, the question of treaties which chiefly aim to secure a fusion of currencies, we come to the consideration of a treaty simply providing that each contracting party for a certain time will make and keep gold and silver at a certain ratio legal tender for all

sums, and will maintain free coinage of both metals, reserving the privilege of coining its silver and copper tokens as it shall please.

"Let us suppose, then, that the chief powers should join in an International Conference and form a mutual compact to this effect. It would seem safe to assume that it need be no part of the effect of such a treaty that the coins of the contracting parties should have a circulation outside of the country of their creation appreciably greater than they now have, and that the control of each nation over the counterfeiting of its coins would be as efficient as it now is.

"Would it involve a limitation of independence in other directions? Certainly it is not apparent that the situation under such a treaty could, in any conceivable event, be made worse than it is. Why should the effect upon other nations of a bad crop, of a suspension of specie payments, of a war in one, be increased by an agreement of the nations to make gold and silver legal tender at the same ratio? On the contrary, it seems, certainly at first glance, that the effect of such an agreement would be to guarantee, as far as it is possible, the other nations against a financial or commercial shock."

Space will not admit of more interesting quotations from Mr. Horton's book. But the above observations are sufficient to prove that his opinion is worthy of the highest consideration. And thus, it would seem that an International Congress on the silver question and an agreement of the nations to fix the relative value of silver to gold is the only safe solution of the vexed question for ages to come.

It was the writer's intention to close this article here, but it is impossible for him not to notice our periodic resumption mania. Gold has fallen as low as $4\frac{7}{8}$, although it stands, at the moment of writing, at $5\frac{1}{2}$. It is, therefore, assumed that *now* is the time to resume. Those who know the writer are well aware that he is as ardent for hard money as for free-trade, and cannot therefore be charged with favoring an irredeemable currency. But he looks upon *immediate* resumption as a perfect delusion. The reason why gold is at $5\frac{1}{2}$ or $5\frac{3}{4}$ premium is because our whole trade is paralyzed. The import trade has fallen off from $503,152,936, exclusive of bullion in 1875, to $426,776,976, exclusive of bullion in 1876, a falling off of $76,375,960.

The manufacturers do not use the same quantities of raw materials, such as wool, metals, hides, and many other articles, while the people use less sugar, coffee, and many other necessaries as well as luxuries, both domestic and imported.

Falling off of Imports in 1876.

	1875.	1876.	Decrease.
Coffee	$59,233,725	$44,221,373	$15,012,352
Hides	15,641,236	11,874,406	3,766,830
Hemp	2,035,155	1,922,637	112,518
Sugar and Molasses	79,177,763	70,988,376	8,189,387
Tin Plates	12,098,885	9,416,816	2,682,069
Raw Wool	10,662,834	6,843,670	3,819,164
Total decrease in six items			$33,572,320

The custom-houses, instead of receiving $165,000,000, or $170,000,000 for duties, barely receive $130,000,000. Thus there is little demand for foreign bills or floating gold to pay custom-house duties.

In the mean time, Europe being threatened by a war-cloud, and Great Britain having had a bad harvest, our breadstuffs are in demand, and, as bills cannot be sold, gold has come over from Europe in great quantities. Hence gold is so low; but the moment trade revives, and an impulse is given to speculation, our imports will increase, the floating gold will be needed for duties and the bills for payment of foreign goods.

Thus gold will go up in price. As for resuming at present, the most pertinent question is, With what? Surely the $150,000,000 gold and silver in the country are entirely inadequate to resume $730,000,000 of outstanding paper. But it is said that by selling bonds in Europe the gold can be brought here. If the Bank of England should lose in one week £5,000,000 in gold, she would raise the rate of interest to five per cent. Should she lose two or three millions more the next week, she would raise it to seven per cent, and would go on raising it to ten or twelve per cent. Where would our bonds be then? Instead of being sold in London, they would be sent here for sale, and gold would flow to England as water runs down hill.

But the President's plan for funding greenbacks in a 4½ per cent or even a 4 per cent bond is perfectly sound. Yet that does not mean *immediate* resumption; it only means preparation for resuming. And it would be wise for the nation to understand that the volume of the currency has to be reduced by funding and cancelling greenbacks at least forty per cent of its present circulation before *immediate* resumption can take place.

J. S. Moore.

Art. X. — CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

1. — *The Wages Question: A Treatise on Wages and the Wages Class.* By Francis A. Walker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876. 8vo. pp. 432.

In the work which we have before us Professor Walker has undertaken something more than a mere monograph on a single topic in political economy. Wages and profits are, as it were, the two unknown quantities in the problem of distribution, and to determine one is to solve the problem. In arriving at this result, however, no condition of the case can be safely neglected, and we accordingly find our author reviewing a large part of the fields of production and distribution in his investigation of the philosophy of wages. The issue of the undertaking is of great interest. The subject itself is of especial moment at this juncture, and the author commands attention from his recognized capacity for the examination of industrial questions, his thorough command of statistical knowledge, and his unusual acquaintance with the literature bearing upon his inquiry. That his sympathy with the classes dependent on wages is warm does not necessarily detract from the usefulness of his work, for as imagination has its place in the investigations of physical science, so may sympathy and imagination by possibility lead the way more rapidly than logic in a moral science which deals with the passions, the well-being, and the hopes of men.

It is to be noted at the outset that the title of Professor Walker's book is significant. The "wages question" in his view is not the equivalent of the labor question; the "wages class" is something less than the laboring class. He excludes from consideration, in fact, all the vast body of men who work on their own account, however humble the scale, in agriculture or in manufactures, all who work upon shares, and all who are employed in domestic labor, or otherwise in rendering services and not in production. The class of laborers for wages remaining after these exclusions is still large enough to make the author's inquiry one of capital importance; "of the eighty millions of English-speaking people, three fourths probably, two thirds certainly, subsist on wages." Nevertheless, this limitation of the inquiry appears to us to make any sound conclusion matter of chance instead of certainty. The influences determining the wages of the agricultural laborer in France cannot be fully stated without reference to the condition and success of the peasant farmer by his side, nor can those affecting the general labor-market of the United States be explained

irrespective of the employment of one million persons as domestic servants in this country. That our author has not found himself severely pressed by the difficulty which these cases illustrate is in our opinion due to the fact that he has stopped short in his inquiry as to the fundamental principles which determine wages.

The first step in this inquiry is one for which many of our readers are prepared by the author's vigorous attack upon the wages-fund doctrine in this Review for January, 1875. It is difficult to say whether this doctrine has suffered most from its enemies or from its friends. The former appear to us to have consistently misstated it for the purpose of refutation, by importing into it an element of rigidity, we might almost say of predestination, which we do not find in Mr. Mill's original statement of it nor believe to have been recognized as a part of it by most of those who have accepted or now maintain it. And, on the other hand, the friends of the doctrine have often used it as a convenient formula, in a subject where any formula is apt to be a snare, and have summarily referred to it as if it were an ultimate cause, precluding the necessity of further inquiry, when it is in itself but the resultant, the expressed outcome of the causes which are the real subject of investigation. We have always regarded Professor Fawcett as a serious offender in this respect; but the offences of all others are trivial in comparison with that of Mr. Mill himself, in making what Professor Walker cites as "an excellent summary of the doctrine," twenty years after its original enunciation: —

"There is supposed to be, at any given instant, a sum of wealth which is unconditionally devoted to the payment of wages. This sum is not regarded as unalterable, for it is augmented by savings and increases with the progress of wealth; but it is reckoned upon as at any given moment a predetermined amount. More than that amount it is assumed that the wages-receiving class cannot possibly divide among them; that amount, and no less, they cannot but obtain. So that the sum to be divided being fixed, the wages of each depend solely on the divisor, — the number of participants." — *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1869.

To the doctrine in this form Mr. Thornton's appeal to the consciousness of employers as to the "predetermination" of the wealth in their hands would seem to be a triumphant answer. Indeed, if Mr. Mill himself had originally understood it in this sense, he could not have failed to give to the wages-fund a far more important place than it actually holds in his treatise. The real scope of the doctrine as it stands there cannot be stated better, we believe, than it has been by Professor Cairnes: —

"I believe that, in the existing state of the national wealth, the character of Englishmen being what it is, a certain prospect of profit will 'determine' a

certain proportion of this wealth to productive investment; that the amount thus 'determined' will increase as the field for investment is extended, and that it will not increase beyond what this field can find employment for at that rate of profit which satisfies English commercial expectation. Further, I believe, that, investment thus taking place, the form which it shall assume will be 'determined' by the nature of the national industries, — 'determined,' not under acts of Parliament, or in virtue of any physical law, but through the influence of the investor's interests; while this, the form of the investment, will again 'determine' the proportion of the whole capital, which shall be paid as wages to laborers." — *Leading Principles of Political Economy*, p. 185.

In other words, the means of purchase and the motives acting upon the minds of employers jointly determine the effective demand for labor, as the means of purchase and the play of motives determine the effective demand for a commodity. This gives us no short-hand formula for the solution of the wages question. Indeed, if the wages-fund doctrine had been left in this form and had not been distorted by many who have maintained it, we may doubt whether it would have led to much discussion; for, to quote again from Professor Cairnes, "it must be freely confessed that it contains no solution of the wages problem; it is not a solution, but a statement of that problem." At any rate, in this form it is proof against the objections generally brought forward, and also, we believe, against those raised by Professor Walker, if it be granted that labor is supported and wages paid from capital.

But at this point we are brought to the second step in Professor Walker's reasoning, by his denial that wages are paid out of capital, or that the wages-fund of accumulated capital creates the effective demand for labor. On the contrary, he maintains that the product of the labor itself constitutes the real means of payment. "I hold," he says, "that wages are, in a philosophical view of the subject, paid out of the product of present industry, and hence that production furnishes the true measure of wages." True it is that "wages are to a very considerable degree in all communities *advanced* out of capital," and in rich countries "very generally, if not universally, so advanced"; yet it is "production out of which they are finally paid, to which we must look for their true measure." (p. 131.) But what is meant by the "true measure" of wages? Is it the measure which determines how much the employer *might* pay and still receive his fair profit, — the measure which determines possible, equitable wages, — or is it the measure which determines actual wages? If the former, we may concede at once that the hopes of both employer and laborer are bounded by the possibilities of the product, and that the utmost hope of the latter is measured by the claim which he can present for becoming a partner in these possibilities.

But Professor Walker seems to treat the product as affording a measure of actual wages, as in the following passage: —

"It is the prospect of a profit in production which determines the employer to hire laborers; it is the anticipated value of the product which determines how much he can pay them. The product, then, and not capital, furnishes at once the motive to employment and the measure of wages. If this be so, the whole wage-fund theory falls, for it is built on the assumption that capital furnishes the measure of wages; that the wage-fund is no larger because capital is no larger, and that the only way to increase the aggregate amount which can be paid in wages is to increase capital." — (p. 144.)

Inviting attention to the easy transition made in the above extract from "the anticipated value of the product" to the product itself as the determining element, we must conclude from the reference to the wages-fund theory that Professor Walker intends to point to the product as being the true measure of the wages which actually are paid, in the same sense as the wages-fund is held to be by his opponents. This is equivalent to maintaining that the wages enjoyed by the laboring class during the present year are measured by the product which is ultimately to appear as the result of the year's operations, — a proposition to which we are not at present prepared to assent. In one respect, indeed, Professor Walker's doctrine brings him to an unexpected conclusion: —

"Wages still have their measure and their limits, and no increase can take place without a strictly economical cause. Wages cannot be larger than the product except by force of pre-existing contract. Wages must, in the long run, be less than the product by enough to give the capitalist his due returns, and the employer his living profits." (p. 410.)

The measure of wages thus described has something more than a family resemblance to the wages-fund; it is the wages-fund itself, replenished from the product instead of from pre-existing capital.

Having found the measure and limit of wages in the product, the next point in the logical order of Professor Walker's inquiry is "the problem of distribution." Here our author's general conclusions seem to us to be fairly stated in the following extract: —

"If, then, the political economist finds the obstructions besetting the resort to the best market, existing in the present condition of industrial society, to be, in fact, serious, is he not bound to abandon a rule of conduct based on the assumption of a competition so general that it may for practical purposes be deemed universal, and to study critically the condition of the several classes of persons making claims on the product of industry, with a view to ascertain what help can be brought from the outside, in the absence of any reparative virtue in industrial causes, to supply the deficiencies of competition? Failing to find

relief in economical forces, he will look away to moral forces to achieve the emancipation of the economically oppressed classes, not by taking them out from under the operation of economical laws, for that is impossible, but by providing the conditions (intelligence, frugality, sobriety, political franchises, and social ambitions) which will secure that mobility, that easy, quick, and sure resort to market, which alone is needed to give scope and sway to the beneficent agencies of competition. Fortunately he may look with confidence to see this amelioration coincide with a continued increase in the productive power of labor, due to fresh advances in the arts and sciences, which will facilitate the upward movement." (p. 171.)

In effect, then, Professor Walker's conclusion is that the solution of the wages question is to be found in perfect competition. Political economists are censured for an assumption that competition is practically universal; moral forces are invoked — properly, but not now for the first time — to secure the complete mobility of labor, which is the condition of perfect competition; elsewhere legislative action for the same end is strongly justified; and the results of such competition are declared to be beneficent and sufficient. The author has little faith in co-operation; but he attaches, as we believe, excessive importance to the gain to be expected from the extinguishment of the *entrepreneur* or employer class, who often intervene between the owners of capital and laborers, and in general finds his philosophy of wages in a competition as practically free and complete on the side of the employed as on that of the employer. How then does this differ from the ordinary philosophy on the same topic, except that the agency which he charges the economists with assuming to be universal,* he would make universal, and its operation, assumed to be unimpeded, he would make complete? So far as the process of distribution is concerned, he justly contemplates the perfection of that process, the operation of which is traced, no doubt inadequately, in "the doctrine of the schools." But Professor Walker has not himself traced the operation of competition as the agency of distribution with any completeness. Had he done so, he would have found a fatal obstacle to his progress in the preliminary limitation of his field, which we have already pointed out.

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* Mr. Mill's chapter on "Competition and Custom" (Principles of Political Economy, Book II. Ch. IV.) contains an instructive statement of the real nature of this assumption and of the consequently necessary correction to be made in applying any general economic principle to actual cases. Professor Cairnes, in his so-called "theory of non-competing groups," investigates the practical failure of competition over a large part of the industrial area, and the consequently modified form in which the action of general principles is exhibited in real life. This "theory" Professor Walker subjects to some criticism, but we are unable to find any substantial divergence between his views and those of Professor Cairnes in this respect.

But the agency in distribution being the same in Professor Walker's philosophy as in the old, does he differ as to the result, the point to which the ultimate tendencies of the whole social movement are directed, or what we may call the economic destiny of man? Notwithstanding some criticisms of detail, we understand Professor Walker to accept Ricardo's law of diminishing returns from the soil and the Malthusian law of population, — the cardinal points on which the modern system of political economy hinges. Applying these laws in that state of complete competition which he aims at and others are said to assume, can he help coming to the same conclusions as to the ultimate condition of society, and of the wages-class as one of its constituent parts? If not, — and it is hard to see where he can logically diverge from the line taken, for example, by Mr. Mill, — then we must conclude that neither in its process nor in its economic result does his philosophy of wages present anything substantially new.

It is, however, in our opinion, no disparagement of Professor Walker's book to say that it gives no really new solution of the wages question. That question probably has a long life before it. But in his attack upon it the author has made a contribution to economic literature of great value. As a statement of the actual conditions which affect the well-being and independence of the class of laborers for wages, of the causes which impede a complete and free competition on their part, and of the important position which moral influences hold among economic agencies, his work is systematic, original, and strong. As a repository of facts collected from a wide range and of considerations drawn from actual observation, it is of too much consequence to be neglected by any one who hopes to make a thorough study of the main question. Our present limits have obliged us to confine ourselves to a brief notice of the general theoretical bearing of the book, and we regret our inability to give to it in its practical aspects that more extended examination, which its great intrinsic value and the interesting special topics discussed by it alike merit.

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2. — *Functions of the Brain.* By David Ferrier, M. D., F. R. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876. 8vo. pp. xv, 323.

This is a remarkable work. Upon scientific evidence, it tries to show that definite parts of the brain are distinct centres of movement, sensation, and ideation. It therefore makes an epoch in science, and the English speaker is proud of the fact that a book which will be read by the world appears in his language. The experiments are simply marvellous.

They light up the hidden centres of the brain as by a calcium light. The man is, in a sense, a Columbus of the cerebrum. He steers his vessel of discovery straight into the internal currents of the hemispheres, where hardly a navigator had ventured, and reports of unknown islands and cities, — islands of force, cities alive with the business of manufacturing and exchanging ideas and emotions. No scholar of mind or of physiology can afford to be without this volume. In a few sentences we give its main drift.

If we take the body and begin with the spinal chord, above that we have the medulla oblongata, then the cerebellum, then the mesencephalic centres, pons varolii, optic thalamus, the small basal ganglia, corpora striata, etc., and, finally, the hemispheres of the cerebrum in front of all. Through the back part of the spinal chord nerves of sensation lead from the body towards the brain; from the brain and other centres at the front part of the chord lead nerves of motion. Cut off the head, still the two sets of nerves of the spine by reflex action will produce a vast variety of bodily motions. The spine alone, therefore, is the seat of a vast number of bodily reflex movements. Cut out the medulla oblongata, and the movements of the chest, and some movements of the face and blood-vessels, are obliterated. The medulla is the seat of the movements of chest, face, and blood-vessels. Cut out the cerebellum and optic thalamus, and the co-ordination and equilibrium of the body movements, also some of the movements of the eyes, ears, and nostrils, are destroyed. These organs are the seat of equilibrium, co-ordination of locomotion, and similar motions. A frog will right himself, and a bird fly, with the cerebrum out. But Ferrier denies that the cerebellum is the organ of the sexual sense. He proves that the labyrinth of the ear plays a most important part in balancing the movements of the body. A rhythm in the ear will produce reflex rhythmical movements of the body. He shows that the optic lobes are the seat, not of the sense of sight, indeed, but of the co-ordination of retinal impressions with special motor-reactions. And he contends that none of these lower organs can be the seat of consciousness, as Carpenter and others have claimed, but that this resides in the cerebrum.

But now go to the tower of the human house, the cerebrum, and what results? Here is where Ferrier claims discoveries. He believes he has located in the back brain the centre of hunger, in the middle and side lobes the centres of leg and arm-motion, smell, taste, touch, sexual desire, etc.; and in the forehead the great intellectual power we call attention. The brain is but a piano with distinct keys of passions and ideas for volition to play upon. And this is the way he reaches his facts. The mind wings its arrow of volition through the cerebral sub-

stance to the nerves, and the organs obey. And similarly the pole of an electrode is an arrow that, touching the brain, subserves the office of volition. Stand behind a monkey with the skull partly removed, apply the battery, and what have you? The back part of the brain is not very susceptible to impressions. But experiments go to show that it is the seat of hunger, and that the viscera intimately connected with it are the seats of some mental disorders, hypochondriasis, and melancholia. Put now the electrode on a point of the top of the head, at the back part, and you excite movements of the legs in locomotion. Farther along, towards the front, and on a line with the last, the electrode excites movements of the arms and special movements of the legs. Farther along we have the centre of movements of the eyes and head. Apply the pole down the side of the brain near the middle, and you move the angles of the mouth. Back of this at the side is the centre of vision; back of this, that of hearing. Push now the electrode to the centre of the brain, to the subiculum cornu ammonis, and you find smell; near that, taste; near that is the hippocampal region, and here is touch; near that is the centre for the sexual desire. While, if you apply the battery to the frontal lobe, you have no excitation, as with the middle region, still all experience locates there the intellectual centres.

Such is the picture, such the cerebral piano. And Ferrier is strenuous in his statements that there are no doubts about there being these different keys. For he removes these various centres of the brain, and the particular movements and sensations they evoke are gone. Volition does not excite them. Both by excitation and destruction of a lobe, he arrives at sure results.

Now the question is, Are these wonderful things true? If so, science has found a new world. The popular phrenology is blown to atoms. The discovery almost deserves to be ranked with those of the lines of the spectrum and of conservation of force. But there are those who deny that there are definite motor and sensory centres and special lobes of the brain. Lewes says, the brain is one and the mind one, and cortex and gray matter can do the same things. Nerves of sensation leading towards the brain can be nerves of motion from the brain. These effects of the electrode on the lobes come from mere *disturbance* of the brain. Give the monkey time after the removal of the alleged brain-centres of vision, touch, etc., and he will recover the lost powers. Ferrier says, if a dog had been taught to do one exceptional act with his paw, and you then should cut out the part in the brain which causes the motion of that paw, he could not do the act at all. ut Goltz says he has done it after the destruction of the lobe claimed

as the centre of the motion has taken place. Ferrier says, if the vision-centre is removed, the animal will not see with the eye. Lewes says, he will. Thus some doubts are thrown over the new revelation. Still it is to be said that Ferrier is a master. His experiments are so numerous, varied, and complete, and his analogies for his theory, drawn from other parts of the nervous system, are so weighty, that the theory in some shape will probably stand. At any rate, it opens a fruitful field for future discovery. Lewes admits that the new theory may be a starting-point for a new anatomy of the brain. And why not admit both theories, that the brain and mind are units and thus act to some extent independently of the special centres, and that mind and brain have each differing parts, and that the parts of the brain are to some extent necessary to motion, sensation, and thinking. We must sometimes think in words, and sometimes we think without them. Why may not special parts of the cortex act like words for thought, and be material aids and resting-places for the mental and sensory forces?

The connection which exists between mind and brain Ferrier affirms in the most thorough-going way. He says, there is with the mind an unbroken material succession. The brain-centre of vision is to the optic apparatus and in some sense to the mind, what the sensitive plate is to the camera of the photograph. There is not only a brain-centre for the eye, but in the same centre we must locate definite tracks for memory and combinations of memory of all visible objects. Without that track the car of recollection would have no road to go on. We think with the left brain, because, being right-handed, the opposite side of the body must supply it with cerebral power. Sensory centres are not only organs of consciousness of immediate sensory impressions but *registers* of special sensory experience as memory or ideal combinations. Perhaps various viscera are represented in the interior lobes of the brain. Motor centres are not only centres of differentiated movement but organic bases of *memory* of the movements and seats of ideal reproduction. Ideal movements are as important as ideally revived sensations. Our idea of a form comes not only from a revived impression of sight but also from a revived or remembered movement of the eye. And this he states as a great law. In organic cohesions between sensory and motor centres we have the basis of intellectual and volitional acquisitions. If a blind deaf-mute had to associate thoughts with movements of the hand, then by death of the cerebral motor centres of the hand, he could not talk with his hand and would be impeded in thought. Nay, he says, we think abstractions through words. Words are definite oral articulations. Now destroy the brain-centres which co-ordinate the power of oral articulation, and you destroy the power to think abstractions. Man, as a fact, can only think particulars.

And finally he locates in the front of the brain the grand power, attention. The faculty of "inhibition" or power to stop a revived sensor or motor train is the fundamental element of attention and control of ideation. By this he commands all past sensations and movements, sights, sounds, emotions, events, and thus makes life's history the source of personal experiences. Attention, therefore, gives the storehouse of thinking, imagining, picturing, and just as there are centres of sense and of motion in the middle and interior lobes of the cerebrum, so there may be and ought to be definite tracks and centres in the front brain for special thinking and feeling, for the poet, artist, philosopher, and scientific man. Still let us say that Ferrier has the good sense to admit that the brain is not consciousness, nor is feeling, as Taine would say, the inner side of motion, nor is a motor centre of thought thought itself. We feared that, true to the degrading materialistic influences of the hour, his theory might lead him so far as to hint that possibly the brain could secrete the infinite and a lobe secrete religion or a truth of Christianity. But he is too wise for this. Though physiology has encroached a little on the province of the mind, it is still refreshing to think that if we were cannibals and ate human brain, we should never devour the source of the Godhead of will, the moral law and conscious spirit, — spirit, which rides above all matter, which is its sole source, and which alone allows us to formulate its laws.

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3. — *Correspondance de* H. DE BALZAC, *1819–1850.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877. 2 vols. 16mo.

HITHERTO our means of knowing about Balzac have been very meagre, especially in view of the fact that he died at the height of his fame, while yet a middle-aged man, less than thirty years ago. Here was one of the greatest of the French writers of the present century about whose life we knew hardly more than a few anecdotes, which rather aroused than satisfied curiosity, showing as they did what a mere glance at the book-shelf would tell us, how ardent and enthusiastic a worker he was, and, moreover, how completely he lived in a world of the imagination. His correspondence, however, which has just been published, throws a great deal of light on the circumstances of his career, admitting us into his confidence with regard to his hopes and disappointments in the most unreserved way. It is sometimes said by the cynical that every great man nowadays writes his letters to the address of posterity; but this would be by no means true of Balzac, for it is easy to see that there was no such intention lurking in his mind when

he scratched off the hasty letters which make up the best part of these two volumes. The greater number were written on business matters, — about his debts, his plans, his books, — for there has seldom lived a man more engrossed in his work than he. He had almost no amusement in his life. At times, compelled by his physician's urgent orders, he laid aside his pen and gave himself up to complete, apathetic rest; but these occasions were rare; in general he was working harder than a galley-slave, reading but little, caring less for what was going on around him, except occasionally for politics, and making literature an occupation as severe as stone-breaking. His letters are full of nothing but the most sordid anxieties; they are really painful reading; there is almost no interruption of their monotonous expression of hope and consequent disappointment.

He came to Paris when about twenty years old to devote himself to literature. It is evident that his family hardly favored this design, his parents much preferring to establish him in some more surely lucrative occupation, and it was intended that this stay in the metropolis should be an experiment until he had either utterly failed or had achieved some success. It was given out that he was making a visit elsewhere, so that if he were disappointed the mortification should be less. To avoid being seen in Paris by any acquaintance not in the secret, he was obliged to stay in his room during the daytime, and to creep out only after nightfall. But this plan did not disturb him; he plunged into work, and his early letters to his sister, afterwards Madame Surville, are full of his literary plans, especially about the construction of a play called "Cromwell," which never saw the light. As time went on his enthusiasm increased, one novel followed another from his pen, and although he was not sunk in the misfortunes of the last twenty years of his life, he seems to have made but a very small sum of money. He was himself dissatisfied with this early work, but, conscious of his genius, he toiled on and endeavored to make a fortune by speculation, by editing a series of French classics, by publishing, and making type. All of these plans failed, each one swallowing more capital, so that in 1827 everything had gone by the board, and all the rest of his life he was the prey of usurers and creditors, forever struggling against a mighty and mysterious load of debt. The more money he earned the more it seemed he had to pay. He would shut himself up and work sometimes eighteen hours a day for weeks at a time. He wrote from Aix, in 1832: "I rouse myself without pity at five in the morning and work in front of my window until half past five in the evening." And from Paris, in February, 1833, "I go to bed at six or seven in the evening like the hens; I am awakened at one o'clock in the morning, and I work until

eight; at eight I sleep again for an hour and a half; then I take a slight repast, a cup of pure coffee, and get into my harness until four; and then I see my friends, I take a bath or go out, and after dinner I go to bed. I shall have to lead this life for some months in order to keep my head above water." In 1834 he hoped to be free from debt in a few months. He speaks of owing still fourteen thousand francs, — no enormous sum, certainly, — but two years later fresh misfortunes overtook him, and in 1845 he wrote: "Pity me; I work sixteen hours a day, and I still owe more than a hundred thousand francs, and I am forty-five years old! *Voilà une triste chose.*" He formed wild schemes to free himself from this heavy load, at one time going to Sardinia to get the silver left in the scoriæ at the edges of the mines since the Romans worked them; but the plan of course failed utterly.

Almost the only consolation he had in the last eighteen years of his harassed life was his affection for Madame Hanska, a wealthy Russian lady, who married him at last in March, 1850, a few months before his death, when he was already completely broken down by years of overwork. His letters to her, like all the others, are full of the particulars of his business troubles, but they show, of course, a side of his character which did not find full expression elsewhere. It would not be easy to make out from Balzac's novels what sort of a man he was; certain qualities that he had are, to be sure, prominent in his writings, — his immense vitality, and his wonderful passion for material things; but in his letters we see, besides, more simplicity than the reader of his tales, brought into contact with every variety of wrong-doing, would expect to find. He was very sensitive to many uncomplicated pleasures and always had a genuine love for the province, for Touraine where he was born, and many of his letters contain expressions of his longing for a quiet family life. "Touraine," he writes in one of his letters, "seems to me like a *pâté de foie gras*, which rises up to one's chin, and its delicious wine, instead of intoxicating, stupefies and beatifies one." He was full of affection for his sister, and very kind to his mother, although she frequently tormented him by treating him as if he were a child. As has been said, his letters to Madame Hanska are, in a way, the most interesting of the collection. They are fuller and less concerned with business than the others, and in them he speaks more at length regarding his emotions and interests. The following passage throws some light on one side of his character: "You ask me how it happens that I, knowing everything (as you are good enough to say), familiar with everything, observing and penetrating everything, should sometimes be duped and deceived. Alas! would you care for me if I were never the dupe of anything, if I were so cautious and so keen an observer that no

mischance ever came near me? But setting aside the question of the heart, I will tell you the secret of this apparent contradiction. When a man becomes so good a whist-player that he knows when the fifth card is played where all the others are, do you think he does not like to lay aside his science to see how the game will go by the laws of chance? . . . . But if you do not admit this explanation, there is another which you will appreciate better. When night and day my faculties and my strength are racked to invent, to write, to represent, to draw, to remember; when I am obliged with a slow and painful, often wounded, wing to soar over the moral fields of literary production, how can I be at the same time on the level ground of facts? When Napoleon was at Essling he was not in Spain. In order not to be deceived in life, in love, in friendship, in business, in all sorts of relations, one must give one's whole attention to them, one must be purely and simply a business man, a man of the world. Certainly I see that I am deceived and that I shall be deceived, that this or that man is betraying or will betray me, or that he will make away with some of my wool, but at the moment when I conjecture or suspect or know it, I am obliged to plunge into something else; I see it when I am driven by the necessity of the moment, by some imperative task, by some work which would fail utterly if I did not complete it. I often finish a hut by the light of my burning houses. I have neither friends nor servants; every one abandons me, I know not why, or rather I know why too well, because no one cares for nor has use for a man who works night and day, who does not waste himself for their advantage, who stays at home, whom one has to go to see, and whose power will not come, if it ever comes, before twenty years, because this man has the personality of his works, and all personality is odious when unaccompanied by power." This letter, it is singular to note, was written just before he started for Sardinia on the expedition above mentioned.

The many letters which were written about his work never treat of its literary side, but only of its relation to the business matters which were forever pursuing him. This is their most marked peculiarity. He planned his novels beforehand, and attacked them with the utmost vigor. Thus he writes, in November, 1837, "I want *César Birotteau* (bought by a newspaper for twenty thousand francs) to be finished by the 10th of December; I must spend twenty-five nights, and began this morning"; in June, 1836, "In all probability I shall have finished *Les Illusions perdues* by Saturday next"; and in both cases he goes on to announce the disposition of the money he is to get from them. Scores of just such instances could be quoted from the two volumes of his correspondence. He seems never to have regarded his work except as so

much merchandise to be carried to the highest market and sold on the best terms. The depressing circumstances of his life made this natural enough, for he was always poor and always longing for wealth, and a man who worked so hard at writing novels would surely seek recreation in something else than writing letters; but the fact yet remains that here was one of the greatest men of modern times — for even those who dislike him must acknowledge his greatness — who regarded literature very much as a brickmaker must regard brickmaking. It was a trade, an occupation which made him more than a manual slave. Is it surprising that, driven as he was by sordid cares, he should have filled so many of his novels with the expression of what was his constant day-dream, a life of solid material ease? Money was the elusive aim of his whole industry, money and fame; in time he felt sure of fame, but sanguine as he was he learned how hard for him was the acquisition of wealth. It is painful to read of his severe necessities, and it is sad to see how they corroded his whole nature; but the story is a very interesting one, and it is nowhere better told than in these two volumes.

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4. — *Religion and the State, or the Bible and the Public Schools.* By Samuel T. Spear, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1876. 12mo. pp. 393.

Mr. Blaine's amendment to the Constitution of the United States, introduced by him into the House of Representatives in 1875, contains the enactment that "no State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of public schools, or derived from any fund therefor, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; nor shall any money so raised ever be divided between religious sects or denominations." In the same year the President recommended to Congress a constitutional amendment, "making it the duty of each of the several States to establish and forever maintain free public schools," and "forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious tenets, and prohibiting the granting of any school funds or school taxes, or any part thereof, either by legislative, municipal, or other authority, for the benefit or in aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, or in aid or for the benefit of any other object, of any nature or kind whatever."

The proposal of these constitutional amendments has revived the public attention to the subject, and led Dr. Spear to put out his book. It is the work of an able man. The writer knows what he means to say, and how to say it with clearness and vigor, — indeed, with remarkable

acuteness and logical force. Nothing can be fairer than his argumentation and nothing more respectable than the tone and spirit with which he writes. But he shows very little good judgment and skill in the structure of his book. One is perpetually reminded of Hesiod's pointed saying (if Hesiod's it be), that "half is more than the whole." Indeed, if the book was reduced to one third of its present bulk, it would be far better and more effectual for the purpose for which it was written; for he tells us it "was framed in view of the fact that the direct and immediate issue before the American people is not the general question of Church and State, but the specific question of Bible reading and religious instruction and worship in our public schools."

As to the conclusion arrived at, our own view entirely coincides with the opinion of the author, that "the public school — like the State, under whose authority it exists, and by whose taxing power it is supported — should be simply a civil institution, absolutely secular and not at all religious in its purposes, and that all practical questions involving this principle should be settled in accordance therewith." And our full concurrence with him in the doctrine he so squarely and firmly plants himself upon and fortifies with a conclusiveness that cannot be confuted, makes us only the more sorry that he should not have been able to content himself with saying the sufficient thing, instead of going at such length into the discussion of topics that are really extraneous, or but slightly relevant, to his "specific question." Of the thirty-two chapters composing the book more than half might better have been left out or reduced to a few brief sentences.

One point in the chapter on Religious Liberty, though argued at a needless length, is worthy of particular attention. It is that the Constitution of the United States contains a guaranty for religious liberty as against encroachments by the general government but imposes no limitation upon the power of the States in this relation. They can at their pleasure establish religion, support it by taxation, and enforce it by test-acts or by pains and penalties. There is therefore no security for religious liberty against encroachments by the States. Why should this be so? The Constitution of the United States prohibits the States from passing any act impairing the obligation of contracts; prohibits *ex post facto* laws and bills of attainder; guarantees to the people of every State a republican government, and to "the citizens of each State the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." And the point made by the author is that religious liberty is a right second to none in the circle of rights protected against State encroachments, and that there is no reason why it should be left to the exclusive jurisdiction of the States. Accordingly he gives the draft of an amendment

to the Federal Constitution which would meet the whole case. It is in these words: —

SECTION 1. No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibit the free exercise thereof, or establish any religious test as a qualification to hold any office, or to discharge any civil or political duty, or to exercise and enjoy any political or civil right, privilege, or immunity whatever.

SECTION 2. Neither the United States, nor any State, Territory, municipality, or any civil division of any State or Territory, shall levy any tax or make any gift, grant, or appropriation for the support or in aid of any church, religious sect or denomination, or any school, seminary, or institution of learning in which the faith or doctrines of any religious order or sect shall be taught or inculcated, or in which religious rites or practices shall be observed, or for the support or in aid of any religious charity or purpose of any sect or denomination whatsoever.

SECTION 3. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce the provisions of this article.

This is a better amendment than Mr. Blaine's and if adopted would doubtless, as Dr. Spear says, "put an end to the school question and all other questions that contemplate any alliance between civil government and religion."

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5. — *A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical, with special reference to Ministers and Students.* Vol. XIII. of the Old Testament, containing Ezekiel and Daniel. By JOHN PETER LANGE, D. D. Translated from the German, and edited, with Additions, Original and Selected, by PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877. 8vo. pp. 492, 273.

IF the opinions and sentiments of the last century had survived to form an alliance with the ripest scholarship of the present day, volumes like this would be the legitimate fruit of the union. Of course the several volumes of such a series have various degrees of merit; but they are all of them interpretations of the Hebrew Scriptures from the assumed standpoint of their absolute and equal genuineness, authenticity, and infallibility. We say *assumed* standpoint; for though there is the show of argument on mooted questions, it is perfectly evident in every instance that the course of argument is derived from and governed by a foregone conclusion. The battles of opinions are like the sham-fights in the Prussian army, in which the programme is determined and the issue decreed before the first gun is fired. When the author himself is on the wrong side, the American editor enters the lists and controls the decision. Thus, in a very feeble apologetic Preface, in which Zöckler, the author of the commentary on Daniel, takes credit to himself for

having receded from his former opinion that this book was written in the Maccabean age, but confesses that he still retains his doubts as to a small fragment, which has none of the characteristics of prophetical writing and all those of circumstantial history behind a very thin veil of symbolism, we find inserted: "[The American reviewer has taken the liberty of combating the author's view as to the interpolation of the passage in question.]"

We beg that we may not be misunderstood. We believe in prophecy, in the Divine mission of the prophets, and in revelation from God as the source of the Messianic expectation. But the prophets were poets, rhapsodists, preachers; we have in their writings the forms in which, according to their several measures of genius or wisdom, they saw fit to embody so much of eternal truth and of the unseen future as they deemed essential for instruction, rebuke, or encouragement. The theory of the Lange series of commentaries is that the prophets were men of the clearest spiritual intelligence and insight, and that there is a profound yet discoverable meaning in every passage in which the superficial meaning is obscure. They find in these books as definite a Christology as that of the evangelists, and as elaborate a system of dogmatic theology as exists in the writings of Augustine or Calvin. Now, if the prophets really knew as much and taught as much as critics of this school maintain that they did, there may have been other and more essential purposes served by the Incarnation, but there remained nothing to be revealed in the New Testament which had not been anticipated in the Old. But when we consider that the prophets wrote in order to be read by the men of their own time, and that their earliest readers had these books in their native tongue, which they understood better than we do, it seems but reasonable to suppose that these authors intended to write precisely what their intelligent contemporaries read in their writings. They are not, then, to be interpreted as men who constructed enigmas for remote posterity to solve, but as the foremost, God-enlightened spirits of their respective ages, who wrote without disguise or concealment all that they knew and would have told more if they had known more.

But if we admit the *quasi* Christian apostolate of the prophets, and suffer the importation into their writings of as much of Christian dogma as their words can be stretched to contain, these volumes are masterworks of learning. The textual exposition is minute, thorough, and based on the most recondite philological analysis and reasoning. No word that needs or deserves elucidation is left unnoticed; no idiom, unexplained; no linguistic anomaly, unexplored. Such expositions make the Hebrew Scriptures, in their own proper form, attractive, and

can hardly fail to revive the study of a language in which the divines of our own time have fallen far behind those of an earlier generation. It is one thing to attack the hard Hebrew text in solid mass, and quite another to have it broken up and macerated for easy digestion.

We rejoice, also, in the discovery of the latent Hebrew scholarship which these volumes bring to light. We had supposed it as difficult to find men who read Hebrew or want to read it, as it was in Ahab's time to find Israelites who had remained loyal to the faith of their fathers. But there must be some thousands of these Hebraists hidden in quiet libraries and rural parsonages; else the publishers, who are not mere philanthropists, would not have incurred the enormous cost of so voluminous a series, which can be of no possible interest or use to the merely English reader. The "special reference to ministers and students" in the title-page has, no doubt, a double meaning. The thoroughly Hebraistic character of the enterprise is its charm to the student. For the minister the "doctrinal and homiletical" inferences and suggestions are not mingled with the "critical," but massed in separate instalments at the end of each section. A great deal of the matter under these heads is good, but irrelevant, consisting of hints given to the prophet rather than by him, with now and then an aphorism of exceptional brilliancy from some quaint old divine. In this region the sermon-builder can find a quarry not easily exhausted; and if among living preachers, or those who "have a name to live," there remain any who look chiefly to commentaries for their materials, Lange's volumes will be found immeasurably more fruitfully suggestive than the "Practical Observations" in Scott's "Family Bible," which within the memory of some of our readers furnished the staple for not a few of our New-England pulpits. The remarks which we have made on the entire series are applicable to the volume before us, in full as regards the evidence of patient and exhaustive critical erudition, — in pre-eminent fulness as to the determined adherence to traditional belief, inasmuch as Ezekiel needs no little of forced construction to make him in any strong sense a Messianic prophet; while the book of Daniel is one of the very few canonical books of which the homogeneous genuineness is regarded as open to grave question by biblical scholars, even of the most approved orthodoxy.

6. — *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs.* By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877. Crown 8vo. pp. 400.

During the past few years the study of early Northern literature has received a strong impulse through the editing and translating of the more important texts, as those of the Eddas, both prose and poetic, and of the Volsunga Saga, itself versified by Messrs. Magnussen and Morris. These works, among others of the same class, have been made accessible to the English public since 1842; but for the further effort to popularize this literature by poetic treatment, we are mainly indebted to the abounding labors of Mr. Morris.

To make the Eddas interesting is no easy task, if it be sought to preserve the spirit of the Northern myths in accomplishing it. For us the world of Scandinavian tradition is more archaic; it is separated from us by a wider interval in development than are the remains of Grecian or Indian antiquity, though in time it is a thousand years nearer to us than they; and being thus remoter from modern sympathies, it affords less plastic material for the poet, though for the scholar it has value and interest of the first order. Like the savagery of certain low races, it represents the survival of ruder stages in man's development than are to be found in the oldest records of the more favored races; it abounds in valuable data for study, but is somewhat deficient in available poetic heroes, and for this reason the world has refused to interest itself greatly in the Northern mythologies. From the popular point of view, indeed, the Sagas and the Eddas, in their original spirit, are singularly uninteresting; for modern poetic value they are too primitive, too incoherent in form; they carry us back to a harsh and gloomy current of ideas, to characters and actions completely alien. For modern poetic treatment, therefore, those characters and actions require an elaborate rehabilitation at the hands of the artist.

This is what Mr. Morris has given us in "Sigurd the Volsung"; he has retold, in the modern temper, the story of the Fafnismâl and the Prose Edda, a part of the story which is elaborated in the Nibelungenlied. What it is in the original we need not retell; the wranglings of those preternatural beings in battle, in lust, or in the search for the treasure of gold, recall to our mind the monstrous deities of Polynesian mythology, Pele and Lono, or that demi-porcine god Kamapuaa, whose mighty hoof scored channels for torrents in the walls of a deep valley from which, after he had devastated it, he sprang away and escaped at a single bound. With such crude material, in the increasing stringency of

poetic competition, Mr. Morris found himself occupied; and how has he dealt with it, how has he rehabilitated it for English readers? His method is, in a word, the contemporary English method of treating the antique; to recast it, namely, in the forms of modern sentiment. Whether in poetry, painting, or criticism, this method is substantially the same; it is that of Mr. Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King;" it is that of the Italianizing Preraphaelite painters; it is Mr. Ruskin's method when he criticises Greek art or character. To reproduce the antique, not as the ancients felt it, but as we feel it, — to transfuse it with modern thought and emotion, — that is the method that is now "in the air," as the French say, among Mr. Morris's fellow-artists; and it is the main source of the interest which Mr. Morris has given to his own work, as well as the source of its weakness.

Now we need hardly remark that this method is essentially falsifying, nor shall we have to seek far in the present poem for illustrative instances. Take, for instance, this passage in the second book, an apostrophe put into Brynhild's mouth: —

"All hail, ye Lords of God-home, and ye Queens of the House of Gold!
Hail thou dear Earth that bearest, and thou Wealth of field and gold!
Give us, your noble children, the glory of wisdom and speech,
And the hearts and the hands of healing, and the mouths and hands that teach."

That represents no possible sentiment of the mediæval North; nor does this, of the "Niblung Maiden," in the third book: —

"She murmured words of loving as his kind lips cherished her breast,
And the world waxed naught but lovely and a place of infinite rest."

Nor, again, does this, taken from the same book: —

"They saw their crownéd children and the kindred of the kings,
And deeds in the world arising, and the day of better things;
All the earthly exaltation, till their pomp of life should be passed,
And soft on the bosom of God their love should be laid at the last."

Here we are in the full current of the nineteenth century; its self-consciousness, its love of nature, its aspirations, its affectations, its pathetic fallacies, all are in these passages; they even express the tone of its popular religious sentiment. In these passages we are clearly quite as far from the time of the Eddas as it is yet possible to be; they have nothing in common with the sentiment of the time which they aim to describe. There is abundance of passages more truly imagined than these, but the false tone is always near at hand; in general it must be said that Mr. Morris's mediævalism is unreal, that his heroines and

divinities appear not in their ancient forms, but in the "Anglo-Saxon attitudes" that are at present so dear to English art. Yet the poem, in spite of its unreality, in spite of its mannerism, abounds in beauty and vigor of expression. The imitation of the archaic style is, indeed, carried to excess, as if to cover the lack of the antique spirit; "learn" for *teach*, "cherishing" for *kissing*, "burg," "eyen," "glaive," "tomorn," — these are a few among hundreds of mannerisms; yet in the main the diction is effective. With the conduct of the story we have to find some fault, — a deficiency in rapidity and directness. In a narrative poem of ten thousand lines, based upon a plot that, as we have intimated, left much to be desired in respect of unity, there was need to accent strongly the linking points of the story, to mark its articulations, so to speak, with especial distinctness. In doing this Mr. Morris has not perfectly succeeded, and in consequence "Sigurd," as a story, reads a little heavily. The interest of the poem depends in considerable part upon individual passages, — in this respect illustrating again the modern English taste in poetry, — and failing somewhat in the total impression, the ἀρχιτεκτονία of which the ancients thought so much more than we think, and perhaps not erroneously. The metre that Mr. Morris has chosen is an alliterative line of six accents, with a foot generally trisyllabic; and in his hands it is flexible and musical, though it does not escape the dangers of monotony. Whether as to melody, form, or sentiment, the examples we have given must suffice. "Sigurd" abounds in beautiful and quotable lines, and in healthfulness of tone is a distinct advance upon Mr. Morris's previous poems; but much is still wanting to it in this respect. It has undeniable power, undeniable beauty; and yet it is too much the outcome of a transient *vogue* in sentiment to insure a very long remembrance.

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7. — *Sidonie.* (*Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné.*) From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877. 12mo. pp. 262.

This story opens with a grand wedding-dinner, effectively described, but the peculiarities and characteristics of each guest are detailed before one is interested in them. This is a tax on memory. As the present is a careless age, no one likes to be called out of bed to learn by rote a list of the staple products and capitals of all the countries he has not yet visited. However, "Sidonie" at first reads smoothly and pleasantly; soon it becomes very interesting and exciting, and finally — it degenerates. The beautiful Sidonie is an aggre-

gation of bad qualities and evil passions, a truly dangerous woman, concealing her heart beneath grace and fascination. She is indeed a type, with all the typical errors of her sex. Indulgence and ambition are kept under cover for a while. Good looks and passions, destitute of principle, always end in crime of some kind. It would have been better to have commenced the story with her birth than to be obliged to go back for facts. Having married for money, she soon leads a demi-monde life that excites the reader, but arouses the wrong nerves, those of sensation only. Though startled twice and terribly alarmed once in her career, she has her own way all through. On one occasion she flanks a detective who is about to expose her by making him feel that he was the cause of all — she having fallen in love with him — and he is conquered. This accomplished, she goes on her way and carries out her revenge to the letter.

The style is fair and suggestive, but neither witty nor brilliant, due, no doubt, in a measure, to the translation by a foreign hand. There is no repartee in the book. The characters are good stock actors who do their parts well, but there is no star. Frantz is as unstable as water, unnecessarily brutal in deserting his betrothed, and simply disappears from the book. Froment is a successful villain, who not only does what he wants but is saved by his victim and never complains even of dyspepsia. Still a philosopher, knowing the cause, could deduce the effect, and point a moral. The author controls himself and hence in parts is very strong, but at times he sits down and "lets things go."

To the educated reader this painful story would make the good better and the bad worse. It represents power without balance, and portrays the success of intrigue while devotion and honor are plunged into the abyss of despair and wretchedness, reminding one of the horrible ending of Allston's "Monaldi." There is ample opportunity for repentance, but it does not come. Sidonie, the gorgeous lady, has her revenge, and becomes a brazen concert girl, painted and coarse, and as a representative woman she is well described. Zizi is the sweet minor key of the novel, lending solemnity and pathos to the "score." Her deformity intensifies her feelings and leads to good acts, — so often the opposite in man, when afflicted by disease. The whole account of her little workshop where she mounts beetles and humming-birds is exceedingly clever.

She, of all others, should have been happy at last; yet the cruel author slays her, — verdict, unjustifiable homicide! Risler, the bovine husband, is a warning to all steady, self-concentrated men, who wrap themselves in their work and see nothing that is going on. The finest

pages in the story are those which narrate his heroic self-denial and herculean efforts to save the honor of the firm, when once awakened to the enormity of guilt. His unflinching humiliation of his wicked wife absorbs the reader who would at least expect him to be rewarded for all his unmerited sufferings and noble acts; yet the merciless author permits Sidonie to conquer and crush him, and Risler, the victimized spouse, is tormented into suicide — verdict, wilful murder on the part of Alphonse Daudet, who can show no just cause for such treatment. The lazy selfishness of Dolobelle is brought out in strong colors, showing him up as a French Turveydrop. Daudet says of him: "If a placard is fastened crookedly on a wall, every word on it looks crooked too." There is evidence of "Sidonie" having been written by a strong man, who stopped before he was through and would not furnish one pound of care when one ounce would suffice. Some portions are morbid, some poetical; in many the ethics are very queer. Still the various phases of life are skilfully portrayed. The descriptions of luxury and scenery are *con amore*. If read closely by a keen mind this little book would produce the effect of a romantic essay, startling and improving, for it would teach one what to avoid in life. Yet, after it is digested, one feels how little there is in it of morals, punishment, religion, or happiness.

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8. — *Kismet.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877. 16mo. pp. 338.

This is a peripatetic novel, descriptive of the Nile and its surroundings. The story is well told and is full of "happy thoughts," but it has faults. Three families make the trip, in different boats, and their intercourse is the main feature of the work. There is love, romance, poetry, information, and badinage; but there are too many sunsets, and though some of them are elaborately described, word-painting abounds, and the green tint, peculiar to Oriental skies, is not once mentioned. Now and then the guide-book appears too evident, but we can forgive that, for several of the characters are admirably drawn. Too little respect is paid to the third Commandment, and there are crude and careless expressions. At times there is an epidemic of moonlight, and "bronze" is in excess of the demand; but, as a whole, the story can be read with pleasure, profit, and interest. The book gives evidence of a good mind, healthy, happy, and uninfluenced by any morbidly sensational fancies. As the reader meets with certain passages, he not only enjoys them, but experiences a desire to know the author and "talk it over," with *her?*

Not a few ideas are good and suggestive. Mr. Hamlyn "impressed

strangers with the sense of having been bleached out by some trouble rather than by time, etc." "I pity people with orthodox souls in heterodox positions." The dancing-girls of Egypt "had the same glance, of people who have never thought, so strangely fascinating to eyes grown weary with self-interrogation." "Kate takes her temples, like a sandwich, between two slices of Murray." "I never knew a man yet who, in the bottom of his soul, did not cherish the idea that the mere fact of his being a man was a proof of his own cleverness." "A good intention is so apt to count as an accomplished fact in our reckonings with Fate." "A girl capable of real feeling is a dangerous study, remember." "It is difficult not to resent, as an injustice done to ourselves, the existence of a person whom we have wronged." "Great emotions have the power of throwing back recent events into a distant perspective." The descent of the cataracts is too short, but is well described. That good George Ferris, "the lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day," should suffer hopelessly may be true to life, but it is unnecessary to fiction. It were far better to have sent him quietly to Heaven, from overwork, at the end of the volume, just as Miss Hamlyn had resolved on making the sacrifice. "Gerty" is cleverly portrayed as a fair specimen of the butterfly of modern society; fresh, happy, bright, and heartless, she adds very much to the book. Arthur stands out as a full, strong man of the world, with one weak point, which conquers him at last, — showing that mental force and wide experience are not equal to principle, when one is going through the ordeal of a bitter struggle. Bell is to us fascinatingly natural. She is terribly tempted, but by the purity of her excellence finally resists what few could withstand. We would like to go over the same ground in such good company, flirt with Gerty, give our sister to Arthur, and, if she would accept us, marry Bell!

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9. — *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1876. 8vo. pp. xii and 392.

THERE could be no better testimony to the value and completeness of the University Course which has grown up at Cambridge than this volume of essays by Professor Adams and three of his students — graduates of some years' standing — who took at the last Commencement the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. With good reason it is dedicated to President Eliot as "fruit of his administration." The subjects of these essays are the Anglo-Saxon Courts of Law by Professor Adams, the Land-Law by Mr. Lodge, the Family-Law by Mr. Young,

and the Legal Procedure by Mr. Laughlin. Each of the essays embodies the results of solid, faithful work, and each adds something positive to our knowledge; the volume indeed may be pronounced the first considerable contribution made in this country to early mediæval history, except in the works of Mr. Lea. But we can only make a simple statement of the most important additions it makes to historical knowledge. We shall pass over Mr. Laughlin's essay — which is as long as any two of the others — with the simple remark that his subject is one which, if we are not mistaken, has been hardly approached at all by any previous inquirers. The substance of his essay, therefore, so far as it does not merely restate the results of the great German explorers — which he does clearly and compendiously before proceeding to apply their doctrines to Anglo-Saxon relations — may be pronounced wholly new. The other essays are equally fresh in their mode of treatment and strong in their grasp, but the subjects are less technical, less purely legal, and have been treated with more or less completeness by Professor Stubbs and other English writers.

Professor Adams's essay consists of two principal parts. In the first he describes the Germanic system of district (*hundred*) judicature and shows by an elaborate argument that this system must have existed in England from its earliest settlement; the name *hundred*, however, he regards as of later origin, probably introduced by Alfred, "in imitation of Frankish usage"; so that "the story which attributes to Alfred the origin of the hundred must be, in one sense, true." (p. 20.) We wish we could reproduce the masterly argument of the second portion of this essay, upon the origin of memorial jurisdiction. This he assigns to the reign of Edward the Confessor, acting under Norman influence, — a point of the greatest historical interest. In the course of his argument he has occasion to discuss the meaning of the term *sôcn*, which he proves conclusively to have meant, not "jurisdiction" (this was *sacn*), but "the profits of justice." The most striking single point in Mr. Lodge's essay is the definition of *laen-land*, which is shown to have consisted of two classes, — land held "by book" and that not so held; to the latter class belong "all estates of folc-land." (p. 95.) We must thank him too for his clear discrimination (p. 57) between the classes of land not created by "book," — classes which are usually sadly confused; these are, to use his words, "family-land," "common-land," and "folc-land," forming, with "boc-land," four principal classes. In an historical point of view his sketch (pp. 72, 77, and 80) of the conflict between the principles of the family and of the individual in property in land deserves especial mention. Mr. Young's essay is no less full of instruction; and those who listened to his admirable dissertation last Commencement

upon the patriarchal system will be glad to find here (p. 149) a complete statement of his argument against Sir Henry Maine. Another extremely valuable point in comparative jurisprudence is that on page 123, where it is shown that, in strong contrast to the principles of Roman law, "the wife is not regarded as kin to her husband's kin"; so that the two family groups recognized in Anglo-Saxon law — the *maegth* and the household — are properly kept distinct; the household (containing the wife) was not a portion of the *maegth* or kindred. The nature of the contract of marriage is discussed with great acuteness, and especial emphasis is laid (p. 169) upon the way in which this is affected by the ethical character of marriage. An Appendix of eighty-five pages contains thirty-five "Select Cases in Anglo-Saxon Law," in Latin and Anglo-Saxon, with translations and introductions.

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10. — *Similarities of Physical and Religious Knowledge.* By James Thompson Bixby. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. 12mo. pp. 226.

The purpose of Mr. Bixby's book is to prove that there is no "necessary antagonism between science and religion." Science is "that portion of systematized and certain knowledge which can be gained by a study of the physical universe." Religion is composed of three beliefs: "Belief in a soul within man; belief in a sovereign Over-soul without; belief in actual or possible relations between them." To prove his proposition, Mr. Bixby attempts to show that religion and science use identical methods. Intuition, belief, authority, analogy, and the other recognized methods of religion are likewise employed by science. Sense-observation, induction, verification, and the other recognized methods of science are likewise employed by religion. Religion and science are subject, moreover, to similar limitations. Scientific theories are mere hypotheses, and their truth cannot be proved. Religious doctrines are spun out of man's brain and vary with degrees of latitude.

Such is the barest outline of Mr. Bixby's argument. If he intended to prove that there is no necessary antagonism between science and religion, as he has defined them, he has succeeded in proving what very few, if any, have succeeded in doubting. Who has been so bold as to say that an antagonism must exist between the hypotheses of science and the belief in the existence of one's own soul, of an Over-soul, and of relations between them? Professor Tyndall may deny the existence of an Over-soul; but does his science compel him to this denial? A man who never heard of polarized light may deny the evi-

dence of an Over-soul; but is there any theory of science which compels him to reject the simple religion which Mr. Bixby presents? We believe there is none. If, on the other hand, by religion Mr. Bixby means Christianity, and if he intends to prove that there is no necessary antagonism between science and Christianity, he has, we regret to say, signally failed; for no one would accept his definition of religion as a definition of the religion of Christ. Like Hegel's "pure Being" it includes every type of religion. But these fundamental defects of definition are followed by numerous minor faults of logic and philosophy. The long argument intended to prove that science as well as religion is concerned with "the immaterial," is rendered totally useless by a failure to define "the immaterial." To Berkeley an idea is the most material thing, to Hamilton it is the least material. Whom does Mr. Bixby follow? The attempt, also, to show that the existence of a First Cause can be proved by induction utterly fails, as would be expected. Kant, nearly a hundred years ago, in the Third Antinomy of the "Critique," conclusively demonstrated the uselessness of all such attempts.

But notwithstanding these radical faults of definition and philosophy, the author points out with not a little power of discrimination the similarities of science and of what he calls religion, and indicates with excellent taste, the consequent foolhardiness of the endeavor of either to condemn the other at its bar. The spirit in which the book is written is to be commended to new-school scientists and to old-school theologians. The author's theological training has not prejudiced him against science, and his proficiency in what may be called the philosophy of science has evidently not lessened his reverence for either Moses or St. Paul. The style usually calm and judicial rises in certain passages to a considerable degree of energy, but sinks in others into a metaphorical gaudiness unbecoming the treatment of any subject, and especially of a philosophical one. The author has a fondness for coining words, as "hypotheticalness" (p. 143), "idealness" (p. 134), "*high-priori*" (p. 68). This propensity should be severely curbed.

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11. — *Troubadours and Trouvères, New and Old.* By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876. 16mo.

Miss Preston is favorably known as the translator of Mistral's Mirèio, which first made the American public acquainted with the modern Provençal school of poets. The first impulse to the formation of this school was given by Jasmin, whose "Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè" is well known

by Longfellow's beautiful translation. The object of the society founded by Roumanaille in 1854 was, however, very different from that of the Gascon poet. It was no less than a revival of the old independent political feeling which found expression in the strains of the Troubadours, whose successors the *felibres* imagine themselves to be. To this group of poets Miss Preston very pleasantly introduces us in this volume, which contains articles on Mistral's Calendau, Theodore Aubanel, Jasmin, the Songs of the Troubadours, and the Arthuriad. The readers of "Mirèio" will be glad to be made acquainted with another long poem by the same author, although we do not think that it sustains his previous reputation. This opinion may be influenced by the great difference between the two poems. "Mirèio" is idyllic and charming in its simplicity. "Calendau" is an old-time story of brigands, abduction, and escape from dungeons. It contains many powerful passages, and it may be that a complete version would elicit a more favorable opinion than the detached portions given by Miss Preston. The chapter on Aubanel is more pleasing, consisting of purely lyrical specimens, marked more or less by a tone found in all modern poetry since the days of Byron and Heine. The article on Jasmin is noteworthy for an analysis of a long poem entitled "Françonette," which, as the translator says, is fully worthy to rank with the "Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè."

The least satisfactory part of the book is that relating to the old Provençal poets. The difficulties attending the study of early Provençal literature are many and of two kinds. The language, in the first place, is not easy; there is a lamentable lack of dictionaries and grammatical aids, and the texts are very corrupt. In the next place, although the thought is in itself simple enough, there are so many changes rung on the original theme, so many allusions to persons and things now unknown, and so much difficulty in ascertaining the persons to whom many of the poems are dedicated, that a satisfactory version is often almost impossible. These difficulties are enormously increased when one attempts metrical versions. Except in early Italian and mediæval German lyrical poetry (the versification of both of which was based on Provençal), no such metrical difficulties are to be found in any European language as in Provençal. It is almost impossible to reproduce the complicated structure of the stanza and the curiously involved rhyme. Miss Preston, who has considerable facility in versification, generally imitates closely the form of the originals, although she occasionally fails to give the rhyme continued from stanza to stanza. In this she only follows the example of most German translators, who, however, always mention this deviation from the original. We should not have alluded to these inaccuracies in form (for examples of which see pages 165, 171, 174, 184,

229) had not the translator stated on page 161 "that she had preserved at all hazards the measure and movement of the originals, the lines of widely varying length, the long-sustained and strangely distributed lines." After a careful examination of Miss Preston's versions and comparison with the originals, we do not think that they convey a very exact idea of the originals. There is a modern air about her versions, and they are full of phrases and thoughts entirely foreign to the spirit of old Provençal poetry. In her desire to keep the form of the originals she has sacrificed the contents. She admits herself (p. 161), "that some of these versions at least should rather be called paraphrases." Our space will not permit us to notice in detail any examples where the contents have been thus sacrificed to the form. We cannot, however, refrain from calling attention to the version of Guiraut de Borneil's beautiful *alba*, on page 227. The translation is not only marred by one or two mistakes arising from an insufficient acquaintance with the language, but the entire idea of the original is arbitrarily changed. In the Provençal the vigilant friend awakes the happy lover who is tarrying too long with his mistress. In Miss Preston's version the disconsolate lover addresses the whole poem to his mistress from without her mansion!

In regard to the remarks which accompany the versions, they show that the writer is unfamiliar not only with the latest works on the subject but even with such standard ones as Diaz's "Leben und Werke der Troubadours" and "Poesie der Troubadours." An acquaintance with these books would have saved her many mistakes and removed many difficulties. Most of her information has been taken at second-hand from such superficial and antiquated works as Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe," and Millot's "Historie des Troubadours." Since then vast advances have been made in this study, and many of the sources accepted without question by these writers have long ago been proved utterly unreliable. This is notably the case with the often-cited Tehan de Nostre Dame (Nostradamus), who has been shown to be a silly forger.

The concluding article is a pleasant comparison of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" with their English and French prototypes, with some sensible remarks on the morality of the Arthurian cycle.

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12. — *The Farmyard Club of Jotham: An Account of the Families and Farms of that Famous Town.* By George B. Loring. Illustrated. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876. Large 12mo. pp. 619.

This book makes us feel anew the force of the quaint saying of Cowley, that "if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field

arable would be the most noble and ancient arms." The work, however, possesses more than a merely agricultural value from its reproduction of the spirit of New England rural communities of some thirty years ago. The characteristics of those communities and the individuality of their representative men and women come out clearly in these pages and emphasize the lessons of encouragement and warning enforced by the startling growth of great cities. The portrayal of the altered conditions of American life within the last half-century and of the need of adapting agriculture to them give the book a value apart from its ample technical information. In showing how the farmer is benefited by his association with the activities of town life and how agriculture in New England offers a fair field for both money and brains, Dr. Loring certainly suggests good reasons why the sum of all wisdom for the young man of the East is not comprised in the words "Go West!"

An interesting feature of the book is its illustration of the effects of the system of land-tenure in the United States upon the social development of the people. The ownership of farms by small proprietors, who in England and some parts of the continent would be merely tenants of a great landholder, while it has made possible the independence of the agricultural class, is connected with political and civil obligations which develop their intelligence and public spirit. The New England town-meeting illustrates one phase of this development, and the social condition of the people, as set forth in this volume, another. While "The Farmyard Club of Jotham" has an immediate practical utility from its comprehensive and lucid exposition of agricultural matters, its pictures of the better life of to-day in our New England towns are of permanent value. The story told in the book is a simple one; there is no pretence to anything like an elaborate plot, but the incidents illustrate general as well as individual characteristics. Some of the sketches as, for instance, that of the Old Sexton, have a unique flavor, and all of them are evidently studies from life. There is a bit of historic realism which carries us back to days when the clergy in New England claimed and exercised a sort of patriarchal authority, in the way in which the minister meddles with the love-affairs of his parishioners. As the life portrayed in these pages has become a thing of the past, and as it exerted a formative influence upon the character of our people as we see it to-day, there was good reason for delineating that life in connection with more practical matters. While appreciating the advantages of the old system, the author is fully alive to the benefits of the new; and it is this catholicity of view, this recognition of the need of keeping abreast of modern improvement while retaining the better characteristics of

early New England life, that makes "The Farmyard Club of Jotham" trustworthy as well as entertaining. The numerous illustrations in the book by well-known artists add to its value.

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13. — *My Winter on the Nile among the Mummies and Moslems.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company. 1876. 8vo. pp. 477.

In the Levant. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877. 12mo. pp. 391.

These two books are substantially the record of their author's tour through Egypt and the Holy Land. The theme itself is threadbare. Mr. Warner confesses that there are enough books on Egypt to dam up the Nile, and if that be so, we are sure that there are more than enough on Palestine to dam up the Jordan and build a big mole in that Dead Sea to which so much of our "living literature" ought to be consigned. Yet in the face of so sinister a fact he has made two more books on the ancient theme of Benjamin of Tuleda, Sandys, Maundeville, Belzoni, and a host of moderns, which are a positive addition to Egyptian and Syrian lore, not so much in the way of discovery as in clothing old acquaintances with the brilliant and charming drapery of his own sunny and quick-witted observations. It is evidently not possible for Mr. Warner to write a dull book. His pages are redolent of high spirits and abound in good-nature and in keen, incisive criticisms of men and countries. We miss, indeed, the repose and mellow ripeness of Kinglake's "Eothen," and of his subtler flashes of poetic genius in description, as when, for instance, he speaks of Damascus as "lying down with her lips to her rivers to drink therefrom verdure and life forever." Nor is there absent from these books a certain restlessness and unripeness of temper, partly American, which are clearly defects as measured by the artistic pose and rest of books like "Eothen" or Warburton's "Crescent and Cross." If we add to this an occasional coining of questionable words like "railwayed," "canaled," and a straining after effect, especially in the direction of the humorous, as though he were under bond and contract to convert his readers into chronic laughers, or possibly because of an inbred drollery which is always pushing him into a merriment before sober things, such as Dickens shows in his "Notes on Italy," we reach the limit of his literary offences. The exaggerations of style, a shade too hortatory in places, and his over-statements, such as saying that "the people round Pæstum appear to have had all their bones shaken out of them by fever and ague," or that "some Sicily oranges were sour enough to flavor the sea he sailed over," are evidently the fruits of the same temper.

With such abatements these books are a positive addition to literature. The genius and culture of their author are seen on almost every page. Thus, while Mr. Warner makes no parade of historical lore, he has the happy tact to excerpt from his elders bits of rare beauty and history, as witness these old words of Amrou to the Khalif Omar, descriptive of Egypt, "O Commander of the Faithful! Egypt is a compound of black earth and green plants, between a pulverized mountain and a red sand. Along the valley descends a river on which the blessing of the Most High reposes, both in the evening and the morning, and which rises and falls with the revolutions of the sun and moon. According to the necessitudes of the seasons, the face of the country is adorned with a silver wave, a verdant emerald, and the deep yellow of a golden harvest." As a word-painter Mr. Warner belongs to the Pre-raphaelites, as witness this very minute and exact description of a scene near Jaffa: "In the fields the brown husbandmen are ploughing, turning up the soft red earth with a rude plough drawn by cattle yoked wide apart. Red-legged storks, on their way, I suppose, from Egypt to their summer residence farther north, dot the meadows, and are too busy picking up worms to notice our halloo." In short, here is an industrious, keen-sighted, and shrewd observer, who has not only gone very close to gathering up new things out of the old, well-worn roadway of the holy and historic East, but has also made old things look young and novel in the glamour of his ready wit and good temper. Curiously enough, America of late has furnished to these old lands more than her share of keen and able travellers, who may take rank among the best of literary pilgrims to the Nile land and the Jordan. The United States Exploring Expedition to the Dead Sea gave Europe for the first time exact descriptions and measurements of that singular and weird domain of sand and salt. Stephens's book equalled the best of its forerunners in its vivacity and picturesqueness. Thompson and Robinson cast new light on our old Bible, and Curtis, best beloved of Howadjis, illumined the ways he passed over with the light of his bright and graceful style. Among these pilgrims to the sunrise Mr. Warner has fairly earned the right to take his place.

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14. — *Index to the Atlantic Monthly.* Volumes I. – XXXVI. (1857 – 1876.) Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. 1877. 8vo. pp. 106.

So much of the best literary work finds its way into the current magazines that the Index to the contents of one like the "Atlantic," from its beginning in 1857 to the close of 1876, revealing the authorship of im-

portant articles, which in its earlier life was concealed from the public, is in itself an important contribution to the curiosities of literature. In the culture and spirit of its articles this magazine has always taken high rank. If it has been rather literary than social or political in character during the present editorship, in its chosen field it has never fallen below the standard set by Professor Lowell, its first editor. This uniform excellence, sustained by contributions from the best writers in the country, gives the Index an especial value. It reveals what single authors have done in an anonymous way; it serves as a catalogue of the contents of the magazine; and it shows at a glance what the "Atlantic" has accomplished for the permanent interests of literature. The compiler has done his work intelligently, with as near an approach to completeness as is possible when all the difficulties are considered.

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15. — *Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, and on Various Occasions.* By J. B. Mozley, D.D. Second Edition. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1876. 12mo. pp. 316.

The preachers are few who present fresh thought in the compact and nervous language which retains its vitality in a book. Dr. Mozley belongs to this class. Though his sermons might have been better edited, they could hardly be improved in clearness of style or in directness of thought. He resembles Bishop Butler in his choice of subjects and in his ability to reach down to the underlying truths of nature or life on which they based, but he is too original a thinker to be the conscious imitator of any one. These discourses are chiefly ethical essays. As sermons they were intended for special occasions; this explains their length and exhaustive treatment. Their great merit is thoroughness and originality. Dr. Mozley reaches the limits of his subject without the evidence that he has gone to the full extent of his ability. His language is so identified with his thought that the glow of the one blends with the clearness of the other, and the result is that bright and suggestive writing which all enjoy and few can imitate. In this genius for expression Dr. Mozley reminds one of Dr. Newman. They each have the power to throw large meaning into plain words and condense their thinking into brilliant sentences. The sermons in this volume which furnish the best evidence of Dr. Mozley's thought and style are "The Reversal of Human Judgment," "The Work of the Spirit on the Natural Man," "Our Duty to Equals," "The Unspoken Judgment of Mankind," and "The Strength of Wishes." The author has done important work in other directions, but these sermons place him among the ablest and clearest ethical writers of the day.

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This volume was virtually finished before Vice-President Wilson's sudden death. The concluding chapters have been written, and the volume carried through the press, by REV. SAMUEL HUNT, who aided Mr. Wilson in the preparation of the two preceding volumes.

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Mrs. Chapman, who was intimately acquainted with Miss Martineau, by her special request has written a supplemental Memoir.

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MAY–JUNE, 1877.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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Art. I. — The American Constitution.

The American Constitution was the production of the most intelligent minds of our country at the period of its formation. It was not in any sense the result of inventive genius; for its main features had been suggested by the experience of the thirteen Colonies both during and before the confederation. When we compare it with the British Constitution, with the Articles of Confederation, and with the different colonial governments, we shall be surprised to find how little there is in it that was new. The particulars in which the new government differed from that of the Confederation had been suggested by the very brief experience of a few years under the latter government. And, while we admit with the greatest pleasure the wisdom and the ability of the framers of the Constitution, we are driven to admit also their fallibility, and that in many respects they failed to see what was in the future, and to provide for the contingencies of after years. One of the chief difficulties they experienced was in the creation of an executive; and after the subject had been long considered, the plan adopted, of a choice by electors, was hastily conceived, and incorporated without mature consideration.

The framers of the Constitution were very conservative democrats, if democrats they might be called. While professing theoretically to believe in the natural rights of men, and in a government by the people, they entertained a profound distrust of the capacity of the people to govern themselves; and consented to

bring the new government directly to the people only in one department, — the election of members of the House of Representatives. By recognizing the necessity of an elective executive, and putting away with aversion the idea of a monarchy, they yet sought to place the executive as far from the people as possible. They accordingly devised the scheme of the electoral college, the members of which were to be chosen in a manner prescribed by the legislatures of the several States. The debates in the convention and the newspaper comments of the period show that it was not contemplated that the legislatures should submit the appointment of electors to a vote of the people. That was an afterthought, and was adopted by the States gradually, — South Carolina, up to the beginning of the Rebellion, continuing to choose her electors by the legislature. The theory of the electoral college was, that it would be composed of a body of select men, chosen on account of their wisdom and high character, who should be entirely uncommitted and untrammelled in their action, and meet, deliberate, and vote with perfect independence. And, to secure their independence, it was provided that they should vote by ballot, so that one should not know how the others voted. Not only were they not expected to be pledged in advance to vote for a particular candidate, but the precise theory of their creation was, that they should not be so pledged, but remain perfectly free and uncommitted, to do what their sound judgment dictated, when they came together to choose a President. How completely this theory has failed in practice requires no comment. The practice has contradicted the theory for the last sixty years in every particular. The electors are put in nomination by parties, and are pledged to vote for a particular candidate; and should one of them, after election, betray this pledge, he would be regarded by all parties as infamous. Experience has curiously shown that this departure from the original theory is the very best feature in the electoral system, as now practised, and is the only guaranty against the corruption of the elector. The Constitution further provided, that in case no person received a majority of the votes of all the electors appointed, the House of Representatives should proceed to elect, voting by States, — each State having one vote, without regard to population, or to the number of representatives in the House. New York, having a population forty-six times

greater than Nevada, would have but one vote, — Nevada having one.

This election was to be made by the members of the House, who had been elected nearly two years before, and who could not be supposed to represent the latest expression of the popular will. Thus the choice of the President was removed as far as possible from the people, to have the office elective at all. The Constitution provides, that the Judges of the Supreme Court shall hold their offices during good behavior, that the Senators shall be chosen by the legislatures of the States, and not by the people, thus removing their choice as far as possible from popular passion and control. The only department of the government in which the voice of the people was to be directly expressed was in the election of Representatives. The framers of the Constitution did not believe that it was safe to trust the people directly with the administration of the government, except in a very limited degree. They had been educated in the fear of democracy, and while asserting in the Declaration of Independence their belief in the natural rights of man, and that government should exist only by the consent of the governed, they afterward showed how theoretical and shadowy their notions upon that subject were, by permitting the continuance of slavery, and giving to it constitutional guaranties, and by so constructing the government as to leave the people out as far as possible. The framers of the Constitution were masters of the English language. Perhaps no instrument has been framed in modern times, in which words were used with so much precision, and in which so much has been embraced in a comparatively few sentences. They were consummate masters of words, and the debates in the convention show the remarkable care and accuracy displayed in the selection of a word intended to convey a particular idea, but not liable to misconstruction or mistake. In other respects the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution has not been so conspicuous. The events of a hundred years have shown that their fears of democracy were not well grounded, and that the true dangers to our institutions lay in other directions than those which were ever present in their minds. What is true in architecture is true under our system of government, — the broader the base, the safer and more enduring the structure. The great body of the American people are incapable of corruption. They are too

numerous to be bought, and too virtuous to be reached by any sinister influence to which they may be exposed. While the means of corruption may be abundant enough to reach and control a select body of three or five hundred men, they amount to nothing when brought to bear upon millions. The masses of the people are liable to be imposed upon, it is true, but their purpose is always right, though their policy may sometimes be wrong; they intend to do right, and to advocate those measures which will result in the popular good; and if they fail to do so, it is because they are imposed upon, or have not the proper information. The freedom of speech and of the press is the great guaranty for our liberty and prosperity. A comparatively few intelligent men upon each side of political questions, wielding the power of the former, or of the press, put parties upon an equality, and protect them to a great extent from the dangers of imposition and fraud. Just as able attorneys put an intelligent and an ignorant suitor on substantially the same footing before the jury, so do freedom of speech and of the press, while not at all compensating for the ignorance of the masses, place parties on an equality, and protect the people in the main from imposition and wrong. The instinct and the purpose of the masses being honest and in the right direction, politicians are compelled to recognize that fact and address themselves to it, and could not, if they tried, for any great length of time, palm a fraudulent policy upon them. There is no community so ignorant as to be for any length of time successfully imposed upon by fraudulent promises and measures. The degree of common sense is everywhere about the same. There will be found in every county and in every neighborhood some men of sufficient intelligence to take a generally correct view of what is right and what is to their interest.

Another fact which the enemies of republican government in Europe have been slow to recognize, is the conservatism of the masses of the American people. The enemies of republicanism have through centuries opposed it, upon the ground that the people are governed by passion and impulse, variable in their notions, pulling down to-morrow what they built up to-day, and incapable of a steady purpose or policy. The experience of a hundred years with the American people has demonstrated the fact that the great mass are opposed to change, — are steady, conservative, and con-

sistent in their views, and will not consent to any alteration in the fundamental plan of government, except upon the clearest convictions, established by long experience, of the necessity for a change. While we have new schemes of government and of civil and social polity springing up among those who claim to be the educated and learned members of society, and in fact are, these proposed changes hardly ever reach or affect the people. These schemes spring up, one after the other, and are usually very short-lived. New schools are formed in politics and philosophy among those who assume to constitute the upper classes of society, and succeed each other in quick succession; yet the great mass of the people are unaffected by them. It is undoubtedly true, in this country, that the great middle class, comprehending the large majority of the American people, are the conservative, preserving class, — the balance-wheel in our political machine, keeping it in steady motion, rejecting new schemes and sudden policies; while the restlessness and the spirit of change, which have always been the argument against republican government, exist chiefly in that class who claim to be above the people, and superior to the masses.

The late election for President showed not only that the great purpose for which the electoral college was originally created had utterly failed, but that it is artificial, complex, liable to derangement and accident, and gives rise to a number of questions which may decide the result of an election, and yet have no connection with the merits of the controversy. The Constitution provides that no person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed an elector; the object being to preserve the independence of the electors and their total separation from government influences in the discharge of their duties. The system in actual use, by which electors are pledged before their election to vote for particular candidates, renders all questions of eligibility unimportant, and yet the fact that an elector in Oregon held a very unimportant post-office on the day of his election gave rise to great trouble, anxiety, and prolonged discussion. Like questions were raised as to the eligibility of an elector in Florida, on account of his having held a small office, and another in Louisiana, — offices unimportant and almost wholly unknown to the people at the time of the election, — and came near deciding the final result. Experience, as well as reason, now suggests that the rubbish of the elec-

toral college be brushed away entirely, and the people allowed to vote directly for the man of their choice for President and Vice-President. Now the people cannot vote for him, but must vote for others who are pledged to vote for him. All this requires that there shall be political conventions or caucuses, which shall place in nomination the persons to be voted for as electors, so that all the people of the same way of thinking may vote for the same candidates for electors.

Considerations showing that the electoral college is not only useless, but dangerous, and that it has never yet faithfully represented the people, but has often misrepresented them, will be the subject of another paper.

OLIVER P. MORTON.

Art. II. — Revelations of European Diplomacy.*

In April, last year, whilst the Herzegovinian insurrection was still dragging its slow length along, and before Servia and Montenegro had made their official, and Russia her "unofficial," war upon Turkey, a number of startling diplomatic documents were published at Vienna, shedding a great deal of light upon the springs of action in the Eastern crisis. The documents in question dated from the year 1870; but, looked at from the point of view of passing events, they were full of actuality, and of an importance not to be underrated. The Russian ambassador at Vienna, who figured in them, still was in 1876, and continues to be now, the Czar's representative in the Austrian capital. Count Andrassy, who in 1870 occupied the post of Premier in Hungary, is to-day the leading statesman in Francis Joseph's dominions. A lapse of six years makes, of course, often a great change. Yet what gave the papers alluded to their significance, was the fact of the condition of the East being last year, and in an even higher degree at the present moment, one of the utmost tension, — compared with which the situation of 1870 presented dangers of a far lesser magnitude. Of the importance of the revelations themselves the reader may judge from the following survey.

In the first year of the French war, when the two chief military powers of Central and Western Europe were engaged in a death-struggle, Russia resolved upon tearing up the Treaty of 1856, which

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* *Revelations of Russian Policy and of the Polish Rising of* 1863–64.

Secret Despatches of Mr. de Novikoff and of Mr. Ionin of the year 1870. Vienna. 1876.

Confidential Despatches of Khalil Bey of the year 1870. Vienna. 1876.

Les Responsabilités. Constantinople. 1877.

The Diplomatic Review. London. 1876–77.

Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. London. 1876.

Report of the Proceedings of the National Conference at St. James's Hall, London. 1877.

Opinion on the Eastern Question. By Gen. Rostislav Fadeyeff. London. 1871.

Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London. 1876.

The Anti-Turkish Crusade. By Geo. Julian Harney. Boston. 1876.

Manifestoes of the Warsaw Committee of 1863–64; *and Mazzini's Letter to it, of* 1863.

Lettres sur l'Angleterre. Par Louis Blanc. Paris. 1865.

Personal Recollections.

had imposed upon her the neutralization of the Black Sea. Three Powers were specially interested in resisting that act, namely, Turkey, Austria-Hungary, and England. It appears that the Czar did not trouble himself much about the probable attitude of England; but from Turkey and Austria-Hungary he expected a resistance, against which counter-measures had to be taken. His measures consisted of the raising of an insurrection in the Herzegovina, aided and officered by Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, who, it may be useful to state here, is, like his predecessor, a pensioner of Russia to the yearly amount of eight thousand ducats. The insurrection in the Herzegovina, destined to draw the Slav populations both of Turkey and Austria within its focus, was to occupy these Powers, whilst Alexander II. flung the torn treaty into the face of England.

From these projects already the first document before us lifts the veil. It is a cipher telegram of Mr. de Novikoff, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, to Mr. Ionin, the Russian Consul at Ragusa. It bears date of September 14, 1870. In it the agents are named who are to furnish the Montenegrin Prince the means necessary for making war upon Turkey. The Russian Consul at Ragusa is at the same time ordered to hasten the armament and the drilling. By his reply, dated September 20, Mr. Ionin expresses to Mr. de Novikoff the great gratitude of Prince Nikita. "The depots in Czernowitz," he writes, "are quite full; the population is enthusiastic, and awaits with impatience the order for rising. A perfect understanding has been come to with the Mirdite chieftains. The Christians in Popovo and the Suttorina are, however, demoralized in consequence of the Turkish vexations. There is no possibility of conveying arms to them in presence of the great watchfulness of the Turks."

Copies of the cipher telegrams just quoted had been communicated, in 1870, to the Ottoman embassy at Vienna by a trusty confidant such as diplomatists are in the habit of maintaining in the camp of a brother diplomatist. After the insight we have thus got of Russian activity in the Herzegovina and Montenegro, we will now turn to the counter-schemes of Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman statesmen. There are three confidential reports, dated Vienna, September 23, 26, and 27, 1870, which Khalil Bey addressed to the Grand Vizier Ali Pasha. They are extensive documents; I will therefore only give the chief points.

It appears from these papers that the policy of Count Beust, who then stood at the head of affairs in Austria, was radically different from that of Count Andrassy, then the Premier of Hungary. In his interviews with Count Beust the Turkish Ambassador could not make any way. He was treated most politely, even with apparent frankness; but, though Khalil Bey pointed to the Czar's secret moves in Montenegro and the neighboring provinces, and to the Russian transports of arms through Austrian territory, Count Beust did not budge an inch. There is good ground to believe that the Austrian Chancellor — who has since been removed to the embassy in London — at that time tried to gain the favor of Russia for an ulterior object, and that he had given confidential pledges to her in the matter of the Treaty of 1856. In his interviews with Khalil Bey, he however assumed an ingenuous attitude of disbelief in Russia's intention of doing anything violent.

In a subsequent report of the Ottoman envoy we meet with a strange revelation. At a dinner in Count Beust's house a few words were rapidly exchanged between Count Andrassy and Khalil Bey, in consequence of which the Hungarian Premier called at the Turkish embassy for a confidential interview. Count Andrassy first complained that Haidar Effendi, the previous ambassador of the Porte, had not understood at all what he had told him. It was his (Andrassy's) idea that Austria-Hungary and Turkey should endeavor to avoid war. But, "if war were forced upon them, it should be carried on to the utmost limit, and peace should not be concluded until a rectification of frontiers were obtained, not only in Asia, but chiefly in the Black Sea. All the territories inhabited by Mussulman populations near the Black Sea would have to be reconquered, and *Poland to be restored as an independent country.*"

From the same confidential despatch we learn what armies were to be put in the field. Turkey promised 500,000 men, if a loan of £10,000,000 sterling could be obtained. Count Andrassy declared that Austria could furnish 800,000 men. The Hungarian Premier then complained of the "frivolity" with which Count Beust treated the existing crisis, as well as of the "Muscovite views" of Count Potocki, another Austrian Minister, who, though of Polish descent, had not the feelings of his race. Count Andrassy further mentioned that he had made very serious represen-

tations to the Emperor Francis Joseph as to the conduct of Count Beust, and that His Majesty had thereupon said he would take a promise from the Chancellor not to do anything in the question of the Treaty of 1856 without having first heard the opinion of his sovereign.

We further learn that when the Czar was asked what prospects there were of the maintenance of peace in the East, he oracularly answered: "If I am arming, it is certainly not against Prussia." This Delphic utterance was interpreted as a threat against Turkey, or against Turkey and Austria-Hungary together. Count Andrassy therefore suggested to Khalil Bey that it would be necessary to attempt detaching Prussia from the Russian connection, which might perhaps be done by forming a compact league between Turkey, Austria, and England. When Herr von Schweinitz, the Prussian Ambassador, was sounded in the matter, he indeed seemed to enter upon the ideas of Count Andrassy. At the end of each interview Herr von Schweinitz, however, added: "Still, we have to maintain our friendship with Russia." -From this it appeared to the Hungarian Premier that the Berlin government had bound itself towards that of St. Petersburg, in the question of the Black Sea, by assurances from which it could not well recede.

In a further interview between the Ottoman Ambassador and Count Beust, referring to the proposed evacuation of the Suttorina, the Austrian Minister once more appears as one who wished to make things smooth for the Czar. Khalil Bey, on seeing Beust's strange persistence, read to him the startling secret correspondence of the Russian embassy at Vienna with the Consul at Ragusa, which had fallen into the hands of the Ottoman envoy. After this revelation the Austrian Chancellor hesitated for a while with his reply. He was evidently taken aback at finding that Turkey had become fully aware of the main-springs of action in the Herzegovina and Montenegro. Apparently, he then assented to the suggestion that the evacuation of the Suttorina should at least be delayed. On the question of the neutralization of the Black Sea it was the evident desire of Count Beust, in this interview, to avoid all discussion. He replied, Khalil says, by subterfuges, and at last came out with the declaration that "the Paris Treaty, so far as it relates to the Black Sea, has become a chimera." Having subsequently reported this conversation to the English Ambassador, Khalil Bey was told by the latter that Turkey "could count with

certainty upon the support of the English government." It is well known how this assurance was kept by Mr. Gladstone's government.

Published at Vienna, the documents from which the above is an extract have not been met by any denial. In two Russian papers only, the correctness of some details was mildly questioned. Count Andrassy, whose explanation was looked forward to with great curiosity, did not offer any denial, in spite of his more recent connection with the so-called Three Emperors' League. His own journalistic organ declared the authenticity of those papers to be proved. Count Beust remained mute. The governments of Constantinople and Berlin did not question the genuine character of the remarkable diplomatic documents. The Russian Ambassador at Vienna, as well as the Russian Consul at Ragusa, wrapped themselves in silence. Under these circumstances it would be ridiculous to attempt raising a doubt. We have then evidence before us of the hand which acts as the wire-puller at regular intervals, of insurrections for the promotion of a traditional policy, and of the views held by Hungarian statesmen as to the best means of checking that policy. Further revelations have since been made. It has been shown by documentary evidence that Panslavistic agents, of undoubted connection with the Cabinet at St. Petersburg, had exerted themselves, in 1870, to draw the Khedive of Egypt into an insurrectionary enterprise against the Porte. The publication made at Constantinople under the title of "Les Responsabilités" furnishes additional details. That publication came out, it is tolerably well known, with the private sanction of Midhat Pasha, whose exile (only temporary, it is to be hoped) has probably been hastened thereby. The network of Russian designs is thus laid before the eyes of all that will see.

From the documents mentioned in the beginning we perceive that even at a time when the Eastern crisis had not yet become so flagrant as it is now, Count Andrassy thought it desirable to resist the ambition of Russia by a war, the object of which would be to restrict her power in Asia and along the shores of the Black Sea, to restore the independence of the Caucasus, and to raise up Poland once more as a bulwark of European security. In former days such a programme could certainly not be said to run counter to English feeling. It was an axiom, once, with all responsible English statesmen, that the maintenance of their own empire in India was closely bound up with the support of Turkey against

Russia. Whigs, Radicals, and Tories acknowledged that the restoration of a Polish commonwealth, if possible, would be an advantage to Europe, as forming a bulwark against a pushing despotic force which aimed at universal dominion. On all hands it was assumed that the integrity and self-government of Hungary constituted a desirable barrier against the spread of Panslavism, under whose cover Czardom endeavored to advance along the Danube. Even those who wished for the ultimate overthrow of Ottoman rule in Europe, and for the raising up of independent nationalities from the medley of races between the Danube and the Ægean Sea, neither thought the task an easy one, nor denied that a reconstitution of Eastern Europe ought to be preceded by vast territorial and political changes in Russia herself. Political and commercial interests combined to make most Englishmen adopt those anti-Muscovite views which tallied with the creed of Continental Liberals and Republicans.

Great was therefore the astonishment all over Europe when, after the Bulgarian atrocities, a turmoil of passion arose in England, which led to the opening up of what was practically a campaign in favor of Russian policy. The campaign was officered by Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. E. A. Freeman, and Mr. Gladstone; and certain sections of the English clergy readily took a prominent and unusual part in it. I do not intend discussing here the probable aims and motives of those who stood, and partly yet stand, in the van of this bitterly anti-Turkish movement. Nor do I propose treating of the bearings of the great Eastern Question itself, which at this moment keeps Europe in breathless suspense. Be it enough to say, that, whilst there is an undoubtedly strong anti-Turkish and pro-Russian current among a large section of the Liberal party of England, that party as a whole cannot be said to be identified with so startling a reversal of its former political conduct. Both on the Whig and the Radical side there are energetic dissenters from the programme mapped out by Mr. Gladstone.

An attempt, it is true, has been made to lift the movement against the "one anti-human specimen of humanity," which, in Mr. Freeman's words, is to be treated as a "wild beast," from the sphere of mere party-politics into that of the highest national intellect. A so-called National Conference was assembled, which was to comprise the most prominent men in science, literature, and art. A good array of names was brought together, but, with the

exception of one single writer, only professed politicians and clergymen came forward as speakers at the Conference. More than this: even a casual observer must be struck by the fact of a great many of the most distinguished men in science, literature, and art having entirely stood aloof, or declined accepting the invitation addressed to them. Several scores of the foremost scientists, writers, poets, painters, and sculptors are not to be found in the "List of Conveners" of the National Conference. A few that had figured in the earliest list are no longer to be seen in the revised publication of the Directing Committee. From personal knowledge I may say that among the learned professions of England there are a great many antagonists of Mr. Gladstone's present policy. The more advanced English *savans* are, the more firmly do they generally resist the new pro-Russian doctrine. Hence they hailed with delight Swinburne's "Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade," a fiery anti-Carlylean protest, written with all the wrathful energy of a poet who is also an unsurpassed master of English prose. That single voice of Swinburne has spoken volumes of a feeling lying hidden, so far as public utterance goes, in the hearts of a class which takes a keen intellectual interest in politics, though it scarcely ever mixes in the political fray.

Views dissenting from those of the Opposition leaders have been expressed also in the moderate Liberal Edinburgh Review, as well as in the Radical Westminster Review, once the organ of John Stuart Mill. The latter periodical even goes to the length of advocating the support of Turkey by force of arms, in case of need. Similar ideas have now and then cropped out in the weekly mouthpiece of the Trades' Unions, in which a million workingmen have their industrial organization. The leaders of the Trades' Unions — at any rate, the more far-seeing ones — know too well what terrible consequences are involved, for the working classes of the great English cities, in the proposed overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, which might by and by drag after it the British empire in Asia. Old political teachings, unfavorable to Russian autocracy, and favorable to the Polish and Hungarian cause, have also still left some mark among the English handicraftsmen. They are, at all events, divided on the subject at issue, — even as the Liberal and Radical middle class is. There are yet a number of workingmen to whom the eloquent words of a veteran Chartist leader, George Julian Harney, who lives in voluntary exile on American

soil, come home like the exciting trumpet-blasts of the anti-Russian agitation of former days. His pamphlet, "The Anti-Turkish Crusade," though written at such a distance, is a most telling review of the late movement in England. Its criticism cuts deep. Being no doubt considered very difficult to answer, it has not been answered by any of those who daily forge journalistic weapons for the use of the Czar.

It has been seen from the extracts I have given from the secret and confidential despatches of Mr. de Novikoff, Mr. Ionin, and Khalil Pasha, that, whilst Russia exerted herself to raise the Southern Slavs, a Hungarian and a Turkish statesman thought of fighting her with a view to wresting her Polish provinces from her. The question of the feasibility of such an enterprise may elicit different answers in different quarters. The Russian General Fadeyeff, the most uncompromising enemy both of Turkey and of Austria-Hungary, who wishes to see a great Slav empire built up under the leadership of the Czar, and with Constantinople as a federal city, says, however, on this subject: "No one can imagine that the Polish question is in reality settled. All its component parts are quite as alive now as formerly. . . . . The western provinces of Russia, in their present condition, — and not only the kingdom of Poland, but even the province of Volhynia as well, where the Catholics number only ten per cent of the population, — will certainly become thoroughly Polish and hostile to Russia *on the first appearance of a foreign foe.*"

Such being the testimony of a witness who cannot be rejected when he speaks out so bluntly on a question like this, it may be useful to give a review here of the forces that were active in the last Polish rising. A retrospect of this kind will, at the same time, form an instructive contrast to the recent philo-Russian movement in England. The history of the Polish rising of 1863 – 64 has yet to be written. The following, with which some personal recollections of mine are embodied, may at least help to dispel some errors propagated, not only by journalists who were only able to look at the surface of things, but even by statesmen who might have known, nay, who did know, better.

When, on January 21, 1863, the news was flashed over Europe of a simultaneous rising all through Russian Poland, public opinion was amazed indeed. For some time past there had been demonstrations at Warsaw showing a great deal of dissatisfaction. Few,

however, suspected the imminent outbreak of a widespread insurrection. "Finis Poloniæ," — that forged expression, against which Kosciuszko, to whom it had been falsely attributed, issued an indignant protest, but which, nevertheless, is ever and anon repeated even by those who profess to be the friends of the Polish cause, — "Finis Poloniæ" was supposed to shut out the very possibility of a rising. Great was, consequently, the amazement, greatest of all in England, when the whole power of the White Czar suddenly found itself attacked by a mere section of that race which once formed the rampart of Europe.

As is usual in such cases, English opinion quickly took up the interesting question. An agitation was set on foot that seemed strong enough to fill with fear the irresponsible ruler of an Empire which is the rival, or, as some would say, the secret and persistent foe, of England in Asia. With a warmth most surprising after so many years of total indifference, statesmen, public writers, masses of people in general, once more espoused the grievances of a downtrodden nation. Lord Ellenborough, in the House of Peers, amidst much applause, showed the causes which "had changed the resignation of the Poles into despair, their despair into insurrection." In grave words he asked government to place itself at the head of public opinion. Lord John Russell, as Foreign Secretary, stigmatized the acts of the Russian government which had provoked the rising as "most imprudent and most unjust measures." In the House of Commons, one of the speakers drew up a Bill of Indictment, in which it was mentioned that the noblemen of Podolia, encouraged by previous counsels of Lord Russell, had put forth a demand for certain reforms, and that the result of their docility in following the advice of an English statesman had been their imprisonment in a fortress; that, according to a statement made by the Town Council of Warsaw on July 20, 1862, the number of men and women thrown into a single prison in that city since the beginning of the year, under a charge of political offences, had been 14,833; that such had been the ravages of forced conscription that, in November, 1862, only 683 persons had been left at Warsaw for the pursuits of commerce in a population of 184,000 inhabitants; that Count Andrew Zamoyiski was punished with exile for having presented a respectful petition; that Prince Gortchakoff had threatened to inaugurate a policy of extermination, and to make of Poland a heap of ashes; that the barracks and fortresses had

been transformed into political dungeons; and that in the terrible night of January 15, 1863, the houses of the citizens were surrounded and invaded at one o'clock in the morning, in order to fill the ranks of the Russian army with unfortunate kidnapped men.

In presence of such facts, Mr. Disraeli declared it to be one of the moral obligations of his country to watch over the fulfilment of the engagements taken by Russia towards Poland in 1815. Sir H. Hoare, at a great Guild Hall meeting, asked for war against Russia, rather than let the Polish movement be overthrown. The first resolution at that meeting was to the effect that Russia, by her system of confiscation, proscription, and massacre, had lost every right to the possession of Poland. The second resolution insisted on the breaking off of diplomatic relations. Lord Shaftesbury was among the foremost speakers in that sense, both in and out of Parliament. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe drew up a picture of atrocities the details of which were so hideous as to suggest, at present, an obvious parallel. Mr. Forster declared in the House that England was henceforth freed from the contract by which she had sanctioned Russian sovereignty over Poland. At an enthusiastic meeting in St. James's Hall, where Sir John Shelley presided, those present answered the question of the chairman as to whether, in case Russia persisted in her course, England ought to declare war, by a tremendous "Yes!"

No wonder government, surrounded by such an agitation, at last presented "Six Points" to Russia, asking for a general and complete amnesty; a national representation of Poland, in conformity with the Vienna Treaty of 1815; an administration exclusively composed of Polish officials; full liberty of conscience; the use of the Polish language on all public occasions and in the education of the people; and a regular system of military recruitment in the place of the arbitrary seizure of persons. As a preliminary measure, Lord John Russell insisted on an armistice. A conference of the eight signatory Powers of the Treaty of Paris was also proposed by him. Prince Gortchakoff, it need scarcely be said, or rather Czar Alexander, had not the remotest idea of complying with these requests.

The facts of more recent contemporary history, especially when they refer to a popular rising, being rarely accessible in a condensed form, I have thought it useful to touch, in the foregoing, with rapid traits upon at least some of the chief incidents of the

agitation then prevailing in England. I have all the more cause to remember these things somewhat distinctly because, both by propagandistic work directed upon my own country (Germany), and by writings and speeches here, I had endeavored, within the small measure of my power, to influence public opinion in a sense favorable to the Polish cause. Having been called to Scotland to speak at Glasgow and in other towns, on the situation of Germany and on the rising in Russian Poland, I became the means of resolutions being passed there to the following effect: rupture of all diplomatic relations with Russia; recognition of Poland as a belligerent nation; declaration of British sympathy with Germany in her efforts at gaining her own freedom and union; formation of a committee destined to receive subscriptions for the Polish rising; transmission of a petition to the House of Commons, and of an address to the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, with the object of promoting the Polish movement.*

For a while the agitation in England showed signs of ever-increasing firmness; so much so that even the "Times" was induced, on certain days, to speak out strongly against the rule of the Czar. One of the first noteworthy cases of defection, as regards sympathy with the insurgents, was a speech of Lord Russell, in which he suddenly declared, in a tone of great excitement, that the rising had been organized by the "cosmopolitan party of revolutionists," especially by Mazzini and his friends, and that the aim of the insurgents was the introduction of Communism! It would have been difficult to cram more errors and incongruities into a single sentence.

Those who have followed the career of the distinguished Whig statesman — whose merits in many ways are great and undeniable, but who in some cases, as, for instance, during the American war, has shown a deplorable backsliding — know well that on not a few occasions he has swung round rapidly from one view to another. It was so — to mention but one occurrence — in the Schleswig-Holstein Question. Previous to 1862 Lord Russell often addressed despatches to Denmark which we, in pamphlets written for the German cause,† were able to quote as proofs of the reality of the grievances of our kindred people in the Duchies. The "Times," in

* See Louis Blanc's Lettres sur l'Angleterre.

† Pamphlets of the Society for German Union and Freedom in England.

those days, ironically asked whether the despatches of the Foreign Secretary had their origin, perchance, in the cabinet of the Duke of Koburg, or were perhaps modelled by the writer of this present article. Now, it is perfectly true that, owing to the severity of the Danish rule, leaders of the Schleswig Parliament had more than once sent important documents to me in a circuitous and confidential manner, that I might transmit them to the English Foreign Office and vouch for their authenticity, though the authors dared not append their names. True it is, also, that an active propaganda in favor of Schleswig-Holstein rights was carried on here for years with the aid of German friends. But the merits of the despatches of Lord Russell were entirely his own. When, however, the question of the Duchies at last came to a decisive crisis, he, all of a sudden, seemed to unsay everything he had said before.

A similar inconsistency marked Lord John Russell's conduct with regard to the Polish rising. He may have seen cause for not taking up an attitude of active hostility against Russia under the circumstances in which Europe was then placed. But as to his sudden and utterly incorrect statement about the origin of the Polish insurrection, it had no warrant whatever. It bore the stamp of impossibility on its face for all those who had become acquainted with the moving forces at work. Mazzini, it is well known, so far from holding a theory of "Cosmopolitanism" as opposed to the principle of Nationality, on the contrary worked strongly in the latter direction. In his hands the threads of a great many movements centred. Yet the theory of Nationality was pre-eminently dear to him. As to the idea of his having planned a Polish insurrection with a "Communistic" programme or aim, any one that has read his writings can but smile at Lord John Russell's want of information. By none has Communism been more bitterly attacked than by the zealous apostle of Italian unity and freedom.

Again, to say that the Polish rising of 1863–64 was planned from abroad, is an utter mistake. This I can safely state with full knowledge of the matter. Few are aware that the glorious Sicilian revolution of 1860, which was brought to a triumphant conclusion at Naples by the victorious sword of Garibaldi, was originally planned in London, — even without Garibaldi's knowledge, who only landed with his thousand at Marsala six weeks after Rosolino Pilo had headed the rising. Yet the origin of the

Polish insurrection, which was quite of native growth, has been fathered upon a "cosmopolitan" agency abroad, with an alleged Communistic programme! The truth is, that some of the Polish leaders were in connection and correspondence with friends abroad; but the organization and the direction of the rising entirely proceeded from within. The chieftains were mostly young men who had not played any part whatever in previous movements. Contrary to the assertion of some of their enemies who would see a French Napoleonic influence in the initiation of the movement, the Polish leaders were positively hostile to Napoleonism, — hostile to all French intervention whatsoever.

No doubt foreign exiled representatives of the Democratic cause — Mazzini, before all — were in relation with the destined leaders of that rising long before January 21, 1863. The Warsaw Committee had its confidential diplomatic agent in London before the outbreak occurred. That agent, of course, was in contact with a few Italian, German, and French exiles. They thus knew beforehand the day of the intended outbreak. But none of those who were within this circle of knowledge had anything to do with Communism. Mazzini was no Communist, nor Ledru Rollin, nor any of the other friends who were in the confidence of the Polish leaders. As to the Poles themselves, nothing was aimed at by them irrespective of the principle of national independence, but the abolition of the remnants of feudalism in landed property, and the general amelioration of the lot of the peasants.

Again, to say of the "Secret National Government," which directed the rising, that from beginning to end it bore the same character, — an assertion sometimes made by incompetent speakers and writers, — betrayed a strange ignorance of the real state of affairs. The Warsaw government repeatedly changed in its composition and in its modes of procedure at home. In one respect its conduct always remained the same. It never attempted to draw Galicia and Posen into the sphere of its action. For this reason it was repeatedly accused of "Austrianism," — an unjust charge; the Warsaw Committee or government having simply yielded, in this respect, to the necessities of the situation. Had the insurrection provoked the simultaneous hostility of the three Powers, it would have been crushed at once by a triple attack.

More than this, Galicia, by being kept out of the movement, served in no small measure as a basis of support in the way of the

transmission of arms and ammunition, and the passing over of volunteers into Russian Poland. The Austrian authorities, though now and then doing an act of severity, were after all not disconsolate at seeing Russia, whose Panslavist agents had often given them trouble in Hungary and Bohemia, occupied for a time by a Slav-rising at home. For the Austrian dynasty the acquisition of Galicia never brought any real increase of strength, — rather the contrary. This is a point of view which the Magyar and German races in the Hapsburg dominions firmly hold. The true bulwark of Austria-Hungary consists of the Carpathian Wall. By the partition of Poland, to which she reluctantly assented, Austria became the neighbor of an Empire whose encroaching tendencies fill her with constant fear.

This will explain why in 1863, even as in 1830–31, the Polish insurgents tried to keep on good terms with the Vienna government. For this reason the Warsaw Committee and the subsequent Secret National Government declared it to be a mistake, and afterwards even an "act of treachery," to attempt drawing other provinces beyond the Russian frontier into the circle of operations. This policy of the Warsaw government was confirmed to me at the time by its diplomatic agent in London, though he, personally, rather spoke in favor of action on a wider field than Russian Poland. I think he was mistaken in this advocacy of an apparently bolder course. Such as circumstances then were, and still are, no move is possible in Galicia against the declared wishes of Austria-Hungary. It is only when Austria-Hungary itself helps or heads the Polish cause, that Galicia can be drawn into the movement. It must not be forgotten that in that province, at the side of a population which is really Polish, there is a Ruthene element that could be easily used by Austria against the Poles, as it was, in a most cruel manner, by Prince Metternich in 1846. In Posen, on the other hand, the process of Germanization has already gone very far in the western parts of that province. Agents of the Polish movement confessed — witness a letter of one of them which was accidentally seized — that "they felt in Posen as if they had entered a foreign country." All this shows that there were good reasons why the Warsaw Committee acted as it did.

The historian who has to treat of the insurrection of 1863–64 will be somewhat puzzled to account for the immense trouble which a fragment of the former Polish commonwealth was able to give,

during nearly a year and a half, to the mighty Muscovite Empire. A short review of the forces then at work will therefore be of interest at a moment when a grave crisis exists in the East, which may yet expand into far more serious events.

The revival of Polish aspirations dates from the time which followed the Italian war of 1859. It was contemporaneous with the renewal of the Liberal and national movement in Germany. The Czar, alarmed in Russia proper by the rise of an opposition among the lesser nobility, and by certain vague signs of discontent among the citizens of Moscow, Twer, Kiew, and partly even of St. Petersburg, resolved upon throwing down the glove to the aristocracy by the emancipation of the serfs. That which would have been the result of a parliamentary decree, had the Russian Opposition been able to wring from him the adoption of the representative system, Alexander II. did on his own behalf, as a means of foiling the Liberal political tendencies among the nobility. He thereby attached the peasant masses to his own person, and laid the basis for that new army organization which, by the introduction of universal military service, has vastly augmented the number of Russian troops. Doing a good stroke for the *mujik*, the Czar strengthened his own arbitrary rule. In Poland, where a previous movement for the emancipation of the peasantry — started by the nobility of Wilna, Kovno, and Grodno — had not been able to obtain his necessary assent, Alexander II. hoped to maintain his dominion partly by the sword, partly through the division between the aristocratic and the democratic parties. In this frame of mind he uttered his famous exclamation at Warsaw: "No more dreamy illusions, gentlemen!"

As the Polish movement nevertheless grew stronger, he made a few slight concessions. But seeing that this was of no avail, except as stimulating the demand for further concessions, he tried a diversion through the agency of the Panslavists. The Marquis Wielopolski, a Pole by birth, but looked upon as a renegade by his countrymen, was employed for this purpose. His task consisted in conjuring up, before the eyes of the Poles, a Panslavist *fata morgana* wherewith gradually to allure them into the paths of Russian policy. But in vain did Wielopolski tell the Poles that "a great Slav empire was to be constituted, in which the Russian monarch might wear the crown, but in which the Polish nation would practically exercise the leadership." With the exception of

a few men, like Miniszewski, nobody of any importance listened to these suggestions. Miniszewski himself afterwards met with a violent death.

By and by two chief Committees — secret, according to the nature of the situation — were formed at Warsaw, in view of coming events. There was a Democratic Committee on the one hand, and an aristocratic one on the other, namely, the so-called "Committee of the Szlachta." Besides these occult political organizations, there were some minor Committees, in connection with emigrants living at Paris, who hung, at that time, about the palace of Prince Jerome Napoleon. The Committee of the Szlachta exerted itself to bring about peaceful, but impressive, public demonstrations. To it must be attributed the arrangement of the street processions, of the kneeling down of numbers of people before the churches whilst the Cossacks rode into their midst, of the universal wearing of mourning garments by women, and so forth. The Democratic Committee, on its part, worked with the object of bringing about real action. The more the conviction grew among this Committee that, in order to gain the support of the peasantry, it was necessary to hold out promises of a great Land Reform, the more timid became the aristocratic, or "Szlachta," party, until, at last, it withdrew entirely from the direction of affairs and dissolved its organization.

The Democratic Committee henceforth had the sole management. Not impeded by any rival, it hastened its preparations for action, but without fixing yet a term for the rising. In order to avoid a misconception of terms, it may be observed here that the word "Democratic" has not even now the same significance in Poland as in Central and Western Europe. Owing to the peculiar condition of the country, the majority even of the Democratic leaders of Poland belonged to the nobiliary order. They were, at all events, men of the upper social strata. A middle class is not fully formed yet in Poland; in this respect the condition of the country is similar to that of many other parts of Eastern Europe. Even in Western and Central Europe, in France and Germany, two thirds or more of the population consist of peasants. In Poland the proportion is even a larger one; and in culture the corresponding class there is far more backward than in the continental Centre or West. The comparatively few Polish towns and the landholding class are, therefore, the only represent-

atives of political thought, of national aspirations, and of general progress. In them the Polish spirit is strongest. In the lesser nobility Democratic views have become prevalent. As to the peasantry, they are only ready in some parts of the country to take a share in any fight against Muscovite dominion.

This latter circumstance acts as a drag upon all insurrectionary movements in Russian Poland. The civic and nobiliary elements which, divided, would be too weak for separate action, have to be kept together on a common programme. At the same time advantages have to be offered to the peasant at the expense both of the higher and the lesser aristocracy, in order to induce him to join the national camp. But the peasant in almost all countries is of a very mistrustful disposition; he only believes in an advantage he holds securely in his hand. Mere decrees do not easily attract him to a cause. It is therefore a risky attempt to try gaining him over by the proclamation of large principles, whilst such manifestoes may have the effect of deterring an influential section of the nobility which is devoted to the national cause. These indications I merely throw out to show the difficulties against which the Warsaw Committee had to contend, and to prove how strangely Lord John Russell erred when he asserted that "Communism" was at the bottom of the insurrectionary movement. All that was aimed at in a social sense was a Land Reform such as has been carried out in France and Germany, and as is still to be agitated for in England.

The simultaneous outbreak of the insurrection on the same day, throughout different parts of Russian Poland, was the work of the Democratic Warsaw Committee, then composed of twelve members, mostly very young men. Only a few of them were, so far as I know, still alive at the end of 1864. These men have been severely blamed for having given the signal for the rising. I should say that they, too, would have preferred waiting until the preparations in other countries had been more advanced, especially in Russia, among the small would-be Party of Action there, whose action, it is true, finally came to nothing whatever. But the Marquis Wielopolski did not leave the Poles any time. When he saw that his Panslavistic allurements were spurned by them, he gave his assent to the tyrannic Decree of Conscription, or rather Proscription (I only use here the language employed by English statesmen then in responsible positions), by which the Polish

youth were to be all seized in the dead of night and transported into the interior of Russia. It was by trusty confidants that the Warsaw Committee had been informed of this forthcoming Russian decree. The execution of so sweeping a measure had to be resisted at all hazards, or else the Polish cause was lost for a certainty for many years to come, — simply owing to the want of fighting forces, which the Conscription Decree was calculated to draft entirely out of the country.

Under these circumstances the counsel which Mazzini, shortly before, had repeatedly given, namely, *not* to attempt yet any rising, could not be followed. Thus that insurrection of January 21 and 22, 1863, came to pass, of the imminence of which the "cosmopolitan" leaders in London, as Lord Russell called them, no doubt were informed beforehand in the regular course, so to say, of popular diplomacy. On their part, the diplomatists of courts and governments stood aghast at the fact of an event of such vast importance having occurred without their own agents having obtained any previous knowledge or the smallest inkling. The Russian government itself was very badly informed with regard to the impending event. Official Russian journals, like the "Dziennik Powszechny," were naïve enough, on the eve of the rising, to publish reports of "the gay readiness with which the Polish recruits had followed the Russian banner"! This gayety of theirs may be compared, barring the final issue, to that of Armin, the deliverer of Germany, from the Roman yoke, before the battle in the Teutoburg forest.

Of the original twelve members of the Warsaw Committee, several became, in a short space of time, the victims of the struggle for independence. Their place was then occupied by other men of the same political creed. The decrees they issued bore the imprint of Liberalism in matters political and religious. Equality before the law, freedom for all creeds, abolition of the compulsory service under which the peasantry suffered, transfer of freehold property to those who had formerly been little better than landslaves, — these were the main lines of the revolutionary manifestoes.

Differences, but of a passing character only, showed themselves in the leading Committee, or Secret Government, a few months after the rising had been begun. It was on the question of intervention and of foreign alliances. Louis Napoleon, ever on the lookout for an opportunity of meddling with affairs abroad, flattered himself with the hope of being able to induce England to effect, in com-

pany with him, an intervention in this Polish rising against Russia. Some go-betweens of his made an attempt, to my knowledge, to see whether a Polish demand for French intervention could not be addressed to him, so that his own ambitious policy might find a readier acceptance in the public opinion of Europe. The Jeromist or Plon-Plonist connection was used as a lever for that purpose. This move, coupled with a change of persons then just going on in the composition of the Secret Government at Warsaw, gave rise to a temporary dissension which for a while paralyzed the insurrectionary activity. Finally, however, the Napoleonistic tendency was entirely thrown out, and the old programme was maintained, which aimed at deliverance by Polish forces solely.

When the leaders of the rising commenced their work, they no doubt calculated upon a virtual support in three directions. At home, upon a more energetic participation of the peasantry than on former occasions. In regard to Russia, upon the promised passing over to the insurgent cause of Russian troops, especially of officers, and upon the outbreak of a more or less pronounced movement at Moscow and at St. Petersburg. I know that assurances to that effect had been freely given to the leaders of the Polish rising. Lastly, they hoped that the constitutional conflict then raging in Prussia between the Liberal House of Deputies and the reactionary government would lead to a victory of the popular cause, which would eventually restrict also the despotic power of the Czar.

All these hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Polish peasantry did not act as it was expected to do. The pompous manifestoes which it was said had been issued by Russian officers as a pledge of sympathy with Poland proved to be mere words, if not a downright invention. At Berlin no action was taken in the way of planting the banner of Parliament firmly as a rallying standard for those who would battle against the then absolutistic monarchy.

Thus the Polish patriots carried on a struggle of despair without any support. No wonder that the more advanced party, which had initiated the rising, found itself compelled, on seeing the daily increase of difficulties, to enter once more into closer relations with an aristocratic party of Polish emigrants abroad, whose political connections and financial means, it was supposed, might give some aid to a sinking cause. It is not my purpose to describe the numberless oscillations in the management of affairs which from thence characterized the gradually collapsing movement. Be it

enough to say that, for all of us, the long and tragic agony of that rising was a source of daily pain, and that it was with feelings of deep emotion we greeted General Langiewicz on his arrival at London.

Superhuman efforts had been made by the patriotic men of Russian Poland, and, throughout, single-handed. The only Power which, during some time, had urged a policy of intervention — Napoleonic France — was impelled to this attempt by dark designs of ambition, and had the best and largest part of the Poles against itself. The natural mistrust existing between England and the Court of the Tuileries prevented the co-operation which Napoleon had proposed. Nevertheless, in spite of all these drawbacks, the insurrection was only fully quelled after nearly a year and a half; the whole power of Russia being all the while concentrated upon the bleeding country.

Truly, Kosciuszko was right when indignantly protesting against the statement that he, of all men, had exclaimed, "Finis Poloniæ!" In the many complications to which the Eastern Question may yet give rise, there is still room and prospect for the practical illustration of his protest.

Kosciuszko's above-mentioned letter is in the archives of the Ségur family in France. The following is a literal translation from the French original, which has been communicated to me by Mr. Ch. Ed. Choiecki. I consider its republication all the more desirable because, some years ago, when Kosciuszko's last will was brought to light from the clerk's office in a Court of Justice at Albemarle, U. S., Mr. Wertenbaker — who had made the original entry in 1819, and who communicated the fact of the recent recovery of that document to the "New York Tribune" — erroneously introduced once more the invention against which Kosciuszko had so energetically protested in his lifetime. Mr. Wertenbaker even called the "Finis Poloniæ" a prophetic utterance; thus dealing — most unintentionally, no doubt — a blow against the hopes of a national resurrection which the Poles continue to cherish.

Letter of Kosciuszko to Count Ségur, author of the "Décade Historique," with regard to the alleged "Finis Poloniæ" of October 10, 1794.

Monsieur le Comte, — In handing over to you, yesterday, the paper referring to the case of Mr. Adam Poninski, concerning his con-

duct in the campaign of 1794, another fact in connection with the unfortunate battle of Macieiowice ought to have been mentioned, which I have a great desire to clear up.

Ignorance or malignity, with fierce persistence, has put the expression *Finis Poloniæ* into my mouth, — an expression I am stated to have made use of on a fatal day. Now, first of all, I had been almost mortally wounded before the battle was decided, and only recovered my consciousness two days afterwards, when I found myself in the hands of my enemies. In the second instance, if an expression like the one alluded to is inconsistent and criminal in the mouth of any Pole, it would have been far more so in mine.

When the Polish nation called me to the defence of the integrity, independence, dignity, glory, and freedom of our fatherland, it knew well that I was not the *last* Pole in existence, and that with my death on the battle-field, or elsewhere, Poland could not, and would not, be *at an end.* Everything the Poles have done since, or will do yet in the future, furnishes the proof that if we, the devoted soldiers of the country, are mortal, Poland herself is immortal; and it is therefore not allowed to anybody either to utter or to repeat that insulting expression (*l'outrageante épithète*) which is contained in the words *Finis Poloniæ!*

What would the French say, if after the battle of Rossbach in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, had exclaimed *Finis Galliæ!* Or what would they say if such cruel words were attributed to him in his biographies?

I shall therefore be obliged to you, if in the new edition of your work you will not speak any more of the *Finis Poloniæ;* and I hope that the authority of your name will have its due effect with all those who in future may be inclined to repeat those words, and thus attribute to me a blasphemy against which I protest with all my soul.

My cousin and pupil, the young George Zenowicz, will have the honor of handing this letter to you. Although he intends devoting himself to the military career, he will nevertheless be happy to merit your kind protection if ever circumstances should place him in a position to take advantage of it.

Receive, Monsieur le Comte, the assurance of my greatest respect.

T. Kosciuszko.

Paris, 20 Brumaire, year XII. (= 30 October, 1803).

Karl Blind.

Art. III. — Abraham Cowley.

"Who now reads Cowley?" was the question asked by Alexander Pope, seventy years after Abraham Cowley died, —

> "Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
> Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
> But still I love the language of his heart."

And yet even after Pope's time there were a few who still read the elder poet. Among them was Cowper, who, in the "Task," published more than a hundred years after Cowley's death, speaking of his own residence in the country, says: —

> "There too enamored of the life I loved
> . . . . . .
> I studied, prized, and wished that I had known
> Ingenious Cowley."

At present there are doubtless fewer who read Cowley than there were in the time of Pope, although now and then we hear of some one who, with Charles Lamb, is willing to speak of Cowley as an author "very dear" to him, "though now out of fashion."

Yet was he at one time placed at the head of poetical celebrities The memoir of his life by Sprat, which is very agreeably written, after saying that his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, adds: "It lies near the ashes of Chaucer and Spenser, the two most famous English poets of former times. But whosoever would do him right should not only equal him to the principal ancient writers of our own nation, but should also rank his name among the authors of the true antiquity, the best of the Greeks and Romans." Evelyn, to whom Cowley addressed his charming poem entitled "The Garden," speaks of him in his Diary — I quote from memory — as "that excellent man and incomparable poet." Sir John Denham, in some lines on Cowley's death, ranks him with Virgil, Horace, and Pindar.

In very early life Cowley was remarkable for his acquisitions as a scholar, and the maturity of his talent for poetry. He was born in 1618, and in little more than twelve years afterwards a volume

of his poetical compositions was published, some of which are probably the finest that ever were written at that age in the English language. In his "Discourses by Way of Essays in Prose and Verse," speaking of his love of retirement and study, he remarks that while a very young boy at school, his great delight was to walk in the fields with a book or some companion. "That I was then," he says, "of the same mind as I am now — which, I confess, I wonder at myself — may appear from the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it was boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

"This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known;
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number but the choice of friends.

"Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be,
For all my life, no luxury;
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's, and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

"Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race,
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them, I have lived to-day."

He then proceeds to relate how he became smitten with the love of poetry. There was wont to lie in his mother's parlor, "I know not," he says, "by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion, — but there was wont to lie Spenser's Works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of knights and giants and monsters and

brave houses, which I found everywhere there, — though my understanding had little to do with all this, — and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and thus became a poet."

One of the poems comprised in the early collection of which I have spoken was "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," in thirty-five stanzas of six lines each, written, as he himself states, when he was but ten years old. Here is a sample, — the opening lines: —

"When Babylon's high walls erected were,
By mighty Ninus' wife; two houses joined,
One Thisbé lived in; Pyramus the fair
In the other. Earth ne'er boasted such a pair.
The very senseless walls themselves combined,
And grew in one, just like their masters' mind.

"Thisbe all other women did excel;
The Queen of Love less lovely was than she;
And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell.
Nature grew proud in framing them so well,
But Venus, envying they so fair should be,
Bids her son Cupid shew his cruelty."

Of course we should not look in this poem for any of Cowley's best verses, nor yet in the longer poem of "Constantia and Philetus" written two years later. He was little more than a stripling when he wrote what we have of his epic, the "Davideis," of which he only finished four books, a third of the projected number. He was then, as he told Sprat, "a young student at Cambridge." It is tedious as a narrative, but it exemplifies the character given of his poetry by Cowper. He is everywhere ingenious, if not poetical, and everywhere learned.

In the third book of the "Davideis" Cowley describes the two daughters of Saul, Merab and Michal, in lines which seem to have kindled the imagination of Walter Scott, since in his "Pirate" he has taken very nearly the same characteristics for the contrasted portraitures of the two daughters of Magnus Troil, Minna and Brenda. The reader may perhaps find some entertainment in comparing the parallel passages. Here are the lines of Cowley: —

"Like two bright eyes in a fair body placed,
Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters graced,

Merab the first, Michal the younger named,
Both equally for different glories famed.
Merab with spacious beauty filled the sight,
But too much awe chastised the bold delight.
Like a calm sea which to the enlargéd view
Gives pleasure, but gives fear and reverence too,
Michal's sweet looks, clear and free joys did move,
And no less strong, yet much more gentle love.
Like virtuous kings whom men rejoice to obey,
Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.
Merab appeared like some fair princely tower,
Michal some virgin queen's delicious bower.
All beauty's stores in little and in great,
But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.
A clear and lively brown was Merab's dye,
Such as the prouder colors might envý;
Michal's pure skin shone with such taintless white
As scattered the weak rays of human sight.
Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew
Than e'er on fruits and flowers heaven's pencil drew.
From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightning came,
From Michal's the sun's mild yet active flame.
Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut-brown,
Tresses of palest gold did Michal crown.
Such was their outward form, and one might find
A difference not unlike it in the mind.
Merab with comely majesty and state
Bore high the advantage of her worth and fate.
Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show,
That none who reach so high e'er stooped so low.
Merab rejoiced in her racked lovers' pain,
And fortified her virtue with disdain.
The grief she caused gave gentle Michal grief;
She wished her beauties less for their relief,
Even to her captives civil; yet the excess
Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
Business and power Merab's large thought did vex,
Her wit disdained the fetters of her sex.
Michal no less disdained affairs and noise,
Yet did it not from ignorance but choice.
In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn,
Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan."

In Scott's romance we have this counterpart of the picture of Merab and Michal:—

"From her mother Minna inherited the stately form and dark eyes,

the raven locks, and finely pencilled brows which showed that she was on one side at least a stranger to the blood of Thulè. Her cheek —

'O, call it fair, not pale!' —

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion. But in that predominance of the paler flower there was nothing sickly or languid; it was the natural color of health, and corresponded in a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated to express a contemplative and high-minded character. When Minna Troil heard a tale of woe or of injustice, it was then her blood rushed to her cheeks, and showed how warm it beat, notwithstanding the generally serious, composed, and retiring disposition which her countenance and demeanor seemed to exhibit. If strangers sometimes conceived that her fine features were clouded by melancholy for which her age and situation could scarce have given occasion, they were soon satisfied, upon further acquaintance, that the placid mild quietude of her disposition, and the mental energy of a character which was but little interested in ordinary and trivial occurrences, was the real cause of her gravity; and most men, when they knew that her melancholy had no ground in real sorrow, and was only the aspiration of a soul bent upon more important objects than those by which she was surrounded, might have wished her whatever could add to her happiness, but could scarce have desired that, graceful as she was in her natural and unaffected seriousness, she should change that deportment for one more gay. In short, notwithstanding our wish to have avoided that hackneyed simile of an angel, there was something in the serious beauty of her aspect, in the measured yet graceful ease of her motions, in the music of her voice and the serene purity of her eye, that seemed as if Minna Troil belonged naturally to some higher and better sphere, and was only the chance visitant of a world that was not worthy of her.

"The scarcely less beautiful, equally lovely, and equally innocent Brenda was of a complexion as differing from her sister as they differed in character, taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were of that paly brown which receives from the passing sunbeam a tinge of gold, but darkens again when the ray has passed from it. Her eye, her mouth, the beautiful row of teeth which in her innocent vivacity were frequently disclosed, the fresh yet not too bright glow of a healthy complexion, tingeing a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but still more finely moulded into symmetry, a careless and almost childish lightness of step, an eye that seemed to look on every object with pleas-

ure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister; though, perhaps, that which Minna did excite might be of a more intense as well as of a more reverential character.

"The dispositions of these lovely sisters were not less different than their complexions. In the kindly affections neither could be said to excel the other. But the cheerfulness of Brenda mixed itself with the every-day business of life, and seemed inexhaustible in its profusion. The less buoyant spirit of her sister appeared to bring to society a contented wish to be interested and pleased with what was going forward, but was rather placidly carried along by the stream of mirth and pleasure than disposed to aid its progress by any effort of her own. She endured mirth, rather than enjoyed it, and the pleasures in which she most delighted were those of a graver and more solitary cast."

This portraiture is somewhat modified from Cowley's original, but the main features are the same.

In these days we can hardly expect that anybody should read the "Davideis," save those who are attracted by what Cowper calls the ingenuity of its author, — his dexterity in stringing upon the slight thread of his narrative unexpected thoughts and remote allusions, never rejecting them because they are odd or grotesque, provided they are ingenious. But the poem contains one beautiful lyric, a serenade in the shape of a love-song, supposed to have been sung by the enamored shepherd youth, David, under the window of Michal the daughter of Saul. It is happily versified, and the fire and enthusiasm of the initial stanzas contrast finely with the plaintiveness of the close. Appearing among the rugged numbers of the third book of the "Davideis," it scarcely seems as if it belonged there.

"Awake, awake, my Lyre,
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail,
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire.
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be,
Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony.

"Hark, how the strings awake!
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.

Now all thy forces try ;
Now all thy charms apply ;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

"Weak Lyre, thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too well thou prove
My passion to remove.
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

"Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre,
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that may prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire.
All thy vain mirth lay by ;
Bid thy strings silent lie.
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die."

The Pindaric Odes of Cowley are read with more pleasure than the "Davideis." In the epic the reader, following the progress of the narrative, is continually stopped by conceits and loses patience; in the Odes the conceits entertain him. It is not improbable that the poet perceived how unsuited his manner of treatment was to a narrative poem, and therefore desisted from proceeding with it, although he took the pains to write over the first book of the "Davideis" in Latin verse, which he wrote with as much facility, apparently, as English. It seems a curious circumstance that we find among these an ode entitled "Brutus," beginning thus: —

"Excellent Brutus ! of all human race
The best, till nature was improved by grace."

The poet then proceeds to applaud the tyrannicide for putting to death the destroyer of his country's liberties. We should hardly have expected this from a partisan of Charles I., and a follower of his son. The extravagance of the school of poets to which Cowley belonged is strikingly illustrated in the "Ode to Dr. Scarborough," in which, after dwelling upon the slaughter and desolation caused by the civil war, he says: —

"But thou by heaven wert sent
This desolation to prevent,
A medicine and a counter-poison to the age.

Scarce could the sword despatch more to the grave
Than thou didst save
By wondrous art and by successful care;
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair.

. . . . .

The subtle ague that for sureness' sake
Takes its own times the assault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort doth shake,
When thy strong guards and work it spies,
Trembles for itself and flies.
The cruel stone, that restless pain,
That 's sometimes rolled away in vain,
But still, like Sisyphus's stone, returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learned juices' force;
A greater work, though short the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar.
Oppresséd nature's necessary course
It stops in vain; like Moses thou
Strik'st the dry rock, and straight the waters freely flow."

Perhaps it is not necessary to give here any quotations from Cowley's translations of Anacreon, inasmuch as even those who never read anything else that he has written are familiar with the most felicitous of these,—the "Ode to the Grasshopper." They are but few in number, eleven in all, but they surpass the Greek originals. They are sprightly, joyous, seemingly poured forth by one who writes verses because he cannot help it, and they are free from the ruggedness of versification which Cowley rarely took pains to avoid. He styles them "Some Copies of Verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon," but there is little dilution, and what he has amplified he has made more sprightly.

The forty-four poems included under the title of "The Mistress" have little to recommend them save the ingenuity of which Cowper speaks. Their subject is love, and they pursue the metaphors employed by poets to describe that passion, until they may be said to be fairly run down in the chase. There is much skill shown in this exercise of art, and there is no lack of learning, but there is no emotion. If all Cowley's poetry had been such, the neglect of which Pope speaks would have been fully deserved.

In the "Verses written on Several Occasions," and in the "Discourses by Way of Essays in Verse and Prose," are some of Cowley's best things. Among these is "The Complaint," of which Dr.

Johnson speaks in a tone of derision, yet it is really a beautiful poem. In none of Cowley's poems is the thought nobler, the versification more harmonious, and the expression more free, or, if we except the phrase "melancholy Cowley," more dignified. It has the interest of being a record of the poet's personal history; the author is in earnest, and expresses himself the more naturally and impressively because with feeling. The poem takes the form of a dialogue between the poet and his Muse. She reproaches him with quitting her service for the chances of preferment at court, where he found nothing but disappointment.

"Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains in quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearned apostasy.
Thou thought'st if once the public storm were past
All thy remaining life should sunshine be.
Behold the public storm is spent at last;
The sovereign is tossed at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore.
But while thy fellow-voyagers I see
All marched up to possess the promised land,
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand."

Cowley listens to this reproach, and thus retorts the censure:—

"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit, stolest me away,
And my abuséd soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where
Thy golden Indies in the air.
. . . . .
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
Nor useful plant can keep alive.
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
Make all my art and labor useless now,
Where once such fairies dance no grass can ever grow."

On the whole, therefore, "The Complaint" resolves itself into a very satisfactory way of accounting for the neglect of the court to

reward Cowley's attachment to the royal cause during the whole period of the civil war and the reign of Cromwell. He had tastes and occupations which unfitted him for being a courtier, and he acknowledges that he had no reason to expect any other treatment than to be passed by in favor of those who were recommended by other qualities of character. In this I see nothing unmanly or mean-spirited. We may regard the poem as a skilful setting forth of the claims of learning, genius, and virtue to the favor of the prince, and as the intimation of a resolution not to obtain it by unworthy arts.

Cowley loved to celebrate in verse the genius and virtues of the great men who, in his time, appeared on the stage of the world and passed away. One of his poems is "On the Death of Anthony Vandyke, the famous Painter," in which the following characteristic passage occurs: —

> "His all-resembling pencil did outpass
> The mimic imagery of looking-glass.
> Nor was his life less perfect than his art;
> Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.
> There was no false or fading color there,
> The figures sweet and well-proportioned were.
> Most other men, set next to him in view,
> Appeared more shadows than the men he drew.
> Thus still he lived till heaven did for him call,
> Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all,
> Where he beholds new sights divinely fair,
> And could almost wish for his pencil there."

Another poem is "On the Death of Mr. Crashaw," author of "Steps to the Temple," beginning thus finely: —

> "Poet and Saint, to thee alone are given
> The two most sacred names of earth and heaven.
> . . . . .
> Ah wretched we, poets of earth, but thou
> Wert living the same poet which thou 'rt now."

Crashaw became a Catholic, and was made a Canon of the church at Loretto. Cowley says: —

> "Pardon, my mother Church, if I consent
> That angels led him, when from thee he went,
> For even in error sure no danger is,
> When joined with so much piety as his.
> Ah, mighty God! — with shame I speak and grief, —

Ah that our greatest faults were in belief,
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I 'm sure, was in the right."

He celebrated the discovery of the circulation of the blood by his contemporary Harvey, of whom he speaks as one who made all the organs of the human frame bring an hourly account of their doings, and surveying their tasks with as much exactness

"As if he hired the workers by the day."

He lamented the death of Sir Henry Wotton, the diplomatist and poet, in an elegy containing the famous couplet: —

"So many languages had he in store,
That only fame could speak of him in more."

One of his poems has for its occasion the death of Mrs. Catherine Philips, the poetess, styled on the title-page of her works, published after her death, "the matchless Orinda." Of her writings, now forgotten, he says that they will long survive his praise of them, and thus celebrates her personal excellences: —

"Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dipped all o'er in learning's sacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind.
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her soft breast they struck, powerless and dead they lay."

How little of a courtier Cowley was may be fairly inferred from this, that he never abused his talent for panegyric to the praise of any of those dissolute wretches by whom Charles II. surrounded himself. He reserved his commendations for what he esteemed real worth, and it is no wonder therefore that he failed to find favor with such a court. One of the most pleasing of his poems is that entitled "The Garden," addressed to Evelyn, the tree-fancier, and author of the "Sylva," between whom and himself there existed a strong friendship, arising probably from conformity of tastes and similarity of character. This poem has the quality which gives interest to "The Complaint." The author is in earnest, and instead of elaborately toying with his subject and casting about for

unexpected illustrations, expresses with warmth the thoughts that come crowding upon his mind when a country life is mentioned such as his friend Evelyn enjoyed at Say's Court. Cowley's love of such a life, whatever Dr. Johnson may have said, was most sincere and hearty. His early writings show that it was a passion with him in his youth; his "Discourses in Verse and Prose" give us the idea of one who was contented in his retirement, and one of his most elaborate and finished works is a Latin poem "On Plants" in six books, the fruit of his researches as a physician and cultivator,— a poem turned into indifferent English verse soon after his death by N. Tate, the notorious Aphra Behn, and others. Dr. Johnson, to make it appear that Cowley was not happy in his retirement in Chertsey, where he passed the two closing years of his life, quotes and commends to the consideration of "those who pant for solitude" a letter from him to Sprat, written soon after his rustication, in which he complains that he had caught cold, had bruised his ribs with a fall, could not get money from his tenants, and had his meadows eaten up at night by cattle turned in by his neighbors. A cold, Dr. Johnson might have reflected, can be caught anywhere. As to the fall, I knew a person who fell last winter in a crowded street of New York, and bruised his shoulder, which is not quite well yet. I know several places in the country where tenants pay their rents punctually, and where people do not turn their cattle into their neighbors' meadows to eat the grass by night. So that, on the whole, Dr. Johnson scarcely makes out a case against a country life by the help of Cowley's letter. Johnson had not a single rural taste, and hated a country life with all his heart.

There are yet several of Cowley's poems deserving of special remark, as illustrative of his genius. Such is the "Ode on Wit," a series of just critical precepts delivered in verse; the "Hymn to the Light," in which there are some noble stanzas; and that sprightly trifle "The Chronicle," the best of Cowley's love-poems. Whatever may be the merit of any of his different poems, the reader finds in none of them any stain of that grossness which in the latter part of Cowley's life, after Charles II. brought his ribald court into England, had become fashionable. Everything which he wrote has a certain expression of the purity of his own character. I have sometimes wondered how it has happened that in the reprinting of old English authors it has never occurred to any

publisher to give the public a reprint, by themselves, of the "Discourses in Verse and Prose." The prose of this neglected author is as graceful and natural as his poetry is ingenious, and bears witness to the largeness of his reading and the extent of his knowledge.

About four or five years after the restoration of the Stuarts Cowley withdrew into the country. On this occasion he composed the little Latin ode entitled *Epitaphium vivi Auctoris,* the choice Latinity of which contrasts singularly with the modern subtlety and quaintness of the thought.

"Hic, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo,
Couleius hic est conditus. Hic jacet
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

"Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
Vanoque delectis popello
Divitiis animosus hastis.

"Possis ut illum dicere mortuum
En terra nunc jam quantula sufficit;
Exempta sit curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.

"Hic sparge flores; sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus;
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

The task of translating such lines is not easy, but here is an attempt to put the thought into English verse.

THE LIVING AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

Here, Stranger, in this lowly spot,
The buried Cowley finds, at last,
Rest from the labors of his lot,
And leaves life's follies with the past.

In not unseemly low estate,
Nor meanly slothful, though retired,
Well hath the poet learned to hate
The wealth by staring crowds admired.

Yea, speak of him as dead; for see
How little earth is now his share;

And, Stranger, pray that light may be
Its burden, and may bring no care.

Strew flowers; they please the living dead;
Here roses ere they wither strew,
And o'er his yet warm ashes shed
The sweetest-smelling herbs that grow.

Cowley did not wisely choose the place of his retreat. Sprat says that "out of haste to be gone away from the noise and tumult of the city, he had not prepared so healthful a situation in the country as he might have done, had he made a more leisurable choice." This haste was the cause of his death. In the heat of summer, according to Sprat, by staying too long among the meadows, he was seized with what that author calls "a violent defluxion and stoppage in the breast and throat." This after a fortnight carried him off in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the year 1867,— seven years after the restoration of the royal line to whose cause he had attached himself, but from which he never received any acknowledgment of his fidelity, save the remark made when he died by Charles II., that he had not left a better man behind him in England, which was probably the truth.

Cowley's verses have few strains of poetic enthusiasm, and are never pathetic. These are not qualities of poetry which in his day were in fashion. He gave what the age demanded, — sometimes just and often fanciful resemblances and oppositions of images and thoughts, and he had his reward in being ranked as a poet by his contemporaries above all others of his time. That he is no longer read is not surprising. Of the old authors in our language few are now read, save by persons of peculiar tastes and habits of study, and the proportion of these to the rest of the population is, I fear, gradually becoming less. Poets of greater genius than Cowley are neglected by the mass of readers. Books have multiplied of late to such an extent, that whoever reads all the new ones which possess a certain degree of merit has hardly time for anything else, and in this way ignorance of the older literature of our language is becoming more common from year to year. Many persons of considerable reading appear as if they had scarcely even heard of any author who wrote before the year 1800. The prospect is not encouraging for contemporary men of genius, who aspire to live in the memory and admiration of succeeding

ages. Will it happen that they too shall be forgotten? Will the years to come, like waves rolling up a sandy beach, efface their footprints in sweeping over them? Must the volumes which contain their writings be left to gather dust on the shelves of old libraries, scarce ever opened and never reprinted, while newer books engage the universal attention?

In looking over Cowley's poems, I have found some instances in which Pope borrowed from him without acknowledgment. It is hardly to be supposed that an author of such large original resources as Pope should do this purposely. It might be that he did it unconsciously. Here is one example. Cowley, in the "Davideis," says of the Messiah:—

> "Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
> And reach to worlds that must not yet be found."

Pope, in the "Essay on Criticism," says of the poets of Greece and Rome,—

> "Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
> And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."

Cowley, in a paraphrase of one of Horace's Epodes, says,—

> "Nor does the roughest season of the sky
> Or sullen Jove all sports to him deny.
> He runs the mazes of the nimble hare;
> His well-mouthed dogs' glad concert rends the air."

These lines appear in Pope's "Windsor Forest" thus modified,—

> "Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
> The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny;
> To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
> And trace the mazes of the circling hare."

But Cowley is so opulent that he can well afford to lend, and I close by assuring the reader that if he will look over Cowley's poems he will find much that, if that sort of appropriation is ever permissible, is well worth borrowing.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

J. Bien, photo-lith.

Art. IV. — African Explorers.*

The results of geographical discovery in Africa during the last five-and-twenty years have been so vast, as compared with the progress of explorations prior to that time, that it is difficult to realize the additions which have been made to our knowledge without recalling the maps of our youth, and contrasting the large blank space marked "unexplored," which distinguished them, with the most modern delineations of the continent. The white tracts are now reduced to comparatively slender limits, the great problems which have for centuries puzzled geographers are all solved by actual investigation, or by inference which almost amounts to moral certainty, and but little will soon remain for the explorer to do beyond filling up details and verifying or rectifying previous discoveries. It is perhaps natural that those who have been engaged in opening up these interesting regions should regard somewhat jealously the estimation in which their achievements are held, and that each should claim the full amount at least of the credit to which he may consider himself entitled. It must therefore be always a somewhat invidious task to compare the work of men who all deserve the highest praise for the exhibition of those qualities which are essential to successful exploration, and to assume to decide upon the merit of their respective discoveries. While perhaps among geographers there might be little difference of opinion upon this point, the general public is more apt to take its impressions from accidental circumstances, and he who records his own exploits most ostentatiously, or has friends or supporters especially interested in doing so for him, is likely often to wear the laurels which properly belong to the more modest but really successful explorer. It is only right, therefore, that the claims of

* *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile.* Capt. John Hanning Speke.
What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. Capt. John Hanning Speke.
A Walk across Africa. Captain J. A. Grant.
The Last Journals of David Livingstone. By Horace Waller.
Across Africa. Commander Cameron, R. N. C. B.
Central Africa. Colonel C. Chaillé Long.
Letters. H. M. Stanley, *New York Herald.*

those who are no longer alive to support them themselves, or who shrink from the ungrateful task of vindicating their own achievements, should receive the consideration to which they are properly entitled, and that we should dismiss from our minds all personal considerations in awarding to each the merit which is justly his due.

In order to enable our readers to perceive at a glance the work that has been done in Equatorial Africa during the last quarter of a century, and to appreciate the more easily by whom this work has principally been achieved, we have appended a map, based chiefly upon the very excellent work of Mr. Petermann in a late number of his Mittheilungen. The best test of the value of exploration is to be found in the material which it affords for the construction of maps. And when we affirm that the discoveries of Speke, Livingstone, and Cameron up to this date may be said to furnish our entire map of Equatorial Africa, no higher testimony can be adduced of the nature and extent of their labors. It will be found, on investigation, that all subsequent travellers in the regions first made known to us by the two former of these explorers have either confirmed by actual examination the truth of inferences which circumstances prevented them from verifying at the time, or they have filled in details completing, but not materially altering, the general outlines of their maps of the topographical features of the country. In a word, while these travellers have solved the main problems of African geography, those who have followed them have made discoveries which have confirmed the solution. It is not, therefore, from any wish to detract from the merits of these latter that we are compelled to award them a second rank in African exploration, but because the field had necessarily become limited by the discoveries which had been made before they entered upon it.

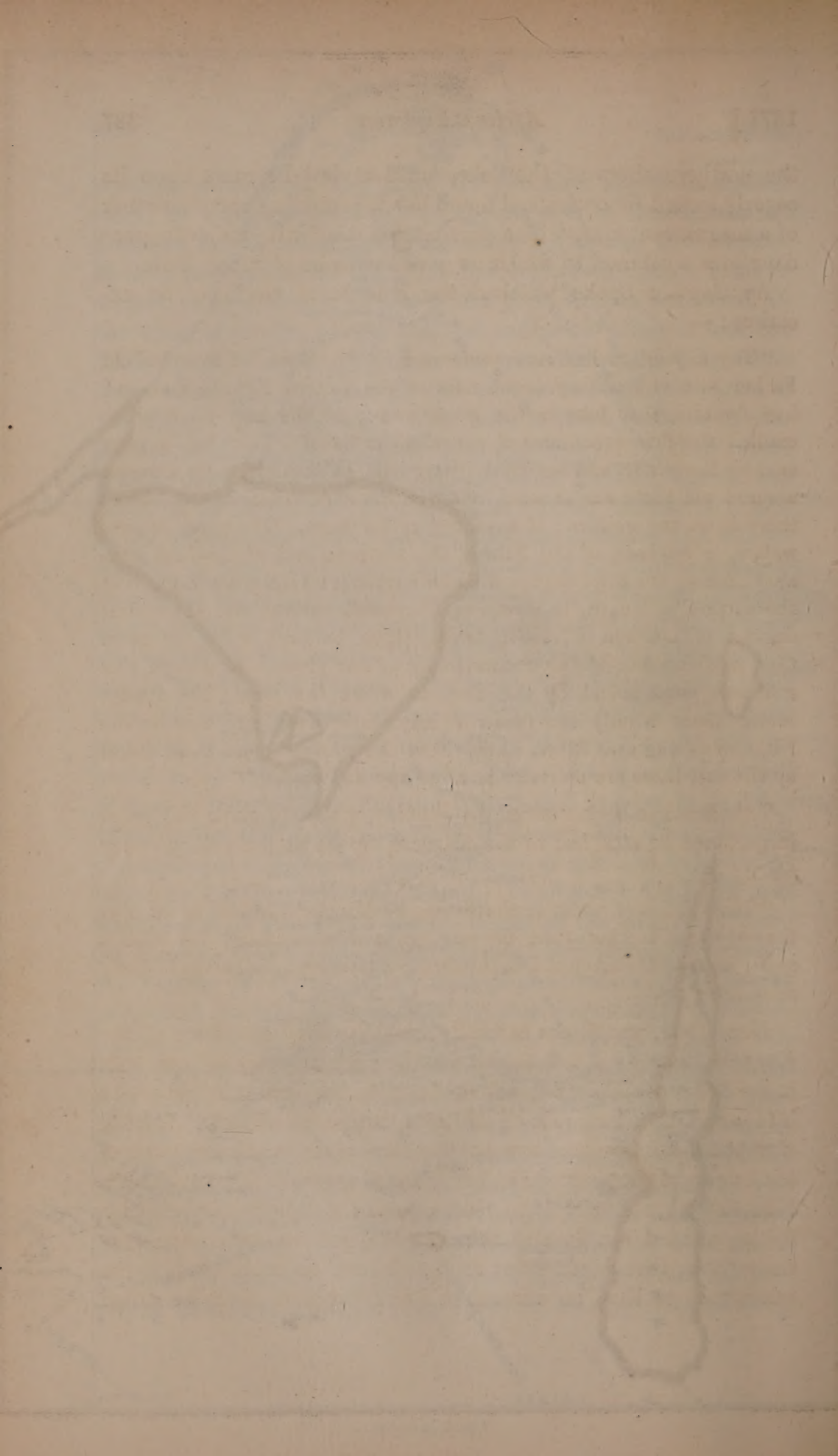
The region explored or mapped by Livingstone consists of all the country west of Lake Tanganyka, as far north as Nyangwé, and as far west as Cameron's route, extending southerly to the limits of the map, including the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa; his route from the mouth of the Zambesi to St. Paul de Loando, crossing Cameron's from Zanzibar to Benguela, which is indicated on the map. The magnitude and importance of Speke's discoveries, which now seem in danger of being appropriated or ignored, have

induced us to reproduce a facsimile of the map published by him in 1864. It presented to the world for the first time the solution of the great Nile mystery, and although at the time doubts were thrown upon the accuracy of his observations and his inferences, they have since turned out to be substantially correct, and all subsequent investigations have only proved conclusively the justice of his claim to the much-coveted title of "Discoverer of the Sources of the Nile."

Although the labors of Livingstone were protracted over a longer period, and in many respects are unrivalled in the field of African exploration, it was beyond question the good fortune of the late Captain Speke to carry off the blue ribbon of geographical discovery. It is with the view of making this fact clear to our readers, and of justifying this assertion, that we propose, in the first instance, briefly to call their attention to the work accomplished by this intrepid and successful explorer. When Speke first entered Africa, twenty years ago, in company with Captain Burton, the three great lakes of Tanganyka, Victoria, and Albert Nyanza were unknown, and the extreme limit of Nile exploration was at Miani's tree, in north latitude 3° 24′; to the south of this point all was mystery. Scarcely anything had been done from the east coast; Krapff, Rebman, Baron von der Decken, and others, were attempting to push in from the Suwahili coast, immediately south of the equator, and were rewarded by discovering the lofty peaks of Kenia and Kilimandjaro. Livingstone was far to the south, upon the Zambesi, and beyond the vague tradition of a great lake due west from Zanzibar, all was unknown. It was to the discovery of this lake that Captains Burton and Speke applied themselves, and in the early part of the year 1858 they stood upon its shores. In consequence of their prostrate condition, resulting from the hardships of their journey, they could do little towards its survey; nevertheless, perceiving the importance of determining whether this lake had an outlet to the north, for in that case it was unquestionably the source of the Nile, they explored it in that direction until they perceived a horseshoe range of mountains surrounding its northern end, and rendering the hypothesis of an outlet impossible. From native sources the information was derived that the river Rusizi, having its rise in a small lake in the mountains, after a southerly course entered Lake Tanganyka at its

northern extremity. The range and the river appear in Speke's map; as a topographical feature, the range is of the highest importance, for all subsequent exploration has proved that Captain Speke's theory, founded upon the discovery of this range, must be correct, namely, that it is part of the great African watershed, all the streams flowing towards the east and north going to feed the lakes, small or great, which are the reservoir of the Nile, while those which flow to the south and west go to swell the waters of the Congo. We shall allude more fully to this hypothesis in connection with Livingstone's discoveries and theory. On their return journey from Lake Tanganyka to Zanzibar Captain Burton was taken ill at Kazeh, and Captain Speke, hearing rumors of a lake to the northwards, pushed on alone in that direction, and was rewarded, in July, 1858, after a toilsome march of two hundred and twenty-six miles in twenty-five days, by finding himself standing on the shores of a mighty unknown inland sea, with a water horizon, called by the natives Ukerewe, and which he subsequently named the Victoria Nyanza. The conviction at once forced itself upon his mind that here at last was the true source of the Nile, and that if he could reach its northern shores he would find its outlet to be the mighty river whose origin had been the problem of ages. Returning to England full of this project, he laid his views before the Royal Geographical Society, and an expedition was equipped to prosecute the exploration of this lake, to be undertaken by Captains Speke and Grant. In January, 1862, the two travellers again struck the western shores of the lake, and following them reached the kingdom of Uganda; in doing so they crossed the Kageera River, which they then pronounced to be the largest affluent of the lake, and therefore the most important of the headwaters of the Nile. They discovered, on investigation, that this river has its source in sundry lakes in the same mountain-range that Speke had already discovered at the northern end of Tanganyka. As a further confirmation of his theory, Captain Speke found not only that the two lakes were separated from each other by mountain-ranges, but that the level of Lake Tanganyka was considerably lower than that of the Victoria Nyanza; any communication, therefore, between the former lake and the Nile was a manifest impossibility. Captain Grant's illness unfortunately prevented him from accompanying Speke in his explorations along

FACSIMILE
OF
CAPT SPEKE'S MAP
to illustrate his
DISCOVERIES IN
EQUATORIAL AFRICA
Published in 1864.
VICTORIA NYANZA
3740 feet above the Ocean
Ancient Kingdom of Kittara
Equator
Little Luta Nzige, or Backwater to the Nile
Rolling ground intersected by ravines and rivulets, and rounded hills
Studded with Arab information
Rolling plateau
Inhabited by Wapoka
Ukerewe I.
Rusizi
Mt. Mfumbiro 10000 ft.
Lake Akanyaru
Rukwa L.
Ivory Mart
Caravan Route to Ujiji
Caravan Route to Unyanyembe
Caravan Route to Ujiji
Caravan Route to Mpwa
Mahale Mts.
Mahale R.
Rukwa R.
Mlele Mts.
Kibanga Mts.
Mirambo's Wilderness
Mkhali
Mfumbiro
Kosoma
Kagera R.
Kitangule
Kitunza
Ugonja
Mazumbi
Sangara
Mavaka
Mpara
Mgongo
Mgongo Hill
Senusahi
Nkala Hill
Kisaho
Ukondala
Kitaro
Kitaro Valley
Kwa Kitaro
Kwa Kitaro Hill
Kwa Kitaro Mt.
Kwa Kitaro Pass
Kwa Kitaro Valley
Kwa Kitaro Village
Kwa Kitaro Well
Kwa Kitaro Wood
Kwa Kitaro Ford
Kwa Kitaro Bridge
Kwa Kitaro Road
Kwa Kitaro Path
Kwa Kitaro Stream



the northern shore of the lake, until at last he came upon its eagerly looked-for outlet, and found himself standing upon the brink of a magnificent river which precipitated itself with majestic grandeur over a cataract to which he gave the name of Ripon Falls.

As Captain Speke watched the Nile leave the lake he exclaims: —

"The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. . . . . Let us now sum up the whole, and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western; if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, or *top-head*, of the Nile is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude; which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above twenty-three hundred miles, or more than one eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point round by the west, to where the *great* Nile stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangule (Kageera) River, whilst from the southernmost point round by the east there are no rivers at all of any importance."

This fact has been verified by Stanley, while, to show the great importance he attached to the Kageera, Speke remarks in another place: —

"The volume of water in the Kitangulé (Kageera) looked as large as that of the Nile; but then the one was a slow river and the other a swift, and on this account I could form no adequate judgment of their relative values."

Here, then, was Speke carefully weighing the importance of the Kageera River as a Nile feeder, but he very properly did not call it the Nile, because when a large river issues from a mighty lake into which flow hundreds of affluents, he judged correctly that the river that left the lake was not the same river as any one even of the largest of those affluents; but if the Kageera is to be called the Nile, the discoverer of it in that capacity is indisputably Captain Speke, and not Mr. Stanley, who has changed its name into Alexandra Nile, though, in point of fact, it can no more properly be considered so than an affluent of Lake Superior could be called

the St. Lawrence, or a stream running into Lake Itasca called the Mississippi. We are reluctantly compelled to dwell upon this, because we regret to find that Mr. Stanley has not merely thought fit to change the name of the Kageera River into that of the Alexandra Nile, but to assume that he has discovered the source of the Nile in a lake which Captain Speke has delineated in his map as Akenyara, and he has changed the name of this lake into Alexandra Nyanza. Mr. Stanley does not seem to be aware that it is not according to polite usage for explorers to give names to lakes which they have not visited, if they figure on the maps of former travellers, and still less to change names of rivers which have been previously discovered and carefully laid down.

Mr. Stanley says that he had not the works of Captains Speke and Grant with him, and while he admits that they discovered this river, says he "does not know what they taught about it." It seems incredible that he should have neglected the first duty of an explorer, and failed to provide himself with the only description in existence of the region he proposed to explore. Had he adopted this precaution, he would have avoided the grievous error of supposing that he was making important geographical discoveries, or adding in any essential particular to the information which had already been obtained by Speke and Grant. The former officer remained six weeks, and the latter nearly five months, with Rumanika on the banks of the Kageera; during that time they acquired all the information in regard to it which their lengthened stay enabled them to do. Captain Speke gives a most elaborate description, with two very pretty sketches, — one of the river and the other of the reedy lake, described by Stanley, who ascended the river about forty miles higher, — and Captain Grant devotes four pages of his book to the river and its bearing upon the Nile basin. It is evident, from Mr. Stanley's account, that Rumanika, like a practised cicerone, finding that the exploration of this river was a matter of such interest to his two former white visitors, afforded Stanley the same treat.* The latter has furnished us with

* "At daybreak," says Captain Speke, "Rumanika sent us word he was off to Moga-Namirinzi, a spur of a hill beyond 'the Little Windermere,' overlooking the Ingézi Kagéra, or river which separates Kishakka from Karagué, to show me how the Kitangulé River was fed by small lakes and marshes, in accordance with my expressed wish to have a better comprehension of the drainage system of the Mountains of the Moon. He hoped we would follow him, not by the land route he intended to take, but in

a map which differs from that of Captain Speke, and is entirely inconsistent with the topographical features of the country.

"Without loss of time," says that officer, "I set to work and, gathering all the travellers I could in the country, protracted from their descriptions all the distant topographical features set down on the map as far north as 3° of north latitude, east as 36°, and as far west as 26° of west longitude; only afterwards slightly corrected, as I was better able to connect and clear up some trifling but doubtful points. Indeed, I was not only surprised at the amount of information about distant places I was enabled to get from these men, but also at the correctness of their vast and varied knowledge, as I afterwards tested it by observation and the statements of others. I rely so far on the geographical information I thus received, that I would advise no one to doubt the accuracy of these protractions until he has been on the spot to test them by actual observation."

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canoes which he had ordered at the ferry below. Starting off shortly afterward, I made for the lake, and found the canoes all ready, but so small that, besides two paddlers, only two men could sit down in each. After pushing through the tall reeds with which the end of the lake is covered, we emerged in the clear open, and skirted the further side of the water until a small strait was gained, which led us into another lake, drained at the northern end into a vast swampy plain, covered entirely with tall rushes, excepting only in a few places, where bald patches expose the surface of the water, or where the main streams of the Ingézi and Luchuro valleys cut a clear drain for themselves. . . . .

"Bit by bit Rumanika became more interested in geography, and seemed highly ambitious of gaining a world-wide reputation through the medium of my pen. At his invitation we now crossed over the spur to the Ingézi Kagéra side, when, to surprise me, the canoes I had come up the lake in appeared before us. They had gone out of the lake at its northern end, paddled into and then up the Kagéra to where we stood, showing, by actual navigation, the connection of these highland lakes with the rivers which drain the various spurs of the Mountains of the Moon. The Kagéra was deep and dark, of itself a very fine stream, and, considering it was only one — and that, too, a minor one — of the various affluents which drain the mountain valleys into the Victoria Nyanza through the medium of the Kitangulé River, I saw at once there must be water sufficient to make the Kitangulé a very powerful tributary to the lake."

The following is Stanley's description of the same lake and river:—

"From Rumanika — that gentle and most sweet pagan, whom I found more easy to convert to a geographer than to a Christian — I obtained every assistance, by which I was enabled to explore thoroughly the singular body of water called Ingézi, which is a shallow lake five to ten and even fourteen miles wide, through which the Alexandra Nile continues its resistless course with a depth of from forty to sixty feet.

"I was enabled, after continuing my journey from Rumanika's, to obtain a pretty clear view of a good deal of the unexplored course of the Alexandra Nile" (Kageera).

In this map the Kageera is called the Kitangulé or Luchiro, and Lake Kivo, Rusizi. Colonel Grant says: —

"We observed that the waters of the Kitangule (Kageera) are accumulated from the Lakes Karague, Kageera, Kishakka, Ooyewgomah, and water from Utumbi. The river is beyond comparison the greatest body of water met with from the south of the Victoria Nyanza all round its western shore to its most northerly point, where the Nile was seen by Speke to make its exit from the lake; it reminded me, when ferrying it, of the Hooghly ten miles above Calcutta."

After further description he goes on to point out, apparently as a reason why it should not be considered the Nile, that "it is one hundred and sixty miles distant by water from the point whence the Nile issues from its parent reservoir, the Lake Nyanza, at twenty-one miles north latitude."

In Mr. Stanley's map Akenyara is expanded in its dimensions, and wedged in between the north end of Tanganyka and the south end of Albert Nyanza, which is brought a degree and a half too far south. The intervening distance is thus reduced to about one hundred and twenty miles, and this we know to be a wild mountainous region, with peaks ten thousand feet high. Speke's and Grant's information, as we have shown, was to the effect that the Kageera had its origin in various lakes in these mountains, of which no doubt Akenyara is one; but that the latter is the great Nyanza Lake, which Mr. Stanley dignifies as a Nile source, is as improbable as his further assumption that it is connected by a channel ten miles long with Lake Kivo, which thus occupies a position almost due east of Tanganyka, instead of due north, and at a distance of only thirty miles from its northern end. Stanley seems unhesitatingly to believe a native report that the Rusizi flows from Akenyara through Kivo into Tanganyka on the one side, while the Kageera flows from the same lake into the Victoria Nyanza on the other. This is in the last degree improbable. Tanganyka must be at least two thousand feet below Akenyara, from which it is separated, according to Speke's map, by the range of mountains which he calls the Mountains of the Moon. The same range would make it impossible for any river of the size delineated by Stanley, and which we presume he calls the Alexandra, or some other Nile, to flow into Lake Akenyara from the west. Mr. Stanley gave us an admirable account of this region a year ago, in a letter dated April, 1876,* where he casually

* New York Herald, August 12, 1876.

mentions Akenyara as a lake thirty miles by twenty, and entirely confirms Speke's and Grant's accounts of the drainage of this range. He has never revisited the scene of his exploration since then, and why we should now be favored, as a sort of second thought, with a map and a theory which are both so improbable, it is difficult to imagine, unless it be that each letter he sends home must contain a discovery. If Mr. Stanley is made the victim of many more of these sensational triumphs, his reputation as a geographer, which, if it is let alone, will stand very high, must inevitably be ruined. First we have the Shimeeyu as the source of the Nile discovered by Stanley in 1875; now we have the Kageera source, discovered in 1876, and it is to be supposed that as the public demand for Nile sources increases, Mr. Stanley will be called upon to supply them. The effect of all this must be inevitably to inspire an amount of distrust in that gentleman's work which is not deserved. He runs the risk of being converted, in spite of himself, from an excellent and conscientious traveller into a geographical charlatan, and we have too much respect for his many great qualities and high merit as an explorer to wish to see such a fate befall him. It is certainly not by distorting or magnifying his achievements beyond all recognition that an appreciation of them can best be forced upon the scientific world. Mr. Stanley may rest assured that he will win laurels as an explorer just in the degree in which he can forget he is a correspondent; if, instead of sending home crude or sensational theories, with imaginary maps, he retained his facts and his information until he had an opportunity of consulting the authorities he has forgotten to take with him, he would reflect far more credit, not only on himself, but upon those whose enterprise and liberality have secured to the cause of geographical science his valuable services. Meantime we cannot adopt either his geography or his nomenclature until he has visited the region he has mapped. Ignoring, then, as utterly improbable, the hypothesis of Stanley's large "Alexandra Nyanza," and assuming it to be a lake of the dimensions assigned to it by Speke, we find the region which intervenes between the Tanganyka and the Albert and Victoria Nyanza to be a mountainous tract, apparently volcanic, with a chain of lofty peaks, called by Speke "Lunæ Montes," rising to a height of from ten to thirteen or fourteen thousand feet.

We learn from Stanley that on one of these, Gambaragaré, lying almost under the equator, snow is often seen, while the slopes of Mfumbiro, which attains an elevation of ten thousand feet, give rise, according to Speke, to the Kageera. Imbedded in the lower spurs of this range, to the northwest, lies that singular lake, Albert Nyanza. It was surveyed last year by Mr. Gessi, and found to be one hundred and forty miles long by fifty broad. Mr. Gessi states that the lake is bounded on the south by great trees, and that in that portion the water is only leg-deep, and that it is bounded on the west by high mountains and great forests. A remarkable discrepancy exists between the observations of Mr. Gessi and Mr. Stanley, who reached the lake from Rumanika's, but was unable to do anything towards its exploration; he struck the lake at a point about thirty miles to the south of the "leg-deep" swamp which stopped Gessi's exploration, and induced him to suppose that he had reached its limits in that direction. Whether Mr. Stanley found a new lake which he supposed was the Albert Nyanza, or whether that lake expanded again after being apparently choked by the "Ambatch" forest described by Gessi, and which may possibly turn out to be Speke's island of Gasi, is a point which still remains to be cleared up. Under any circumstances the functions of the Albert Nyanza in the Nile basin are no longer in doubt. It is clear that the opinion expressed by Captain Speke fifteen years ago, that this lake cannot be considered a "source," but is a backwater, has now been fully confirmed; it is evidently a cleft in the mountains, into the northern end of which the Nile has emptied itself, and then leaves it a few miles from the point of ingress. Surrounded by precipitous cliffs, it receives no large affluents, and adds nothing to the volume of the Nile, while the Ambatch swamp of Gessi would lead to the hypothesis that it was gradually silting up at its southern end. Colonel Grant, in a speech recently made at the Royal Geographical Society, strongly supports this view: —

"He thought Captain Speke was quite right in regarding the Albert Nyanza as merely a backwater of the Nile, formed by the flood-waters from the Victoria Nyanza, filling the plain, and then descending in full stream to Gondokoro. That this was the case was proved by the fact that, on reaching Gondokoro two months after seeing the river in high flood below the Victoria Nyanza, Speke and he found that the

water had not then got down so far as Gondokoro. It must therefore have been retained in the Albert Nyanza as a backwater, or as an enlargement of the Nile at this particular spot, for the Albert does not add any perceptible quantity of water to the Nile, which flows from the Albert Nyanza."

Sir Samuel Baker, who discovered this lake in 1864, while expressing a slightly different view, pays the following handsome tribute to Captain Speke's memory and services in a letter addressed by him to the President of the Royal Geographical Society last year: —

"My definition of the two lakes of the Nile was as follows: The Victoria gathers all the waters on the eastern side and sheds them into the northern extremity of the Albert; while the latter, from its character and position, is the direct channel of the Nile, which receives all waters that belong to the equatorial Nile basin. Thus the Victoria is the *first source*, but from the Albert the river issues at once as the Great White Nile.

"I have always considered that if Speke had not assisted me by the gift of his invaluable map when at Gondokoro, I should never have succeeded in the discovery of the Albert Nyanza. He was wonderfully correct in the information that he obtained, and the great success of the present is a result entirely due to the pioneers Speke and Grant, who first opened the road to the Nile sources."

That the river which Speke saw leaving Lake Nyanza at the Ripon Falls, and which entered the Albert Nyanza at Magungo, was the Nile, was put beyond all question by his voyage from the lake to the Kuruma Falls; after tracing it to Urondogani, he was obliged to leave its banks to avoid a hostile tribe, striking it again at Mrooli, about eighty miles lower down. This portion was descended by Colonel Long, the year before last, who in consequence of this very moderate achievement also, like Mr. Stanley, puts in his claim to be a discoverer of a Nile source. He found that the Nile widened at one spot to a reedy lake about twenty-five miles long by ten or fifteen broad, to which he gave the name of Lake Ibrahim Pasha; therefore, in a work which he has recently published, he exclaims: "The question of the Nile sources is now no longer one of *Caput Nili quærere;* the problem of remote ages has been finally solved. The Lakes Victoria, Ibrahim, and Albert, acting as great basins of the equatorial watershed, and fed by perpet-

ual equatorial rains, constitute with their affluents the *sources of the Nile.*" The exact value of Lake Ibrahim in this connection will be best appreciated by a reference to its exact size upon the map. We are reminded, when we are asked to consider Lakes Akenyara and Ibrahim Pasha as Nile sources, of old Dr. Livingstone's words: "Some seem to feel that their own importance in the community is enhanced by an imaginary connection with a discovery or discoverer of the Nile sources, and are only too happy to figure, if only in a minor part, as theoretical discoverers, — a theoretical discovery being a contradiction in terms."

Colonel Long distinguished himself so very much by his courage in an encounter with the natives on this lake, that it is a pity he did not rest rather on his laurels as a soldier than as a solver of "Nile mysteries" which had ceased to exist. Since then an Italian explorer, Carlo Piaggia, has made an exploration from Mrooli, and discovered a lake which he calls Lake Capechu, which he found to be fifty miles long. In the very able and exhaustive analysis of recent African exploration contained in Chief Justice Daly's last address to the American Geographical Society, the learned President, in alluding to this lake, says that Colonel Long had received a telegram announcing this discovery, and reporting that Piaggia found two rivers flowing into the lake from the northeast. Colonel Long felt no doubt that this lake was the same he had discovered, and "supposes the two rivers to be the Asua and the Sobat." This monstrous proposition the Chief Justice evidently did not think it worth while to dispute, and we feel disposed to follow his wise example. A glance at the map will show the Asua River more than a hundred miles north of Lake Ibrahim, flowing away to the Nile, while the more distant Sobat beyond the limits of our map rises in the Galla country and enters the Nile about six hundred miles still farther away. How these rivers could be made to reverse their currents and flow in exactly the opposite direction to that which nature had assigned to them, is another of those mysteries of which the Nile basin seems so prolific.

Colonel Long, like his brother explorer Stanley, had evidently forgotten to take any guide-books with him, and was in entire ignorance of what former explorers had done; he gives us an account of a short cruise on Lake Victoria Nyanza, in which he remarks: "Knowing that the lake had never been visited by either Speke or

Grant, and that the map of the former was purely imaginative, made on the report of the natives, I was convinced that the lake had not the width given it by Speke. The consciousness that I was the only white man who had ever been upon the lake determined me on the following morning to make every effort to cross to the other side." We do not believe Colonel Long deliberately intended to produce the false impression which this passage is calculated to convey, but it displays an amount of ignorance which seriously impairs the value of the rest of his narrative. Had he read Captain Speke's book, "What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," he would have seen described "the vast expanse of pale blue waters of the Nyanza which burst upon my gaze. The distant sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the calm atmosphere between the north and west points of the compass." This was when Speke first stood on the southern shore of the lake, in August, 1858. At that time he remained a week, examining and collecting information concerning it, to which he devotes thirty pages of his book, and became convinced it was the Nile source. Had Colonel Long ever read Captain Grant's "Walk across Africa," he would have found that officer four years later standing on the western shore, one hundred and fifty miles from the scene above described, and enthusiastically exclaiming: —

"The now famous Victoria Nyanza, when seen for the first time, expanding in all its majesty, excited our wonder and admiration. Even the listless Wanyamuezi come to have a look at its waters stretching over ninety degrees of the horizon. The Seedees were in raptures with it, fancying themselves looking upon the ocean which surrounds their island home of Zanzibar, and I made a sketch dotting it with imaginary steamers and ships riding at anchor in the bay. On its shores are beautiful bays made by wooded tongues of lowland running into the lake, with very often a rounded detached island at their apices. . . . . In the distance large boats paddled along from the mainland to the islands of Sesseh. One of five planks sewn together, having four cross-bars as seats, was brought to convey me to Uganda, but after four of us had got into it with loads, the craft was so cranky that such a voyage would have been madness, the water streaming in."

Finally, had Colonel Long consulted a third book on this same lake,* he would have found that, so far from being the first white

* Journal of Discovery of the Source of the Nile.

man on its waters, Captain Speke spent six days cruising about its northern shore with King Mtesa in canoes, and he would doubtless, in the face of all this testimony to the contrary, have hesitated before stating in his first report, as the result of his survey of the Nyanza, that it was only twelve miles in width! "The subsequent exploration of Stanley," he now explains, "in April, 1875, ten months after, has proved that the land, which gave me the impression of a coast-line, was in fact a chain of islands, of which the lake is full." Colonel Long announces that he is going to publish another book to be called "Notes of Travel and Exploration of the River Juba," on the strength of his having been the first white man who ever "explored that unknown" river for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Before doing so, we would advise him to consult the notes of that distinguished and lamented traveller Baron von der Decken, who ascended the same river for about three hundred and fifty miles; he will thus avoid similar doubtful or superfluous discoveries.

As Colonel Gordon has now established a chain of military posts all along the Upper Nile from Gondokoro to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, at the Ripon Falls, and as every inch of the Nile has now been examined from this point to the sea, we trust we have got to the end of Nile mysteries and Nile problems. The region which Speke, Grant, and Baker were the first to explore is now annexed to Egypt, and is being traversed in various directions both by foreigners and intelligent Egyptian officers, — a steamer is on Lake Albert Nyanza, and another will doubtless soon be launched on the Victoria Nyanza, — King Mtesa, who, since he first saw Speke and Grant, has been visited by Stanley, Linant de Bellefonds, and Long, has doubtless extended his hospitality to later travellers; for, as Colonel Grant remarked at a late meeting of the Geographical Society, there is now postal communication to his capital from London, and "Cook's tickets" may soon be issued to the Albert Nyanza in seventy-five days, within which limits it was stated by Colonel Gordon to be possible now to reach it. The prospect of these tourists making new discoveries of Nile sources, and multiplying their "Nyanzas" upon us, with royal prefixes attached, is somewhat alarming. We should be disposed rather to suggest the Niam Niam country and the Pygmy race as a more attractive subject of investigation, but even here the novelty has somewhat worn off.

Since the days when Petherick first returned with the exaggerated accounts of his explorations in that then unknown region, it has been visited by Schweinfurth, Miani, Peney, Piaggia, Long, and Marno, amongst whom Schweinfurth shines conspicuously as one of the most accurate, painstaking, and conscientious of *savans*. Not only have his explorations extended farther than those of other travellers, but his discovery of the Welle River is a most important and interesting topographical feature, as we shall presently show. The investigations of Chippendae, Watson, Kemp, and Gessi show that the Nile is navigable for steamers for one hundred and twenty miles after it issues from Lake Albert Nyanza, to Duffli, where the rapids commence. It is hoped, however, that the Jey River, which leaves the lake at its northern outlet, may prove to be more navigable, as there can now be little doubt of its being a branch of the Nile. The theory of M. Marcette, the late Marquis de Compiegne, and others, that the Pygmy race of the Niam Niam country extends right across Africa to the Gaboon where they were seen by M. du Chaillu, seems to us highly improbable. It is much more likely that they are scattered tribes than that they extend as a solid race for more than twelve hundred miles. Whoever should undertake and successfully accomplish this journey, and trace the Welle to its mouth, would solve the only African mystery remaining; for while the source of the Congo would be a most interesting subject of exploration, Cameron's late journey has proved that it is no longer a mystery, as we shall now proceed to show.

While historically the source of the Nile possessed a fascination in the eyes of the explorer which did not attach to the head-waters of the Congo, from a geographical point of view the origin of a river which was second only to the Amazon in magnitude was of the highest interest. The enormous volume of water which the Congo pours into the Atlantic, for it is about ten miles wide at its mouth, proved either that it drained a very great extent of country and might possibly have a very long course, or that it discharged the waters of an unusually rainy zone, and was probably lacustrine in its character. The latter has in fact proved to be the case. Livingstone, searching for the fountains of the Nile, stumbled upon those of the Congo, and in Lake Bangweolo discovered what will undoubtedly prove to be the principal source of that mighty river.

There is something pathetic in the tenacity with which he clung to the delusion that he was on the head-waters of the Nile, and in that sentence in his journal in which the evidence to the contrary begins to force itself upon him, and he reluctantly acknowledges that he may be mistaken. "What a state of blessedness," he says, "it would have been, had I possessed the dead certainty of the homœopathic persuasion, and as soon as I found the Lakes Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamolondo pouring out their waters down the great central valley, bellowed out, 'Hurra! Eureka!' and gone home in firm and honest belief that I had settled it and no mistake! Instead of that I am even now not at all 'cock-sure' that I have not been following down what may, after all, be the Congo." This seems only to have been an occasional doubt, however, for when Mr. Stanley returned from his first very enterprising and meritorious expedition, and brought us the welcome intelligence that he had found that veteran explorer at Ujiji, he brought with him also Livingstone's theory that the lacustrine river, known as the Luapula, between the Lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and afterwards called by him Webb's Lualaba, was the Nile. Those who contended at that time that this was impossible were called "arm-chair geographers," because they refused to abandon an early prejudice in favor of rivers running down hill instead of mounting to higher elevations. It was known even then that the configuration of the country and the elevations of the Victoria and Tanganyka, which had already been taken, made it impossible for the Lualaba, which has since turned out to be twenty-four hundred feet below the level of the Victoria Nyanza, and eleven hundred feet below the Albert Nyanza, to flow into either of these lakes. Moreover, Cameron now finds the volume of the Lualaba at Nyangwé to be five times greater by cubic feet measurement than that of the Nile at Gondokoro. From the notices which have appeared up to a late period of Mr. Stanley's anticipations, it would seem that until he heard of Lake Akenyara, he still cherished the hope that the Lualaba might prove to be the Nile. Since the discovery of the Welle by Dr. Schweinfurth, it is now evident that the Lualaba, besides having to ascend two thousand feet and diminish in size, would have to cross that river at right angles in order to become the Nile. The Welle, which apparently rises in the Niam Niam country, flows due west, and Cameron thinks that

it may be the Lowa, of which he heard at Nyangwé, and which is an important affluent of the Congo; but we believe that it will far more probably turn out to be the Ogowé.

"The large affluents of the Congo," says Cameron, "would explain the comparatively small rise of the Congo at the coast, for since its enormous basin extends to both sides of the equator, some portion of it is always under the zone of rains, and therefore the supply to the main stream is nearly the same at all times, instead of varying, as is the case with tropical rivers whose basins lie completely on one side of the equator." It would still seem open to doubt to what extent the Upper Congo (Webb's Lualaba) receives any of the waters of Lake Tanganyka by the Lukuga Creek discovered by Cameron. Mr. Stanley deserves the highest credit for the very careful and conscientious manner in which he has investigated this interesting and curious point. The map which he has sent home of the Lukuga Creek, as the result of his personal examination, is as valuable as the imaginary one of Akenyara is worthless, and although we may not altogether accept his conclusions, and may question his theories in regard to the nature and origin of Lake Tanganyka, they are ingenious, and open a wide field of conjecture. Mr. Stanley is of opinion that Lake Tanganyka is gradually but steadily rising, and that, although it has never yet found an outlet by the Lukuga, as reported by Cameron, it will inevitably do so before long. It should be remembered that Cameron did not commit himself to the belief that this was a permanent outlet. In a very able and exhaustive paper read by Mr. Clements Markham before the Royal Geographical Society two years ago, that gentleman discusses the question whether the outflow by the Lukuga is permanent or temporary, and he thinks it highly possible that the outflow only takes place during a portion of the year. From the observation of former explorers we learn that "the lake varies from eight to ten feet between the end of the rainy and the end of the dry season, and the rivers become much diminished in size. The current flows from south to north during two thirds of the year, from February to November, and to the south from November to February, when evaporation is at its strongest at the southern end. Thus the flow of the current is due to causes connected with the course of the seasons and winds, and is not influenced by the position of the outlet." Captain Burton,

who, with Speke, was its first discoverer, in the best description which has ever been given us of this lake, devotes a long chapter to its phenomena. He says: "Wind currents are common. Within a few hours a stream will be traversed setting strongly to the east, and crossed by a southerly or southwesterly current. High gales in certain localities where the waves set upon a flush shore, drive the water fifteen to twenty feet beyond the usual mark. This circumstance may partly explain the Arabs' belief in the regular ebb and flow, which Eastern travellers declare they have observed upon Tanganyka." * Stanley bases his belief that the Lukuga has never yet been an outlet on the fact that he found four or five feet of water on the beach where Cameron drew up his canoe, and that the current of the Lukuga was running towards and not away from the lake, as described by Cameron. The one-and-a-half knot current, which convinced the latter that the Lukuga was an effluent and not an affluent of Tanganyka, Stanley ascribes to the effect of an easterly wind on the occasion of his visit. If, when Stanley saw the Lukuga, it was not running out of the Tanganyka, *a fortiori*, he supposes it could not have been doing so when Cameron saw it two years previously, and when the lake was apparently five feet lower. In reply to this we would observe, that the account of the increase of depth of water on the beach was derived from native sources, which might have been erroneous, but even if they were not, the displacement of the shores might have been due to the influences described by Captain Burton and other travellers. Cameron says the wind was "in his teeth" when ascending the creek, so that the current must have been against the wind, and he gives more than a fathom of water on the shallowest part of the bar, whereas Stanley gives a depth only of from two to five feet. This would show the lake to have been higher when Cameron was there than on the occasion of Stanley's visit. Indeed, if the calculations of the latter are correct, that it rises about two and a half feet a year, he must have seen the lake forty-five feet higher than it was when it was discovered by Burton and Speke, which is extremely improbable. The real explanation of the condition of this outlet, when observed by Stanley, is evidently to be found in the fact that the lake was lower than it had been, instead of higher, that it occasionally over-

* Lake Regions of Central Africa, by Captain Richard Burton.

flows, and that this overflow has cut the gorge in the Kivanja Ridge, through which the Luindi flows; in other words, that the Congo is fed from time to time from Tanganyka will, we think, turn out to be the case. This cutting of twelve hundred feet in the Kivanji Range is difficult to account for on any other hypothesis. "The mud and ooze, with the papyrus of the Mitwansi," says Mr. Stanley, "is too feeble an obstacle to resist the rising floods received each year by the Tanganyka, while there is a steep slope at the western end ready to receive the surplus water. The consequence will be that five years hence, perhaps a little later, an effluent will be formed of magnitude and force, for the fiat of nature has gone forth to the Tanganyka, 'Thus high shalt thou rise and no higher.'" This fiat we believe to have been issued and obeyed by Lake Tanganyka many thousands of years ago. Lieutenant Cameron proved this lake to be about one hundred miles longer than had heretofore been supposed. Livingstone's Lake Liemba turns out to be its lower section, while its direction, instead of being from north to south, is from northwest to southeast. Of all the lakes yet discovered, there is no more remarkable or interesting object than this gigantic rift in the country extending for three hundred and twenty-nine miles in length with a breadth of from ten to fifteen miles and of unknown depth. Cameron counted ninety-six rivers and streams flowing into it upon the shores he surveyed, and this does not include those of the upper half of the lake, while it is now proved that there is only one temporary and uncertain outlet.

With Livingstone's last journals fresh in the memory of our readers, we need not recapitulate his discoveries, more especially as no enterprising traveller has yet invaded his territory for the purpose of appropriating them. To him belongs the honor of having first crossed Africa between the tropics, when all we knew of the region were the vague accounts of one or two Portuguese traders. He first revealed to us the majestic falls of the Zambesi, showed our missionaries the way to the unknown lakes of Shire and Nyassa, and is still the sole explorer of that singular lacustrine region through which the Congo flows, rising in Lake Bangweolo, and so through Lake Moero, till it joins the other branch which flows through the Lake Kassali of Cameron. It may be said of Livingstone, that no man ever contributed so large an unknown portion of the earth's surface to the cause of geography, while his

unvarying benevolence and gentleness have left him a reputation among the savage tribes of Africa as remarkable as that which he has achieved among his own countrymen for undaunted courage and indomitable perseverance. For information regarding that still more lately explored region which Lieutenant Cameron's journey has opened up to us, we commend our readers to the admirably executed edition of that officer's work, which Messrs. Harper have just brought out in this country, in which they will find his unparalleled achievement narrated with a simplicity and modesty that carries its own best evidence with it. There can be no doubt that Lieutenant Cameron's success was largely due to the singular forbearance he manifested in his treatment of the natives under circumstances often of the greatest provocation. We are unable to do more than glance at the work of other explorers. If we have said nothing of that illustrious band of German *savans* who have followed in the footsteps of Denham, Clapperton, and Mungo Park, in the region about Lake Tchad, it is not because they have not placed themselves in the front rank of African explorers, Barth, Overweg, Vogel, Nachtigall, Rohlfs, are all honored names among geographers, while on the west coast Du Chaillu, De Compiegne, Gandy, Güsfeldt, Winwood Reade, and others, have endeavored, but with comparatively little success, to make an impression. It is a singular fact that no one has succeeded in ascending the Congo from the mouth to the point reached by Captain Tuckey in 1816. Monsieur Marche and Dr. Lenz, a German explorer, are now on the Ogowé, and report, that they find that river, at a distance of four hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, to be six hundred yards across. Dr. Pogge, another German explorer, who has returned home after having made a journey from Loando to Mossumbu, starts the new theory that the Lualaba of Cameron and Livingstone is the Ogowé, and that the Kassabi is the Congo. In spite of this idea being confirmed by a Portuguese traveller, whose name is not given, we feel no doubt that the Kassabi is only one of the feeders of the Congo, of which the Lualaba is the parent stream, and that the Ogowé, which is clearly a river of the first magnitude, will be found to have its origin in Schweinfurth's Welle.

On the east coast Hildebrand is pushing through by way of Mount Kenia for the Victoria Nyanza, while the Italian expedition under the Marquis Antinori is making for the same point

through the Galla country. On Lake Nyassa some fifteen or twenty white persons are established with a steamer, by means of which it has been surveyed by Mr. Young, and found to extend far to the north of what was supposed. Mr. Price has found it practicable to take bullocks to the Tanganyka, and the day may not be remote when a line of telegraph may extend from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope, by way of these lakes, to be followed by a system of internal water communication which may unite the Nile with the Zambesi. An international commission, under the Presidency of His Majesty, the King of the Belgians, has been organized for the establishment of posts, from which exploratory expeditions may be made, and by means of which that curse of Africa, the interior slave-trade, may be suppressed.

If we have dwelt especially upon the achievements of Speke, Livingstone, and Cameron, it is because they have unquestionably eclipsed those of all other discoverers, nor is it possible for any subsequent traveller to wrest from the first-named explorer the imperishable honor of having solved the mystery of the Nile, and discovered not merely the lake from which it first issues as a mighty stream, but the water-system which supplies this great reservoir. Those who apply themselves to the ungrateful task of appropriating the laurels which have been won by others will find that there is too powerful a sense of justice in the world, and too keen an appreciation of heroic effort, to permit any such unworthy attempt to succeed. It is of the utmost importance that those who are engaged in these arduous undertakings should be sustained by the consciousness that the public, especially interested in them, and competent accurately to value their work, will jealously protect their reputation, even though the exploits which they achieve are modestly recorded, and they are denied the privilege, if privilege it can be called, of exaggerated journalistic glorification. Meantime it would be as well for the African explorer to remember that the problems which he may be called upon to solve are as much humanitarian as geographical. His should be the task to introduce an influence which may rescue the country from the scourge of slavery under which it is suffering, and to develop its moral and material resources without substituting for the vices and cruelties which afflict it those which are incidental to the civilization to which he himself belongs.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Art. V. — Soul and Substance.

Science thus far may be said to have dealt exclusively with the world of the senses. Concerning things which can be seen, touched, weighed, and measured, it has accumulated an immense store of information. By the aid of the telescope it has sounded the depths of the starry universe, and with the microscope it has examined the minutest forms of insect life. It has computed the bulk of the planets, the dimensions of the ultimate atoms of matter, and the length of the waves of light. It analyses the composition of the sun as it does that of the food we eat, and explains with equal clearness the tides of the ocean and the circulation of the blood. But of the vast inner world with which the soul is immediately concerned, it has as yet discovered nothing. Our knowledge of the realm of thought and emotion is no greater than was that of Plato and Aristotle, and the term metaphysics is now, as it always has been, a synonyme for baseless speculation. The result is, that multitudes utterly deny the existence of anything within and above sensible matter, and refer all mental action to modifications of the bodily organs, while the belief of others in regard to the subject is rather an inherited superstition than a conviction of reason. Is there any hope that this ignorance may be dispelled, and a way be found out of the darkness which surrounds us?

In considering this question we ought to bear in mind that it is only a comparatively short time since science, as we now have it, emerged from chaos. Two hundred and fifty years ago all the university professors in Christendom were teaching that the speed of falling bodies was proportioned to their weight, and that the shape of substances floating in liquids was the cause of their buoyancy. The rising of water in a pump was attributed to Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, and the upward course of smoke to the aspiration of fire for the sun. The Copernican system of astronomy was the subject of hot debate, and its final acceptance far from assured. The nature of light, electricity, and magnetism was

unknown, and chemistry was only an amusement or a means of imposture. The immense progress we have since made is owing to the adoption of the analytic instead of the synthetic method of investigation, — the system of ascertaining the facts first and then drawing conclusions from them, instead of first constructing a theory and thence inferring the facts. Whenever a similar course is commenced and pursued in reference to the nature and operations of the soul, we may possibly get some accurate knowledge respecting them. At present our men of science decline to consider whatever they cannot subject to mechanical investigation, and either explain away or flatly deny phenomena which, treated in a more philosophical spirit, might put them on the track of important discoveries.

Not that there is any lack of zeal in examining the organs by which the soul operates. The press teems with books detailing at length all sorts of experiments, many of them so cruel as to have provoked popular indignation, which have been undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining how the brain and nerves are constructed and discharge their functions. Frogs, rabbits, dogs, cats, pigeons, monkeys, and even human beings have had their skulls cut open, and been carved and tortured in various ways in order to find out the nature and processes of mental action. Some of the results obtained are valuable, and all of them may eventually prove so, but the most that has yet been determined is that when the soul acts the body is affected, and that when the body is affected in certain ways, the soul experiences certain sensations. But how the two things are related is still a mystery. Professor Tyndall remarked, nine years ago: "Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why."* Mr. John Fiske says: "We know of mind only as a group of activities which are never exhibited to us except through the medium of motions of matter."† And the very latest treatise on the brain tells us that "we may succeed in determining the exact nature of the molecular changes which occur in the

* Address delivered at Norwich, August 19, 1868.

† The Unseen World, and other Essays.

brain-cells when a sensation is experienced, but this will not bring us one whit nearer the explanation of what constitutes the ultimate nature of sensation. The one is objective and the other subjective, and neither can be expressed in terms of the other." * Science thus confesses itself baffled when it attempts to pass the limits of physical demonstration, and declares its inability to explain the nature of the soul.

But may it not be that this inability has been conceded without reason, and that, reversing the experience of the Indian in the legend, our scientific inquirers have assumed that to be an imaginary phantom which, after all, is a real substance? It is true that metaphysicians have for ages denied to mind the possession of any qualities common to or resembling those of matter, and have thus deprived it of every attribute of substantial existence, but theirs is a purely unsupported dictum. The little we know of the subject indicates rather the contrary of their teaching, and points to the conclusion that mind, while differing from what is usually called matter, has enough in common with it to render it a subject of scientific investigation.

All the revelations of science go to demonstrate the unity of creation, and the arrangement of its various kingdoms into an organic whole, with intermediate gradations, by which one kingdom passes insensibly into another. The human frame itself is composed of organisms of various degrees of fineness, from the delicate substances of the brain down to hard and almost lifeless bone, and they are interwoven one with another in the most marvellous manner. All animals are like man in structure and physiological functions. Vegetables resemble animals in various respects. They have, in a modified way, an arrangement of parts, and a digestion, circulation, and respiration like that of animals. Minerals spontaneously crystallize into forms emulating those of vegetables. They make up the substance of vegetable matter, and through it help to compose the animal frame. Nor was it an altogether unreasonable fancy which saw in this great globe itself, with its ceaseless motion and flux and reflux of forces, a living animal. The evaporation of its waters, their descent in snow and rain, and their return in countless brooks and rivers to the ocean, are the circulation of its blood; the winds that sweep over it are its breath of

* Ferrier, Functions of the Brain, Chap. XI.

life; and the silent decay and renewal which go on upon its surface, its waste and digestion. The distinction again between solids, liquids, and gases is one of degree, and not of kind. A little more or a little less heat is all that makes the difference between them, and matter is constantly passing from one of these forms into another. The forces of nature, too, we now know to be but modifications of one common force — heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity being mutually interconvertible. The waves of air which produce sound are paralleled on the one side by the circles which a stone makes when thrown into still water, and on the other by the vibrations of an invisible medium which reaches to the stars, and constitutes the vehicle of light. The phenomena of electricity, magnetism, and gravitation point to the existence of a yet subtler fluid, the characteristics of which are still undiscovered. Since, therefore, the whole universe, as seen by the aid of science, reveals a common plan, it is unreasonable to draw the line at a particular point and say that here that plan ends and something distinctly different begins its sway. Is it not more philosophical to conclude that the world beyond the grasp of the physical senses resembles that within it, that the soul is like the body in construction and operation, and that it is affected by agencies similar to those by which the body is affected, than to suppose everything of a spiritual nature to be so completely discriminated from the rest of creation that we can form no conception of it?

In this, as in many other cases, the instincts of mankind are truer than the refinements of education. The languages of all nations, ancient and modern, attest the fact that mind, so far from having no likeness to matter, may be thought of and described as if it were matter. We speak of the feelings of the soul as we do of those of the body, of mental sight and hearing, of grasping and weighing arguments, of being touched and hurt, wearied and refreshed, weak and strong, in soul as in body, of spiritual motion upward and downward, forward and backward, of warm and cold affections, of hardness and softness of character, of bitter, sweet, sharp, and blunt words, and so on through the whole list of material qualities. All the phrases by which we attempt to convey to others intellectual ideas are taken from material images, and without such help conversation on any but the lowest topics would be impossible. It will, of course, be objected that these are mere fig-

ures of speech from which no scientific conclusion ought to be drawn; but their universal and spontaneous adoption is a fact which science has no right to neglect. It is inconceivable that these forms of expression should have obtained such general currency, if mankind had not recognized their appropriateness.

Individual thinkers have, at rare intervals, perceived this resemblance between matter and mind, and attempted to make a practical use of it. Spinoza, long ago, declared that "the order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things,"* and he announced as his purpose: "I shall treat of the nature and strength of the affections, and of the power of the mind over them, in the same way that I have already treated of God and the mind; and I shall consider human actions and appetites exactly as if the questions were concerning lines, planes, and bodies."† In following out the principle, he fails to satisfy the understanding, because he was little instructed in the natural sciences, and because he identifies matter with mind in a way that contradicts our consciousness. A century after Spinoza was born, Swedenborg took up the same idea. He had the advantage over Spinoza of as thorough a scientific education as was attainable in his time. He knew astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, physics, natural history, and, last but not least, he was a diligent student of anatomy and physiology. In a little essay on the mechanism of the intercourse between the soul and the body, which he published in 1734, he lays down the proposition that the soul is subject to mechanical and geometrical laws; and he expresses the hope, that with the aid of known facts concerning the human body and its parts, as well as those concerning the operations of the soul, he may arrive at sure conclusions respecting "the geometry and mechanism of this most perfect entity." Ten years later he published the fruits of his labors in a work entitled "The Economy of the Animal Kingdom." By reasoning and deductions from anatomy and physiology, he attempted to show that the soul is an organized substance, constituting the inmost of the body, and weaving upon itself, out of successively coarser and coarser elements, the whole human frame. Perceiving, too, the analogy of sound to light, he went on to infer the existence both of a subtle

* Ethics, Part II. Prop. VII.

† Ibid., Part III., Preface.

magnetic ether, by the vibrations of which the organism next above the external senses is affected, and of still other and finer ethers serving to communicate with still more recondite sensory faculties. The prosecution of his researches was cut short by what he alleged to be an actual experience of the realities of the inner world, and a religious mission founded upon it; so that his subsequent productions belong to another domain than that of science. No one since seems to have taken up the thread he dropped, but in the hands of a competent explorer it may yet be made useful.

The simple fact that the body yields, as we know it does, to the soul, and is used as its instrument, goes to show that there is a community of nature between them. A man is sitting quietly in a chair, and it occurs to him that it would be pleasant to read a book which lies on the table at his side. He accordingly reaches out his hand, takes the book, opens it, directs his eyes to the printed page, receives the impression of the words, through the retina, on the brain, and, finally, translates those words into ideas. The physiologist explains all the steps of the operation, from the first motion of the muscles to the final modification of the brain-cells, and there, as we have seen, he stops. But he admits that behind the muscles and the brain there is something, not muscle nor brain, which is the real actor in the business. It is plain that this something must be a real thing, and it is equally plain that it could not affect the body, did it not possess in common with it a certain degree of substantiality. A mere abstraction could not set in motion ever so fine a tissue or fibre, any more than a summer breeze could waft away a granite bowlder.

What is thus true of voluntary actions is equally true of emotions, such as sorrow, joy, anger, and the like. Intelligence of some sad event, for example, is conveyed to a person in a state of perfect composure. Straightway his face is distorted, tears gush from his eyes, and his lungs give forth sobs and cries. We can readily comprehend the various stages of the phenomenon from the impression of the sounds of the spoken words on the brain down to the spasmodic contractions of the muscles which produce the outward marks of grief; why should we hesitate to acknowledge that within is a real substance, undergoing corresponding modifications? The mere vibrations of the air made by the voice of the bearer of the tidings is not enough, by itself, to account for

what we see; otherwise, it would equally follow the utterance of his message in an unknown language. The soul has to receive the news and be affected by it before the emotion which the body exhibits can be manifested. Why is not a thing capable of such action, and of such control of the body as real and substantial as the body itself? All other emotions, likewise, have their appropriate methods of bodily expression, which everybody instantly recognizes and interprets as indicating mental and not physical conditions. Habitual states of the mind produce habitual states of the countenance, from which we do not hesitate to infer mental character, thus instinctively treating the body as the outward sign of an inner reality.

Less familiar, but still quite common, are examples of the influence of the soul, not merely over the actions, but also over the internal organs of the body. When our attention is deeply interested, we involuntarily hold the breath, and a sudden shock of fear will stop the beating of the heart. Shame and anger send the blood in a hot flush to the cheek, while fear blanches it with pallor and bedews the forehead with cold perspiration. Vexation will arrest the digestion, and, if prolonged, produce a permanent dyspepsia, while pleasant company and cheerful conversation at a meal promote the assimilation of food. And the general effect of states of the mind on bodily health is so well known to physicians, that travel, change of scene, and amusement are frequently prescribed by them as remedies for diseases which no drugs can cure. It seems little less than absurd to contend that so much power can be wielded by a thing utterly unsubstantial.

Indeed, one of the most instructive branches of modern physiology is what is called in scientific parlance the power of the imagination in producing and curing bodily ailments. Medical books are full of cases of this kind, and, as more attention is paid to the subject, many more will probably be noted. That pain is often caused by seeing suffering in others, and nausea by the sight or smell of food or drink which has previously occasioned it, is familiar to us all. A fact of a still more extraordinary nature is narrated by a Scotch physician. A woman witnessed the amputation of three of the fingers of her child's hand by a falling window-sash. The surgeon who was called in to dress the child's wounds found the mother also in agony, and

on examination discovered that three of her fingers, corresponding to those injured in the child, were greatly swollen and inflamed. The next day they suppurated and had to be lanced, and subsequently they went through all the stages of recovery from a severe bruise.* Again, a story is related of a lady who saw a child, not her own, but of whom she was very fond, let go a heavy iron gate which it was passing in such a way that she thought its ankle would inevitably be crushed. Straightway she felt an intense pain in her own ankle, and, although the child escaped unhurt, the pain continued, and she had great difficulty in reaching home. On arriving there and taking off her stocking she found a large red ring, as if painted with red currant juice, around the ankle. By the next morning the whole foot was inflamed, and she was kept in bed by it many days. A French surgeon tells of another lady, whose mouth and lips suddenly became enormously swollen, merely from seeing a child pass the sharp blade of a knife between its lips, though without cutting them. Analogous to these cases are those of the *stigmata* produced in pious nuns, whose thoughts have dwelt much on the wounds of the Saviour. Then we have instances of the hair turning perfectly white from anxiety, and of fainting, paralysis, and even death, resulting from fear. It is said that a criminal was once experimented upon by pretending to bleed him to death, his eyes being bandaged and the sensation of flowing blood being imitated with warm water. After a short time he actually died of fright, although not a drop of his blood had been shed. That excessive joy also sometimes causes death is well attested, and its power, like that of grief, to produce fits of hysterics is abundantly known. Other complaints, such as rheumatism, cutaneous inflammation, jaundice, and dropsy, have also been the consequence of violent mental emotions. Anxiety on the part of a nursing mother will seriously impair the health of her babe, and in several instances death, even, has ensued to the child from taking the breast after the mother's indulgence in an outburst of anger. On the other hand, the mind may be successfully employed to counteract morbid conditions of the body arising from extraneous causes. The record of the cures wrought years ago by Perkins's metallic

* Carpenter's Physiology, § 836. Dr. Carpenter vouches for the occurrence.

tractors contains numerous instances where, from merely believing in the efficacy of the instruments, though they were not actually applied, the lame have walked, chronic swellings been reduced, and rheumatism, lockjaw, and various other complaints permanently relieved. Under the action of mesmerism, limbs have been amputated and no pain felt by the patient, — a fact which explains the insensibility of the *convulsionnaires* of St. Medard, who excited so much attention at the beginning of the last century. They were ecstatic nuns, who allowed themselves to be beaten with sticks, pricked with swords, and walked upon by heavy men without suffering, and with no other ill effects than a discoloration of the skin. To the same principle may be ascribed the cures by laying on of hands effected by persons supposed to possess the gift of healing, and the ease with which bread pills are made to do duty for drugs. In one instance, through a misunderstanding of the physician's words, "Take this," as he gave a written prescription to a patient, the paper itself was swallowed, and had all the effect expected from the medicine it called for.* The reading and experience of every one who has paid attention to this subject will furnish numerous other illustrations of the same nature. If evidence can prove anything, it proves that the soul has power over all the functions of the body, and not merely its outward movements; and hence we may infer that it has an equally substantial nature.

Again, there are facts tending to establish the existence of finer atmospheres, which serve the same purpose to the organs of the soul that air does to the ear, and the luminiferous ether to the eye. What is called animal magnetism and hypnotism is now generally conceded to be not altogether a delusion. Mind affects mind by other instruments than merely words and signs. This is attested by the familiar experiment of causing a person to turn round by merely steadily looking at the back of his head, and the equally familiar experience of suddenly thinking of a friend supposed to be far away, and the thought being followed by his approach. Two persons, also, sitting together, will both break out, without previous remark, into speaking of the same subject, indicating a silent communication of ideas from one to the other.

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* See Tuke's Influence of the Mind upon the Body.

Or, one will think of a musical air, and the other at once begin to whistle or hum it. Women have the faculty of divining the thoughts and feelings of those with whom they associate in a more marked degree than men, or, as it is said, they have more tact than men. Animals, too, who live less abstract lives than human beings, are much more impressible by the workings of these subtler mediums. The common house cat is renowned for finding its way back to a familiar home from great distances and over previously unknown roads. Bees have been known to fly forty miles in search of honey, and they invariably return to their hives in a straight line, although, from the construction of their eyes, the range of their vision is extremely short. Carrier-pigeons traverse sea and land over a route they never saw before, to reach the place in which they were bred. Storks and other birds migrate yearly from north to south and back again, and make their nests always in the same spot. Fishes and various marine animals pass from place to place in the sea in a similar manner, and with unerring accuracy. These things cannot be explained except upon the hypothesis of a guidance received otherwise than by sight, smell, and touch. There must be a finer sense, and this sense must have its appropriate object, which may be identical with the fluid which gives rise to the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, or may be something as yet unknown.

The advantage of thus conceiving of the soul as a substantial organism, analogous to the body and affected by mediums similar to those which affect sight and hearing, is that it explains the mystery which surrounds the relations of mind and matter and accounts for many things which now puzzle the scientific explorer. Only allow the soul to be a real substance coextensive with the body and intimately interwoven with it, and the difficulty experienced by Professor Tyndall and others in perceiving the connection between its operation and the molecular changes of the brain need be no greater than that of perceiving the connection between magnetism and the motion of the magnetic needle. Goethe's poetical fancy of elective affinities between human beings like the chemical affinities between acids and alkalis may be treated as a fact, and serve as a key to those mysterious likings and dislikings which so often baffle inquiry. If, too, we suppose the soul to dwell in the midst of atmospheres similar to those which sur-

round the body, mental sensations become mere modifications of mental fibres and tissues, as bodily functions are variations of the states of bodily organs. The assumption cannot, indeed, be verified by the senses, but it commends itself to the understanding as highly probable.

The same hypothesis, likewise, helps to explain the stories of ghosts and apparitions, of which so many are in circulation. Making every allowance for exaggeration and inaccuracy, the fact remains that men have in some way been induced to believe that they have seen human beings, and held converse with them, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of their presence in material form. Call it imagination or delusion, or what we please, they have been impressed as by a visible object, and heard as it were spoken words, and if this proves nothing else it proves that what we call hearing and seeing may be produced from within as well as from without. In confirmation of this, let the reader only note, as he peruses these lines, how the words sound in his ears, and how, when he pauses to think, his ideas both pass before him as if written or printed, and are heard as if addressed to him by another person. Charles Dickens is reported to have said that when he was composing his novels, every word uttered by his characters was distinctly heard by him before it was recorded on paper. His biographer, Forster, questions the story, but furnishes an extract from a letter of Mr. Dickens, in which he says of his literary work, "I don't invent it, — really do not, — *but see it*, and write it down." His active brain projected the images of its creation into mental space, and they there became visible speaking beings. If now a man can produce this effect on his own mind, why not upon the mind of another? Suppose a friend to be intently thinking of another friend at a distance. It is not difficult to imagine his thought traversing the intermediate space by vibrations akin to those of light, and either presenting itself in visual form or making itself audible to the hearing. The theory was fully elaborated some years ago by a writer in the London "Spectator," who ascribed this species of intercommunication to what he called "brain waves," but we do not know whether his speculations led to any practical results.

It is worthy of note, too, that all the stories of apparitions indicate that they are produced by impressions from within, and not

by objects in external space. They are described as appearing and disappearing instantly, and in disregard of physical laws. The angels, in the Biblical record, do not come flying through the air, and approach gradually, as if from a distance, but manifest themselves, as we are expressly told in the case of the shepherds of Bethlehem, "suddenly." Thus the eyes of the young man who was with Elisha are said to have been opened, in compliance with Elisha's prayer, and he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha, which previously he did not see. So St. Stephen and St. Paul had visions which were invisible to their companions, and St. John prefaces his Apocalyptic utterances by saying that "a door was opened in heaven." The supposition does not detract from the truth, of which these visions were symbols, but by rendering them credible to the scientific mind, adds to their practical value.

The unity of creation, therefore, the analogies of the sensible world, the instincts of mankind, as expressed in thought and speech, the facts of physics and physiology, and, to a limited extent, human experience, all combine to render probable the substantial nature of the soul and the existence of world within that of which our bodily senses take cognizance, which is adapted to the activities of the soul, as the outer world is to those of the body. What is needed now, is the observation and record of facts which shall either controvert or establish the hypothesis, and determine with certainty either that thinking is a mere function of the material brain, or that it must be ascribed to an inner organism, of which that brain and the whole body are but the incarnation and expression. Certainly, the achievements of science, of which we boast so much, are worth but little if they cannot aid us to solve this problem. More than a century ago Swedenborg ended a prologue to an unfinished treatise of the same nature as that of which we have made mention with these memorable words: —

"Let us, then, gird up our loins for the work. Experience is at our side, with a full horn of plenty. The nine virgins are present also, adorned with the riches of nearly two thousand years. I mean, all the sciences, by whose abundance, powers, and patronage the work is constructed. . . . . All things at the present day stand provided and

prepared, and await the light. The ship is in the harbor, the sails are swelling, the east-wind blows; let us weigh anchor and put forth to sea." *

The voyage on which he embarked led him indeed into regions whither no one as yet has been able to follow him, and of the way to which he has given us no chart. He was a Columbus whose discoveries mankind has been unable to verify. But if he was emboldened to set forth with the imperfect information science furnished in his day, surely the time is not far off when some new adventurer, undertaking the task with the advantages of our more perfect equipment, will follow on his track, and pilot us to a satisfactory conclusion.

THOMAS HITCHCOCK.

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* The Animal Kingdom, I. 23.

Art. VI. — The Relations of Debt and Money.

If we have two material spheres revolving about a common centre, their relations to each other under the law of gravity are simple enough. But if we split one of them in two, and thus have three bodies gyrating under that law, to determine their relations to each other or relative positions at any given time is not so easy. So, in considering the relations of debt and money, if we take the latter to mean only metallic coins of intrinsic value, there is little to task the brain; but if we include in the term "money" a certain kind of debt, then we have in effect three related and variable elements acting upon each other, and problems arise more or less puzzling. Our solutions will be trustworthy in proportion to the care with which we study the two primary elements, and the chemical compound of the two which constitutes the third.

Debt, supported by a sense of moral obligation, lies at the base of the highest civilization the world has yet seen. The savage man owns only what he can clutch and hold. Deficient in moral sense, he owes little or nothing, lacking credit to borrow. He may give, but till he begins to be civilized he does not lend. His first step in civilization is to lend to another for the sake of increasing his own substance by receiving back more than he lent. If the debtor does not pay as he promises, he will find his creditor still much of a savage. The progress in the law of debt from the savage state up to our present civilization has been exceedingly gradual. In early Rome the debtor who did not pay was liable to become the slave of the creditor. By the rather mythical laws of the Decemvirs the creditor, if so disposed, might kill him; and if there were more creditors than one, they could not only kill him, but divide his carcass *pro rata*. As we have no information that the Romans in that age were cannibals, we are tempted to believe that the Decemvirs wrote their laws somewhat figuratively. What is certain is, that for a Roman in those days to have *æs alienum* — another man's money — was a very dangerous thing, much more so than it now is. And perhaps it could not have been otherwise if

the present civilization was ever to be reached. In quite modern times the insolvent debtor has been considered a criminal, and treated as such. Our own Franklin wrote, "When you run in debt you give another power over your liberty." Imprisonment for debt lasted till, by the increase of moral sense in the average debtor, the average creditor found it wiser to seize the debtor's property than his person. The law originally did not always allow him to do both at the same time. So when he imprisoned a poor man he prevented the payment of the debt by keeping the debtor in idleness; and when, not being able to touch the property, he imprisoned a rich one, that debtor lived like a prince inside the prison and laughed at him. When the law in all cases allowed property to be seized and sold for the payment of debt, it turned out to be useless to imprison any debtor, except for fraud, or to prevent escape from jurisdiction.

The abolition of imprisonment for debt and the diminution every way of the creditor's personal power over the debtor would seem to tend towards the limitation of credit and the diminution of debt. But, on the other hand, the vastly increased facility of production by the introduction of steam and improved machinery has more than neutralized that effect. If this increased facility were applied everywhere, and to all departments of human industry in due proportion, and too much of it were not devoted to objects of mere luxury, it would not tend to increase debt, but only exchange, or trade profitable on both sides. But not being so applied, the redundant products in some localities and departments, being largely of objects that are perishable or liable to go out of fashion, must be sold on time. The over-producers must trust the under-producers, or do worse. Hence the vast modern increase of debt. The expansions of credit since the age of steam began have been epidemic, periodical, and excessive. They alternate with collapses in which production slackens, and vast masses of debt are swept out of existence by insolvent laws. In these seasons of depression capital shrinks to some extent, for much of it vanishes by disuse faster than by wear. But, however disastrous such collapses of credit may be to individuals, it must not be understood that the shrinkage of capital, and especially of swollen nominal values, and the wiping out of debt represent the destruction of material wealth to that amount. To a considerable extent there has been merely

a redistribution of it, the effect of which will be to secure a better market for the future, in the very regions where manufacturers and merchants made their worst debts. They may never reap from the seed they too trustingly sowed on a soil not ready for it, but their successors will. Even if they have lost on ribbons and laces trusted to the wives and daughters of rude backwoodsmen, they have created a motive for raising more corn by and by, and still more if they have sunk their capital in Western railroads.

Debt, both public and private, is of two kinds, — that which represents productive capital, and that which represents either waste or unproductive capital. When debt represents capital productive in the hands of the debtor which would be unproductive in the hands of the creditor, it may be a blessing to both. All such debts may be regarded as partnerships in business, and to a vast extent they are so technically. The evil of the credit system, for which creditor and debtor are perhaps equally to blame, is, that in its tidal expansions it produces a large amount of debts of mere waste. Such also are most of the national debts incurred in wars. War may be necessary, and the results worth the cost. May we not hope those of our last will be? But the debt incurred on both sides represents nothing, in a financial sense, but the utter waste of so many thousands of millions of dollars, and the payment of that on the victorious side is nothing but a very imperfect method of equalizing upon the whole people the losses incurred on that side. Mr. David Ricardo was of opinion that of all ways of paying for a war the best is to tax enough to pay for it as it goes on, just as it is best for a man who is eating up his estate to sell rather than mortgage. But if a people cannot do this, they had better, when peace comes, tax themselves to pay the whole as soon as possible, than to incur the expense of protracting the payment by supporting an army of tax-gatherers through a generation or two. Most emphatically must this be true of a country which has immense undeveloped resources, whose value depends on immigration, — a thing which will be encouraged in proportion to the immunity from taxes. This reasoning does not apply to a public debt which represents productive property in the hands of the public. Whatever can be done by a government, either national or municipal, more economically and more beneficially to the citizen than by private enterprise, presents a reason for public or municipal

debt. Such a debt is no more a burden to the public or the taxpayer than it is to the private citizen, because every man receives a benefit more than equivalent to his tax. Such are often municipal debts for water and gas supply. And it is not clear but a part of the national debt for a great continental line of rail would be less burdensome if the government were the owner of the road instead of having given a subsidy to private enterprise.

It is not our purpose to discuss the propriety of public debt generally, but simply to show its relations to money, on the assumption that for some reason or other it is sure always to exist.

Debt, though not necessarily, is conventionally and conveniently expressed in terms of money. It implies interest, varying in the absence of usury laws, from zero upwards, about inversely as the probability of the payment of the principal and the supply of capital relative to demand in the locality. The value of a debt depends not only upon its principal and interest, but on the security held for its payment. If this security be merely personal, the debt will increase in value as the debtor grows wealthy, and *vice versa*. Hence, if the bonds of two corporations are sold at par with the same interest, and one grows richer while the other grows poorer, the bonds of the former will soon sell for more than par, while those of the latter will sell only for less, which means that creditors are now willing to lend to the richer for less interest and not to the poorer without more. When debts are due at a future time, without intervening interest, their value is impaired by a negative interest or discount. Hence debts without interest, payable on demand, *if not paid on demand*, necessarily depreciate in value.

The only kind of debt practically without interest is that used as money. This is almost necessarily so. Interest-bearing debt increases in value as interest accrues, which would render it inconvenient as a medium of exchange, and a bad representative of coin, which never increases. Money, in itself, is always unfruitful. It is only what it brings that can produce fruit. To the moneylender, next to the misfortune of losing his money is that of having it on hand. And it does the borrower no good till he has spent it. As a promise of any thing is not the thing itself, and cannot possibly be as valuable as the thing itself, unless it can at

will be exchanged for the thing, so it is impossible for a dollar of debt to be as good as a dollar of coin, unless the debt is actually as well as nominally payable on demand in coin.

Debt, as we have said, is an obligation to pay something, not necessarily money, but usually dollars and cents, pounds and shillings, etc., meaning coins, or, in common parlance, money. Practically, debts are seldom discharged by the payment of money, so that, if we define money as anything which discharges a debt, we shall include in the term almost everything in the world, not excluding debt itself. This may be logical, but it is not constitutional. The Constitution of the United States, in forbidding the States to make anything but gold and silver coin a legal tender for the payment of debts, and not granting to the general government the power to do it, seems to define money, and to express the will of the people to make a distinction between money and the promise of it. Money, as so defined, has several distinct functions, which have been variously expressed by different writers.

Professor Jevons names four. With him money serves, first, as a medium of exchange; second, as a measure of value; third, as a standard of value; and fourth, as a store of value. But his second and third functions are not wholly distinct, and the introduction of the term "value" is not particularly happy, for value resides in the mind in relation to the object, and not in the object itself. What is valuable to one person is less valuable or worthless to another. This is the foundation of trade, and the reason why it can be and usually is profitable to both parties to it. Money no more measures or is a standard of the value of wheat than wheat is of the value of money. A given sum of money has not the same value perhaps to any two individuals in the world, nor perhaps to any one individual at different times. All that can be said is, that money is less alterable, more easily divisible, and more uniformly valued by mankind than any other form of material, transferable, and divisible property, not for itself only, but for its functions. These functions may be distinguished as three, all of which grow out of the peculiar qualities of the metal coined, and the relation which the supply of it bears to the demand for its use for these and other purposes. First, money is a medium of exchange and distribution. Second, it serves practically as a measure of debt, though not a fixed or theoretically perfect one. Third, it is a store-

house of purchasing power. By all this we mean nothing more than that money is the species of property which, in regard to the constancy of its purchasing power through space and time, excels every other. As a medium of domestic exchange, where time is out of the account and parties are under the same laws, something else may equal or excel money which would not perform the other functions at all. For example, an evidence of debt, or obligation to pay, with a recognized value attached to it for the present moment, whether at par or below, may be as convenient for that purpose as money, or more so. But debt as a measure of another debt due at a distant future has the disadvantage of introducing a third risk or cause of uncertainty where there were already two. Coin, even of the rarest and most perfect metal, has its own risk of changing value in time. The debt to be measured has its risk of insolvency, which interest may compensate. Another debt cannot be used to measure it as well as money, unless its risk of insolvency or depreciation can be reduced to zero. In other words, paper-money cannot be as good as coin as a legal tender for deferred payments, unless it can be made absolutely certain that it can be converted into as much coin at the maturity of the debt as it passed for at the inception. And it is equally true that on no other condition can it as well perform the function of coin as a storehouse of purchasing power.

From these considerations it seems certain that the general government cannot emit bills of credit not immediately convertible into coin and make them a legal tender for the payment of debts, without by the same law "impairing the obligation of contracts," — a power which is forbidden by the Constitution to the States, and not delegated to the United States. A more sweeping law impairing the obligation of contracts than one making a legal tender of paper promises, as variable in purchasing power as greenbacks have been since the war, can hardly be imagined. True enough, it makes no nominal change in any contract; but really, as the purchasing power of the legal tender promises depreciates relatively to the purchasing power of the coin promised, it does to every contract exactly what the unjust steward in the Gospel did to his lord's debtors, — diminishes the debt, with a necessity of doing the reverse whenever it appreciates.

It would be ridiculous to dwell as we have on these platitudinous

truisms if they had not been so disastrously ignored or trampled on in the conduct of our national finances since the war.

The winning of money is one of the most vital powers of civilization, and it is essential to the very existence of property that it should be a function confined to the supreme government. Hence the Constitution forbids the States to coin money or emit bills of credit as a substitute for it. The States are not forbidden to borrow money, and the general government is expressly empowered to do it. It would seem to be a fair inference from the language of the Constitution on this subject, that it was not intended, in giving Congress the power to coin and borrow money, to give it any power to "emit bills of credit," that is, paper-money, or to render such paper-money a legal tender for the payment of debts. The intention, so far as we can gather it from the Constitution, seems to have been that the Federal government should create money which should perform the three desirable functions above mentioned simply by coining metals. If such was the intention, it was speedily defeated by the States creating corporations which emitted bills of credit, to wit, bank-notes, and Congress chartering a national bank, which also emitted bills of credit that were, in fact, made a legal tender for debts due the government. Doubtless this was quite as inevitable as it was unconstitutional. The mischiefs that grew out of it are indelibly engraven on all memories that reach back half a century.

The civil war about slavery had no sooner broken out than Congress was obliged to borrow money as never before. It did this partly by emitting bills of credit bearing no interest. These were not only not redeemed in coin on demand, but were made a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private, except customs duties. In other words, it was ordained that this species of public debt should be not only the medium of exchange, but the measure of all private debts not contracted in terms of coin.

We do not propose to discuss the question whether the Union could have been restored otherwise. It is enough to know that in four years the disunion faction was subdued, reconstruction was made possible, and four millions of slaves were set free at an expense, we may say, of a million of lives, and property which it would take perhaps ten thousand millions of dollars to measure, not to speak of the loss of the slaves as property, for they are

doubtless more valuable to themselves than they ever were to their masters, and they are beginning to be found more valuable, as free, to their ex-masters than they ever were as slaves. Besides the liberation of the slaves, there may yet accrue from the war another benefit of hardly less value, which it is the special purpose of this article to foreshadow.

The consequences of making one sort of debt a legal tender for the payment of almost all other sorts of debt were, first, to retard the depreciation in value of the former, and second, to demonetize, with a single exception, gold, which had come to be the only legal measure of debt, degrading it into merchandise. But gold being still indispensable for duties, the world's money if not ours, and the safest of all merchandise in time of war on either side, rising immensely above its normal value in cases of general or personal danger, its price in greenbacks, as it rose and fell during the war, cannot be taken as a measure of the real value or average purchasing power of the greenbacks. Their value at any time depended on what they would then buy on an average of merchandise, of which the demonetized gold was but a small fraction. Flour and beef might be steady in greenbacks while gold rose and fell fifty per cent. But prices in greenbacks during the war ranged more than twenty-five per cent higher than prices in gold, or paper at par with it before the war, so that we may safely say that the government, in borrowing its own depreciated money at six per cent on its par, was really paying eight per cent. Of course it is still paying a higher interest than it seems to be.

Plainly, when the war ceased, the constitutional duty of the government to furnish the people the best possible medium of exchange, measure of debt, and storehouse of purchasing power recurred. There were two ways of doing it: first, by repealing the Legal Tender Act, and funding the non-interest-bearing debt; second, by paying for greenbacks specie at par on demand. If the government had taken the former course, the country would have been thrown back on the paper-money of corporations, secured by bond deposits or otherwise; if the latter, which has been oddly called "resumption," as if the government had ever paid specie at par for its notes before, we should have had a better paper-money than the world had ever seen, not excepting that issued by the bank of Amsterdam or of England. As it is, we

have a far better one for most people and most purposes than our own country ever had before the war. The reasons why the first course was not taken are too plain to need statement. As to the second, the reason commonly alleged is the difficulty in the way of the government procuring the requisite amount of gold to "resume" and "stay resumed." In the greatest gold-producing country in the world, with the strongest reasons of any country for using paper-money instead of gold, with six per cent government bonds at par in gold or above it, this reason is hard to be believed, even from the mouths of the most respectable financiers. How could it possibly have been true, even at the close of the war, if the government was then able to pay the interest on its whole debt, which no sane person will deny?

But we have not far to search for a reason which is not only sufficient, but quite credible. During the war a large amount of private debt had been incurred, which was outstanding at its close. This debt was measured by the greenback dollar. It had been incurred when that dollar had a purchasing power of not more than seventy-five cents of coin. Immediate resumption would seem to oblige the payment of every dollar of it at one hundred cents for seventy-five received. There was therefore a large debtor or bear interest to keep down the value of the greenback and stave off resumption as long as possible. On the pretence that business needed more money and cheaper, the bears insisted on inflation. On the still flimsier pretence that it was impossible to resume till the value of the greenback had been brought up to that of gold by contraction, the friends of solid money were lured into the policy of "selling gold" to the highest bidder in paper. This process, with the increasing credit of the country and the revival of the industries interrupted by the war, raised the value of the paper dollar in terms of gold from about sixty-three cents in 1865 to eighty-nine cents in 1872. This gradual rise in value of what, as a measure of debt, ought to have been as fixed as possible, increased the difficulty of paying old debts during those eight years, while new debts, private and corporate, by the expansion of credit already alluded to, enormously increased even to the extent probably of two or three times the national debt. At last the crisis came in 1873, and contraction of credit suddenly took the place of expansion. Since then the same

policy of contracting the currency at least relatively to the demand, that is, of holding still till "the country grows up to resumption," has been persevered in, and debt has been going under the sponge of insolvency laws with undiminishing rapidity.

It can by no means be pretended that all this could have been prevented if we had had the greenback convertible into gold ever since the war, either at sixty-three cents or one hundred cents. But it is quite obvious that, with a measure of debt fixed at sixty-three cents, more debts, including those contracted during the war, would have been paid. As to debts contracted since, more of them would have been paid, whether the dollar measuring them had been fixed at sixty-three cents or one hundred. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and when the camel is a debt, it is to be remembered that the creditor is as likely to suffer as the debtor by that accident.

It is widely assumed that now that the paper dollar has come within five cents of the gold one, specie payment has become correspondingly easy. If this be so, it is not so much on account of this proximity of value, as because the bear or debtor class has become politically weaker by the wiping out of debt. As long as a man's debts exceed his credits, he has a motive to make the measuring dollar as small as he can, and no conscience to counteract that motive till the dollar becomes as small as when he contracted his debt.

At the close of the war there were, as there are now, two ways of establishing a par of paper and gold: first, that of paying the debt at its face in the existing coin; second, that of reducing the coin to the value of the debt, and then paying on demand. Either was financially possible, but only the latter was politically possible, and perhaps the same may be true now. It cannot be denied that ever since the war the government has had the financial ability to pay interest on its entire debt. Hence the question of specie payment was and is entirely political. The only thing politically possible, a compromise between creditors and debtors as to the measure of debt, was not attempted. Recoinage was the "preparation for resumption" on which the two interests might have agreed, and may still. The debtor interest did not propose it. Large numbers of politically powerful debtors knew it was financially impossible for them to pay even in dollars no more

valuable than those they received. Hence they contended for expansion, meaning cheaper money; or they mustered all the forces of financial pedantry to persuade the people that there was no possibility of immediate specie payment on any plan, and no preparation for it but a gradual contraction of the greenbacks by funding, "gold-selling," and letting the country grow up. The country has grown up to see a good deal of bankruptcy, some of which might have been prevented by so fixing the measure of debt that it could not increase between the inception and the maturity.

The recoinage and reduction in value of the dollar need not have affected the government's debts, or any other contracted to be paid in the old dollar. There was no question of financial morality to be encountered in doing it, for that had been met and decided already. The government in making its paper promise of a dollar a legal tender, and allowing it to depreciate, had virtually done the same thing as if it had reduced the coin in relation to all debts contracted in terms of dollars during this depreciation. Had it, instead of issuing paper liable to depreciate, issued new coins worth only seventy-five per cent of the old ones, and made them a legal tender, could it, after these new coins had been used to measure hundreds of millions of new private debts, then issue more valuable coins and expect these debts to be paid in them? This, in practical effect, is just what the financial administration of the government has been doing.

At the close of the war there was excuse enough for the financial chaos in which the government found itself, with obligations to pay several hundred millions on demand, worth in the market but about two thirds of their nominal value. It might have said: "The wrecks of the war cannot be helped. The government must honestly pay its own debts, now it has the ability, though the consequence may be to add some private debtors to the general wreck." Had the greenback dollar been made equal to the gold dollar then, the shock would have been comparatively small, because the mass of debt that had been contracted in the former was comparatively small. It would hardly have deranged business more than the failure of a single staple crop. But now that thousands of millions of debt load the country, all contracted on a far lower measure than the present value of the greenback, is

there any excuse for making these debts heavier? The most honest and honorable debtor, having paid the interest he agreed, cannot feel himself bound in honor to pay a larger principal than he received. His honorable instincts are no more in favor of being cheated than of cheating others. Is it statesmanship to override these instincts? They can only be regarded by settling the coin measure of debt for the future about where, on the average, the proper measure of debt has been for the last thirteen years. Compromise seems to be still the only politically possible solution, with even more reasons for it than existed in 1865.

The possibility of a financial compromise is evinced by the eagerness with which the debtor interest seized the idea of the "bonanza" speculators, of resuming in silver when that metal fell below paper in the market. It was not that either party wished to defraud the public creditor. The miners wished to make a better market for their silver; and the private debtors wished to pay their own debts in dollars nearer the value of those they borrowed. The latter would plainly have no antipathy to gold dollars if they were made by the slightest fraction less valuable than silver ones. And why should the private creditor interest insist upon screwing up the value of the paper dollar to par with the present gold dollar, when every turn of the screw increases bankruptcy, without increasing the disposition of the debtor class to acquiesce in "resumption"? Reconciliation is the order of the day, and in no field would it be more fruitful of prosperity than the financial.

The capitalist or creditor class has really, if it did but know it, a deeper interest than the debtor class in making a considerable reduction in the measure of debt. Resuming in a smaller dollar will not only save a vast amount of principal, but arrest the downward tendency of interest.

The men are not yet quite all dead who remember how a blunder as to the relative value of gold and silver kept the gold coinage of our mint out of the currency till 1834, when it was first brought into use by reducing the weight of the gold coins about six and one fourth per cent. The "Benton mint drop" thereafter became a common thing in the pockets of the people, and, occupying so much less room, and weighing so much less in proportion to its paying power than the old Spanish dollars, and above all things

not depending for that power, like paper, on the solvency of some speculative corporation, it became a great consolation in the dark days from 1837 onward. If by another such happy experiment we can re-establish gold as a measure of debt, with silver as its auxiliary under such regulation as to secure an abundance of it for small exchanges, and henceforth forever make our greenbacks convertible into these new coins at par, at the pleasure of the holder, then indeed we shall realize from the war a benefit worth its cost. Gold, with such aid,* will come about as near fulfilling all the requisites of money as any material substance that can be imagined. What it lacks will be supplied by debt, the actual payment of which on demand will be secured by the sovereign will of the people themselves, thus precluding redundancy as well as scarcity of the means of exchange. When we consider that honest money is to civilized society what healthy blood is to the individual human being, it is not extravagant to say it will be worth the cost of the war. Without the war it seems to have been impossible. Having paid for it so dearly, and approached it so nearly, shall we lose it?

As long as we have a national debt in excess of that volume of paper-money which the highest convenience of business requires, we may be sure of it by doing two things: first, making the greenbacks convertible into gold; second, by making the funded debt always convertible into greenbacks, so far as it can be done consistently with the principle of not thereby increasing the public debt, but far enough the reverse to pay for transacting the business. For example, suppose the new coins are reduced to ninety per cent of the old ones, and a government bond payable, principal and interest, in the old coins sells above par in the same. This means that the government can borrow at a lower interest than that named in the bond. If, then, it pays for that bond in

* Though the Constitution implies no distinction between gold and silver coins as measures of debt, and thus seems to set up a "double standard," experience has proved that only one at a time can be so, namely, that which happens to be least valuable as merchandise. Practically the question of a double standard has settled itself. If we are to enjoy the great convenience of having gold, silver, nickel, and copper in the currency, gold must be the sole tender, except for inconsiderable sums, while the coins of other metals, while of somewhat less value than their face, must be convertible into gold in small sums. This will prevent both their exportation as merchandise and their redundancy as currency.

new greenbacks convertible into the new coins, $1,110 for $1,000, it has not increased the debt. It has been paid $1.11 for doing the business. It will save the whole interest on $1,000, while the greenbacks are not presented for gold, and when they are presented, if it has not the gold it can probably borrow it for a lower interest than it was paying before. This seems to be a safe enough operation for the government, and it yields to the appetite for paper money all it can reasonably ask.

This will preclude the possibility of ever returning to bank-notes, the fond dream of some bank directors and speculative merchants. They tell us a bank currency based on goods sold and delivered is perfectly safe. But add to that basis the personal liability to the extent of their property of all the stockholders, and it is still true that the whole of a thing is greater than any part of it; that the promise of the government, based upon the entire property of the people, is better than that of any one capitalist or any incorporated clique of capitalists. It is this superior credit of the government which floats the national bank-notes, secured by government bonds, of all such banks alike, no matter whether solvent or insolvent. Let the issue of otherwise secured bank-notes be ever so free, they can no more be forced into general circulation as money, in the presence of government paper unrestricted as to its volume except by its convertibility into coin, than private or corporate negotiable notes can. The motive of this hankering after a return to bank-notes by the conductors of some of the national banks, and the advocates of so-called free-banking, is not far to seek. The former would a little prefer to have the whole profit of borrowing without interest to lend at interest, to having only the lion's share of it. And the latter, not having the government coupon bonds to put up as security for their notes, desire the privilege of doing it with less solid security. They must wait till all the people are dead who ever knew the State banks, "safety fund" or other, and then it will be too late.

As we have already said, the national debt, for one reason or another, is likely always to exist. And it is likely always to exceed the amount of paper-money which can float when convertible into gold. The volume of currency in circulation, whether gold or paper or both, must vary for many reasons. It depends on the needs and whims of individuals and the habits of business. It

cannot be controlled or regulated by any government. If an epidemic of credit should set in, and everybody take it in his head to trust everybody, it would be in vain for the government to try to prevent the inflation of private or corporate debt by restricting its own issue of paper-money. Private evidences of debt are always available at such times to pad out the circulating medium of exchange. But the less of such padding the better, and evidently there will be less of it if the people are free to convert government bonds into greenbacks when inclined to speculate than if not. The more gold, or paper as good as gold, is in the hands of the people when private notes fail and credit collapses, the better for the people certainly. Is it worse for the government? Every dollar of the public debt while in circulation as money saves its interest. When the people contract the currency by demanding gold, the worst that can happen to the government is to have to pay interest again, according to its credit at the time. And interest is always lowest after a collapse. The only flaw in the logic of the interconvertible bond scheme is that it involves no relation of debt to real money, but only of debt to debt. Non-interest-bearing debt convertible only into debt bearing a paper or debt interest is like lashing two rafts together when you wish to keep them stationary without connecting with post or anchor. If one was going down stream, so will both be.

Well, asks a strict constructionist, shall the government go into the business of banking and money-changing? Shall it do for the people what they can do for themselves? Surely not. But creating and preserving the best possible measure of debt is not any legitimate function of banking, and it is what the people cannot by any possibility do for themselves. It is the proper function of the sovereign power, and cannot be safely left even to be tampered with in the slightest degree by any class or set of individuals. Any such class — call it national bank or banks, or what we please — that should get control of this great function would in fact be the sovereign power, with the nominal government as its subaltern.

When we speak of the creation and preservation or regulation of money as a function of the sovereign power, we must not be understood to mean that the proper material for money is not determined by the nature of things, a law higher than any government. The function of the latter is in reality only to give effi-

cacy to the higher law. It creates only in the secondary sense of crowning as king that species of matter which has the inherent right to rule. The fiat of the sovereign power of the state that anything else than the most perfect, all things considered, of the metals shall be coined as the ultimate and sovereign measure of debt, whether it be other metals, as platinum, silver, nickel, copper, iron, or other valuable objects, as sheep, oxen, land, or objects of inconsiderable value, as bits of leather, bark, paper, cloth, must necessarily be nugatory and transitory. Witness the bark currency of Kublan Khan, who was sufficiently sovereign, and whose money perished with him. If the civilization of the world is to go forward and not backward, if we are to have *e pluribus unum*, and the prosperity of the mass is to be built on the freedom and competence of the individual till a metal more perfect and less vulgar is discovered, the right of gold to be the measure of debt can no more be questioned than that of the sun to rule the motions of its planets. The hypocrite may discard it for the sake of getting more than his share of it or what it will buy, but all men in their heart of hearts vote for it, and there is no possibility of its being honestly counted out.

The fundamental thing which men value most in civilization as the ultimate object of their toil is real estate, land, place wherein to be, with what it implies. The ownership of real estate is so desirable that mortgages on it with sufficient margins are often easily transferable securities. Financial theorists are by no means uncommon who have proposed paper-money for circulation having its dollar or unit without immediate relation to any coin, but to the land as valued by the mortgage. For example, A owns an estate in a city which occupies 5,000 feet of land, and which will sell in the market for $ 20,000 of our present money. Wanting to use some money, he mortgages his land to B for $ 5,000, not meaning that B is to pay him $ 5,000, but to hold the mortgage as a trustee to secure the payment of 5,000 bits of paper, called dollars, which A is to issue and use as money. Each of these dollars entitles the possessor, under certain conditions, to a foot of A's land. The conditions are that A does not pay these dollars on demand, and that the possessor has bought them all up. He then takes possession. But as these paper dollars do not represent coin at all, but fractions of land, how is A to pay them? Easily enough; for

everybody else who owns land and wants money is to make it out of land in the same way. Hence money will be abundant, prices low, and everybody can pay. It is plain enough how, as in the case of perpetual motion, all that is wanted is something to start this scheme. Coin-money is to do that. Then it may retire for good, and the land-money will be perpetual, and everybody will be rich forever.

When the doctors give us healthy blood without the red corpuscles, perhaps civilized society will be able to dispense altogether with the yellow disks as the vital and basal constituent of money; but not much sooner.

As we have already noticed, the value of a debt depends largely on the sense of moral obligation, as well as ability to pay on the part of the debtor. Civilization has gone far beyond relying much on any substitute for this sense of moral obligation. The only hope of a good time coming lies in cultivating this sense, and trusting only when it is found practically developed.

If debt is to be used as money, it must have the highest possible sense of honor, as well as ability to pay, behind it. The government, which is merely an organism through which the people endeavor to secure justice to the individual, cannot cultivate a sense of honor or obligation to pay, unless it shows it in relation to its own debt. If it resorts to the tricks of the speculator, it cannot save the people from speculation. If it steals itself, punishing theft is of little effect. The preacher who breaks the moral law preaches it to little purpose. When we have an honest debt currency, however we may come by it, we shall have got rid of one great source of that moral depravity which is also the source of hard times. We shall have the government thenceforward setting a good example, as for the last decade at least it has been setting a very bad one. Large corporations, with special privileges, being essentially soulless, cannot be trusted any further than they can be made diaphanous. As they can never be perfectly so, or as much so as the government, in which all have a voice, we cannot rely on them to teach honor either by precept or example. The only hope is, that they may catch it from the government on one side or the people on the other.

For the last thirteen years the moral sense of the people has been chloroformed by the circulation, as money, of about seven

hundred millions of lies. Do we wonder that bad debts, the world over, have arrested the progress of industry by an impassable barricade? Do we wonder that in spite of the inventions of Watt, Fulton, Stephenson, Morse, — multiplying by tenfold the power of man over matter, — multitudes of people are in dread of starvation? Lying is contagious. It is time for thoughtful men to reflect that the most dangerous truth, in any department whatever, is safer than a lie. Through lying, it has come to pass that idleness escapes its natural penalty of starvation easier than ever before, while honest industry is more often doomed to go hungry. The conflict is not between capital and labor, which are natural friends henceforth and forever, but between these two and the leeches that prey on both. The investigating spirit which has seized the people is the best sign of better times. When exact truth is as much revered in business as in science, when sham is as carefully discarded in the counting-room as in the engine-room, industry and trade will again begin to move cheerfully, and none will be hungry who do not deserve to be. As yet the leeches are everywhere, high and low, and they breed stagnation. When we get down to moral hard-pan, we shall get down to financial hard-pan also.

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Art. VII. — Harriet Martineau.*

These two large volumes contain two parts. The first part, which occupies the whole of the first volume, and one hundred and thirty pages of the second, constitutes an autobiography, left by Miss Martineau in Mrs. Chapman's hands, to be published after the death of the former. The second part of the work, making up the remaining four hundred and sixty-five pages of the second volume, contains memorials concerning Harriet Martineau, prepared or written by Mrs. Chapman.

The whole work is very interesting. How could it be otherwise, in giving the history of so remarkable a life? The amount of literary work which Miss Martineau performed is amazing. She began to write for the press when she was nineteen, and continued until she could no longer hold her pen. The pen was her sword, which she wielded with a warrior's joy, in the conflict of truth with error, of right with wrong. She wrote many books; but her articles in reviews and newspapers were innumerable. We find no attempt in either part of this biography to give a complete list of her writings. Perhaps it would be impossible. She never seems to have thought of keeping such a record herself, any more than a hero records the number of the blows he strikes in battle. No sooner had she dismissed one task than another came; and sometimes several were going on together. Like other voluminous writers, she enjoyed the exercise of her productive powers; and, as she somewhere tells us, her happiest hours were those in which she was seated at her desk with her pen.

Her principal works cover a large range of thought and study. One of her first books, "The Traditions of Palestine," she continued to regard long after with more affection than any other of her writings, except "Eastern Life." But her authorship began when she was nineteen, in an article contributed to a Unitarian monthly. Afterwards she obtained three separate prizes offered by

* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.* Edited by Maria Weston Chapman. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

the Central Unitarian Association for three essays on different topics. About the same time she wrote "Five Years of Youth," a tale which she never looked at afterward. But her first great step in authorship, and that which at once made her a power in politics and in literature, was taken when she commenced her series of tales on Political Economy. She began, however, to write these stories, not knowing that she was treating questions of Political Economy, "the very name of which," she says, "was then either unknown to me, or conveyed no meaning." She was then about twenty-five years old. She had the usual difficulties with various publishers which unknown authors are sure to experience, and these tales, which became so popular, were rejected by one firm after another. One of them was refused by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," as being too dull. The President of that Society, Lord Brougham, afterward vented his rage on the sub-committee which rejected the offered story, and so had permitted their Society, "instituted for that very purpose, to be driven out of the field by a little deaf woman at Norwich." At last a publisher was found who agreed to take the books on very unsatisfactory terms. As soon as the first number appeared, the success of the series was established. A second edition of five thousand copies was immediately called for, — the entire periodical press came out in favor of the tales, — and from that hour Miss Martineau had only to choose what to write, sure that it would at once find a publisher.

She was then thirty years old. She was already deaf, her health poor; but she then began a career of intellectual labor seldom equalled by the strongest man through the longest life. She began to write every morning after breakfast; and, unless when travelling, seldom passed a morning during the rest of her life without writing, — working from eight o'clock until two. Her method was, after selecting her subject, to procure all the standard works upon it, and study them. She then proceeded to make the plan of her work, and to draw the outline of her story. If the scene was laid abroad, she procured books of travels and topography. Then she drew up the contents of each chapter in detail, and after this preliminary labor, the story was written easily and with joy.

Of these stories she wrote thirty-four in two years and a half. She was then thirty-two. She received £2,000 for the whole

series, — a sufficiently small compensation, — but she established her position and her fame. Her principal books published afterward were her two works on America; "Deerbrook"; "The Hour and the Man"; nine volumes of tales on the Forest and Game Laws; four stories in the "Playfellow"; "Life in the Sick-Room" "Letters on Mesmerism"; "Eastern Life, Past and Present"; "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace"; "Letters on the Laws of Man's Social Nature and Development"; "Translation and Condensation of Comte's Positive Philosophy"; besides many smaller works, making fifty-two titles in Allibone. In addition to this, she wrote numerous articles in reviews and magazines; and Mrs. Chapman mentions that she sent to a single London journal, "The Daily News," sixteen hundred articles, at the rate sometimes of six a week. Surely Harriet Martineau was one who worked faithfully while her day endured.

But, if we would do her justice, we must consider also the motive and spirit in which she worked. Each thing she did had for its purpose nothing merely personal, but some good to mankind. Though there was nothing in her character of the sentimentalism of philanthropy, she was filled with the spirit of philanthropy. A born reformer, she inherited from her Huguenot and her Unitarian ancestors the love of truth and the hatred of error, with the courage which was ready to avow her opinions, however unpopular. Thus, her work was warfare, and every article or book which she printed was a blow delivered against some flagrant wrong, or what she believed such, — in defence of some struggling truth, or something supposed to be truth. She might be mistaken; but her purposes through life were, in the main, noble, generous, and good.

And there can be no question of her ability, moral and intellectual. No commonplace mind could have overcome such obstacles and achieved such results. Apparently she had no very high opinion of her own intellectual powers. She denies that she possesses genius; but she asserts her own power. She criticises "Deerbrook" with some severity. And, in fact, Harriet Martineau's mind is analytic rather than creative; it is strong rather than subtle; and, if it possesses imagination, it is of rather a prosaic kind. Her intellect is of a curiously masculine order; no other female writer was ever less feminine. With all her broad humanity she has little sympathy for individuals. A large majority of those whom she mentions in her memoirs she treats with a certain contempt.

Her early life seems to have been very sad. We are again and again told how she was misunderstood and maltreated in her own home. Her health was bad until she was thirty; partly owing, as she supposed, to ill-treatment. She needed affection, and was treated with sternness. Justice she did not receive, nor kindness, and her heart was soured and her temper spoiled, so she tells us, by this mismanagement. As she does not specify, or give us the details of this ill-treatment, the story is useless as a warning; and we hardly see the reason for thus publishing the wrongs of her childhood. As children may be sometimes unjust to parents, no less than parents to children, the facts and the moral are both left uncertain. And, on the whole, her chief reason for telling the story appears to be the mental necessity she was always under of judging and sentencing those from whom she supposes herself to have received any ill-treatment in any part of her life.

This is indeed the most painful feature of the work before us. Knowing the essentially generous and just spirit of Harriet Martineau, it is strange to see how carefully she has loaded this piece of artillery with explosive and lacerating missiles, to be discharged after her death among those with whom she had mingled in social intercourse or literary labors. Some against whom she launches her sarcasms are still living; some are dead, but have left friends behind, to be wounded by her caustic judgments. Is it that her deficiency in a woman's sensibility, or the absence of a poetic imagination, prevented her from realizing the suffering she would inflict? Or is it the habit of mind from which those are apt to suffer who devote themselves to the reform of abuses? As each kind of manual occupation exposes the workman to some special disease, — as those who dig canals suffer from malaria, and file-grinders from maladies of the lungs, — so it seems that each moral occupation has its appropriate moral danger. Clergymen are apt to be dogmatic or sectarian; lawyers become sharp and sophistical; musicians and artists are irritable; and so, too, the danger of a reformer is of becoming a censorious critic of those who cannot accept his methods, or who will not join his party. That Harriet Martineau did not escape this risk will presently appear.

While writing her politico-economical stories she moved to London, and there exchanged the quiet seclusion of her Norwich life for social triumphs of the first order, and intercourse with every

kind of celebrity. All had read her books, from Victoria, who was then a little girl perusing them with her governess, to foreign kings and savans of the highest distinction. So that this young author, for she was only thirty, was received at once into the most brilliant circles of London society. But it does not appear that she lost a single particle of her dignity or self-possession. Among the great she neither asserted herself too much nor showed too much deference. Vanity was not her foible; and her head was too solidly set upon her shoulders to be turned by such successes. She enjoyed the society of these people of superior refinement, rank, and culture, but did not come to depend upon it; and in all this Harriet Martineau sinned not in her spirit.

But why, in writing about these people long afterward, should she have thought it necessary to produce such sharp and absolute sentences on each and all? Into this judgment-hall of Osiris-Martineau, every one whom she has ever known is called up to receive his final doom. The poor Unitarian ministers, who had taught the child as they best could, are dismissed with contemptuous severity. This religious instruction had certainly done her some good. Religion, she admits, was her best resource till she wrought her way to something better. Ann Turner, daughter of the Unitarian minister, gave her piety a practical turn, and when afraid of every one she saw, she was not at all afraid of God; and, on the whole, she says religion was a great comfort and pleasure to her. Nevertheless, she is amazed that Unitarians should believe that they are giving their children a Christian education. She accuses these teachers of her childhood of altering the Scripture to suit their own notions; being apparently ignorant that most of the interpolations or mistranslations of which they complained have since been conceded as such by the best Orthodox critics. But she does not hesitate to give her opinion of all her old acquaintances in the frankest manner, and for the most part it is unfavorable. Mrs. Opie and Mrs. John Taylor are among the "mere pedants." William Taylor, from want of truth and conviction, talked blasphemy. She speaks with great contempt of a physician who politely urged her to come and dine with him, because he had neglected her until she became famous. Lord Brougham was "vain and selfish, low in morals, and unrestrained in temper." Lord Campbell was "flattering to an insulting degree"; Archbishop

Whately "odd and overbearing," "sometimes rude and tiresome," and "singularly overrated." Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, "timid," "sensitive," "heedless," "without courage or dignity." Macaulay "talked nonsense" about the copyright bill, and "set at naught every principle of justice in regard to authors' earnings." Macaulay's opposition to that bill was based on such grounds of perfect justice that he defeated it single-handed. But Harriet Martineau decided then and there that Macaulay was a failure, and that "he wanted heart," and that he "never has achieved any complete success." The poet Campbell had "a morbid craving for praise." As to women, Lady Morgan, Lady Davy, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Austin, "may make women blush and men be insolent" with their "gross and palpable vanities." Landseer was a toady to great people. Morpeth had "evident weaknesses." Sir Charles Bell showed his ignorance by relying on the argument for Design. The resources of Eastlake were very *bornés*. John Sterling "rudely ignored me." Lady Mary Shepherd was "a pedant." Coleridge, she asserts, will only be remembered as a warning; though twenty years ago she, Miss Martineau, "regarded him as a poet." Godwin was "timid." Basil Montague was "cowardly"; and Lord Monteagle "agreeable enough to those who were not particular about sincerity." Urquhart had "insane egotism and ferocious discontent." The Howitts made "an unintelligible claim to my friendship," their "tempers are turbulent and unreasonable." It may be some explanation of this unintelligible claim that it was heard through her trumpet. Fredrika Bremer is accused of habits of "flattery" and "a want of common sense." Miss Mitford is praised, but then accused of a "habit of flattery," and blamed for her "disparagement of others." And it is Miss Martineau who brings this charge! She also tells us that Miss Bremer "proposes to reform the world by a floating religiosity," whatever that may be. But perhaps her severest sentence is pronounced on the Kembles, who are accused of "incurable vulgarity" and "unreality." In this case, as in others, Miss Martineau pronounces this public censure on those whom she had learned to know in the intimacy of private friendship and personal confidence. She thus violates the rules rather ostentatiously laid down in her Introduction. For she claims there that she practises self-denial in interdicting the publication of her letters,*

* For some reason she afterward saw fit partially to abandon this self-denial, and allowed Mrs. Chapman to print any letters written to herself by Miss Martineau.

and gives her reasons thus: "Epistolary conversation is written speech; and the *onus* rests with those who publish it to show why the laws of honor, which are uncontested in regard to conversation, may be violated when the conversation is written instead of spoken." Most of her sharp judgments above quoted are pronounced on those whom she learned to know in the private intercourse of society. Sometimes she recites the substance of what she heard (or supposed that she heard; for she used an ear-tube when she first went to live in London). Thus she tells about a conversation with Wordsworth, and reports his complaints of Jeffrey and other reviewers, and quotes him as saying about one of his own poems, that it was "a chain of very *valooable* thoughts. You see, it does not best fulfil the conditions of poetry; but it is" (solemnly) "a chain of extremely valooable thoughts." She then proceeds to pronounce her sentence on Wordsworth as she did on Coleridge. She felt at once, she says, in Wordsworth's works, "the absence of sound, accurate, weighty thought, and of genuine poetic inspiration." She also informs us that "the very basis of philosophy is absent in him," and that it is only necessary "to open Shelley, Tennyson, or even poor Keats . . . . to feel that, with all their truth and all their charm, few of Wordsworth's pieces are poems." "*Even poor Keats*"! This is her *de haut en bas* style of criticism on Wordsworth, one of whose poems is generally accepted as the finest written in the English language during the last hundred years. And this is her way of respecting "the code of honor" in regard to private conversation!

In 1834, at the age of thirty-two, Harriet Martineau sailed for the United States, where she remained two years. She went for rest; but the quantity of work done in those two years would have been enough to fill five or six years of any common life. At this point she began a new career; forming new ties, engaging in new duties, studying new problems, and beginning a new activity in another sphere of labor. The same great qualities which she had hitherto displayed showed themselves here again; accompanied with their corresponding defects. Her wonderful power of study enabled her to enter into the very midst of the phenomena of American life; her noble generosity induced her to throw herself heart, hand, and mind into the greatest struggle then waging on the face of the earth. The antislavery question, which the great majority of

people of culture despised or disliked, took possession of her soul. She became one of the party of Abolitionists, of which Mr. Garrison was the chief, and lived to see that party triumph in the downfall of slavery. She took her share of the hatred or the scorn heaped on that fiery body of zealous propagandists, and was counted worthy of belonging to what she herself called "the Martyr Age of the United States."

Fortunately for herself, before she visited Boston, and became acquainted with the Abolitionists, she went to Washington, and travelled somewhat extensively in the Southern States. At Washington she saw many eminent Southern Senators, who cordially invited her to visit them at their homes. In South Carolina she was welcomed or introduced by Mr. Calhoun, Governor Hayne, and Colonel Preston. Judge Porter took charge of her in Louisiana. In Kentucky she was the guest of Mrs. Irwin, Henry Clay's daughter and neighbor. Without fully accepting Mrs. Chapman's somewhat sweeping assertion that there was no eminent statesman, man of science, politician, partisan, philanthropist, jurist, professor, merchant, divine, nor distinguished woman, in the whole land, who did not pay her homage, there is no doubt that she received the respect and good-will of many such. She was deeply impressed, she says, on arriving in the United States, with a society basking in one bright sunshine of good-will. She thought the New-Englanders, perhaps, the best people in the world. Many well-known names appear in these pages, as soon becoming intimate acquaintances or friends; among these were Judge Story, John G. Palfrey, Stephen C. Phillips, the Gilmans of South Carolina, Mr. and Mrs. Furness of Philadelphia, and in Massachusetts the Sedgwicks, the Follens, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Loring, Dr. Channing, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ware, Dr. Flint of Salem, and Ephraim Peabody.

When Miss Martineau had identified herself with Mr. Garrison and his friends by taking part in their meetings, those who had merely sought her on account of her position and reputation naturally fell away. But it may be doubted whether she was in such danger of being mobbed or murdered as she and her editor suppose. She seems to think that Mr. Henry Ware did a very brave deed in driving to Mr. Francis Jackson's house to take her home from an antislavery meeting. She speaks of the reign

of terror which existed in Boston at that time. No doubt she, and other Abolitionists, had their share of abuse; but it is not probable that any persons were, as she thought, plotting against her life. She and her friends were deterred from taking a proposed journey to Cincinnati and Louisville by being informed that it was intended to mob her in the first city and to hang her in the second. Now, the writer of this article was at that time residing in Louisville, and though antislavery discussions and antislavery lectures had taken place there about that period, and though antislavery articles not unfrequently appeared in the city journals, no objection or opposition was made to all this by anybody in that place. In fact, it was easier at that time to speak against slavery in Louisville than in Boston. The leading people in Kentucky of all parties were then openly opposed to slavery, and declared their hope and purpose of making Kentucky a free State. A year later, Dr. Channing published his work on Slavery, which was denounced for its abolitionism by the "Boston Statesman," and sharply criticised in a pamphlet by the Massachusetts Attorney-General. But copious extracts from this work, especially of the parts which exposed the sophisms of the defenders of slavery, were published in a Louisville magazine, and not the least objection was made to it in that city. At a later period it might have been different, though an antislavery paper was published in Louisville as late as 1845, one of the editors being a native Kentuckian.

After her return from the United States she published her two works, "Society in America," and "Retrospect of Western Travel"; and then wrote her first novel, "Deerbrook." The books on America were perhaps the best then written by any foreigner except De Tocqueville. They were generous, honest, kind, and utterly frank, — they were full of capital descriptions of American scenery. She spoke the truth to us, and she spoke it in love. The chief fault in these works was her tone of dogmatism, and her *ex cathedra* judgments; which, as we have before hinted, are among the defects of her qualities.

In 1838, when thirty-six years old, she was taken with serious illness, which confined her to her room for six years. She attributes this illness to her anxiety about her aged aunt and mother. Her mother, she tells us, was irritable on account of Miss Martineau's fame and position in society; in short, she was jealous of

her daughter's success. Miss Martineau was obliged, she says, to sit up late after midnight to mend her own clothes, as she was not allowed to have a maid or to hire a working-woman, even at her own expense. How she could have been prevented is difficult to see, especially as she was the money-making member of the family. It seems hardly worth while to give us this glimpse into domestic difficulties. But, no doubt, she is quite correct in adding, as another reason for her illness, the toils which were breaking her down. The strongest men could hardly bear such a strain on the nervous system without giving way.

And here comes in the important episode of Mr. Atkinson, Mesmerism, and the New Philosophy. She believes that she was cured of a disease, pronounced incurable by the regular physicians, by Mesmerism. By this she means the influence exerted upon her by certain manipulations from another person. And as long as we are confessedly so ignorant of nervous diseases, there seems no reason to question the facts to which Miss Martineau testifies. She was, there is little doubt, cured by these manipulations; what the power was which wrought through them remains to be ascertained.

In regard to Mr. Atkinson and his philosophy, accepted by her with such satisfaction, and which henceforth became the master-light of all her seeing, our allotted space will allow us only to speak very briefly. The results of this new mental departure could not but disturb and afflict many of her friends, to whom faith in God, Christ, and immortality was still dear. To Miss Martineau herself, however, her disbelief in these seemed a happy emancipation. She carried into the assertion of her new and unpopular ideas the same honesty and courage she had always shown, and also the same superb dogmatism and contempt for those who differed from her. Apparently it was always to her an absolute impossibility to imagine herself wrong when she had once come to a conclusion. In theory she might conceive it possible to be mistaken, but practically she felt herself infallible. The following examples will show how she speaks, throughout her biography, of those who held the opinions she had rejected.

Miss Martineau, being a Necessarian, says, "All the best minds I know are Necessarians; all, indeed, who are qualified to discuss the subject at all." "The very smallest amount of science is enough to enable any rational being to see that the constitution and action

of will are determined by influences beyond the control of the possessor of the faculty." She adds, that for more than thirty years she has seen how awful "are the evils which arise from that monstrous remnant of old superstition, — the supposition of a self-determining power, etc." Now, among those she had intimately known were Dr. Channing and James Martineau; neither of them believing in the doctrine of Necessity.

Speaking of Christianity, after she had rejected it, she calls it "a monstrous superstition." Elsewhere she speaks of "the Christian superstition of the contemptible nature of the body"; says that "Christians deprave their moral sense"; talks of the selfish complacencies of religion," and of "the atmosphere of selfishness which is the very life of Christian doctrine and of every other theological scheme"; speaks of "the Christian mythology as a superstition which fails to make happy, fails to make good, fails to make wise, and has become as great an obstacle in the way of progress as the prior mythologies it took the place of." "For three centuries it has been undermined, and its overthrow completely decided." Thus easily does she settle the question of Christianity.

Miss Martineau ceased to believe in immortality; and immediately all believers in immortality became, to her mind, selfish or stupid, or both. "I neither wish to live longer here," she says, "nor to find life again elsewhere. It seems to me simply absurd to expect it, and a mere act of restricted human imagination and morality to conceive of it." There is "a total absence of evidence for a renewed life." "I myself utterly disbelieve in a future life." She would submit, though reluctantly, to live again, if compelled to. "If I find myself conscious after the lapse of life, it will be all right, of course; but, as I said, the supposition appears to me absurd."

Under the instructions of Mr. Atkinson, Miss Martineau ceased to believe in a personal God, or any God but an unknown First Cause, identical with the Universe. The argument for Design, on which Mr. John Stuart Mill, for instance, lays such stress, seemed to her "puerile and unphilosophical." The God of Christians she calls an "invisible idol." He "who does justice to his own faculties" must give up "the personality of the First Cause." She considered the religion in her "Life in the Sick-Room" to have been "insincere"; which we, who know the perfect honesty of Harriet

Martineau, must take the liberty to deny. Though declaring herself to be no Atheist, because she believes in an unknown and unknowable First Cause, she regards philosophical Atheists as the best people she had ever known, and was delighted in finding herself *un*acquainted with God, and so at peace.

It is curious to read these "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development," of which Harriet Martineau and Mr. Atkinson were the joint authors. The simple joy with which they declare themselves the proud discoverers of this happy land of the unknowable is almost touching. All that we know, say they, is matter or its manifestation. "Mind is the product of the brain," and "the brain is not, as even some phrenologists have asserted, the instrument of the mind." The brain is the source of consciousness, will, reason. Man is "a creature of necessity." "It seems certain that mind, or the conditions essential to mind, is evolved from gray vesicular matter." "Nothing in nature indicates a future life." "Knowledge recognizes that nothing can be free, or by chance; no, not even God, — God is the substance of Law." Whereupon Miss Martineau inquires whether Mr. Atkinson, in speaking of God, did not merely use another name for Law. "We know nothing beyond law, do we?" asks this meek disciple, seeking for information. Mr. Atkinson replies that we must assume some fundamental principle "as a thing essential, though unknown; and it is this which I wrongly enough perhaps termed God." But if it is wrong to call this principle God, and if they know nothing else behind phenomena, why do they complain so bitterly at being charged with Atheism? And directly Mr. Atkinson asserts that "Philosophy finds no God in nature; no personal being or creator, nor sees the want of any." "A Creator after the likeness of man" he affirms to be "an impossibility." For, though he professes to know *nothing* about God, he somehow contrives to know that God is *not* what others believe him to be. Eternal sleep after death he professes to be the only hope of a wise man. The idea of free-will is so absurd that it "would make a Democritus fall on his back and roar with laughter." "Christianity is neither reasonable nor moral." Miss Martineau responds that "deep and sweet is her repose" in the conviction that "there is no theory of God, of an author of Nature, of an origin of the Universe, which is not utterly repugnant to my faculties; which is not (to my feelings) so irreverent as to make me blush, so mis-

leading as to make me mourn." And thus do the apostle and the disciple go on, triumphantly proclaiming their own limitations to the end of the volume.

And yet the effect of this book is by no means wholly disagreeable. To be sure, in their constant assertions of the "impossibility" of any belief but their own being true, their honest narrowness may often be a little amusing. They seem like two eyeless fish in the recesses of the darkness of the Mammoth Cave talking to each other of the absurdity of believing in any sun or upper world. But they are so honest, so sincere, so much in love with Truth, and so free from any self-seeking, that we find it easy to sympathize with their naïve sense of discovery, as they go sounding on their dim and perilous way. Only we cannot but think what a disappointment it must be to Harriet Martineau to find herself alive again in the other world. In her case, as Mr. Wentworth Higginson acutely remarks, we are deprived of the pleasure of sympathizing with her gladness at discovering her mistake, since another life will be to her a disagreeable as well as an unforeseen event.

Nor is it extraordinary, to those who trace Harriet Martineau's intellectual history, that she should have fallen into these melancholy conclusions. In her childhood and youth, most of the Unitarians of England, followers of Priestley, adopted his philosophy of materialism and necessity. Priestley did not believe in a soul, but trusted for a future life to the resurrection of the body. He was also a firm believer in philosophical necessity. An active and logical mind like Miss Martineau's, destitute of the keenness and profundity which belonged to that of her brother James, might very naturally arrive at a disbelief in anything but matter and its phenomena. From ignorance of these facts, Mrs. Chapman expresses surprise that the inconsistency of Harriet Martineau's belief in necessity, with other parts of her Unitarianism, "should not have struck herself, her judges, or the denomination at large." It *would* have been inconsistent with American Unitarianism, but it was not foreign from the views of English Unitarians at that time.

The publication of these "Letters" naturally caused pain to religious people, and especially to those of them who had known and honored Miss Martineau for her many past services in the cause of human freedom and progress. Many of these were Unitarians and Unitarian ministers, who had been long proud of her as a member of their denomination and one of their most valued co-workers. It

seemed necessary for them to declare their dissent from her new views, and this dissent was expressed in an article in the "Prospective Review," written by her own brother, James Martineau. Mrs. Chapman now makes known, what has hitherto been only a matter of conjecture, that this Review gave such serious offence to Miss Martineau that she from that time refused to recognize her brother or to have any further communication with him. Mrs. Chapman, who seldom or never finds her heroine in the wrong, justifies and approves her conduct also here, quoting a passage from the Review in support of Miss Martineau's conduct in treating her brother as one of "the defamers of old times whom she must never again meet." In this passage Mr. Martineau only expresses his profound grief that his sister should sit at the feet of such a master as Mr. Atkinson, and lay down at his bidding her early faith in moral obligation, in the living God, in the immortal sanctities. He calls this "an inversion of the natural order of nobleness," implying that Mr. Atkinson ought to have sat at her feet instead; and, turning to the Review itself, we find this the only passage in which a single word is said which could be regarded as a censure on Miss Martineau. But Mr. Atkinson is indeed handled with some severity. His language is criticised, and his logic is proved fallacious. Much the largest part of the Review is, however, devoted to a refutation of his philosophy and doctrines. Now, as so large a part of the "Letters" is pervaded with denunciations of the bigotry which will not hear the other side of a question, and filled with admiration of those who prefer truth to the ties of kindred, friendship, and old association, we should have thought that Miss Martineau would have rejoiced in having a brother who could say, "Amica Harriet, sed magis amica veritas." Not at all. It was evident that he had said nothing about herself at which she could take offence; but in speaking against her new philosophy and her new philosopher he had committed the unpardonable sin. And Mrs. Chapman allows herself to regard it as a natural inference that this honest and manly review resulted from "masculine terror, fraternal jealousy of superiority, with a sectarian and provincial impulse to pull down and crush a world-wide celebrity." She considers it "incomprehensible in an advocate of free thought" that he should express his thoughts freely in opposition to a book which argued against all possible knowledge of God and against all faith in a future life. It is, however, only

just to Miss Martineau to say that she herself has brought no such charges against her brother, but left the matter in silence. We cannot but think that it would have been better for Miss Martineau's reputation if her biographer had followed her example.

But, though we must object to Mrs. Chapman's views on this point, and on some others, we must add that her part of the second volume is prepared with much ability, and is evidently the result of diligent and loyal friendship. Miss Martineau could not have selected a more faithful friend to whom to confide the history of her life. On two subjects, however, we are obliged to dissent from her statements. One is in regard to Dr. Channing, whom she, for some unknown reason, systematically disparages. He was a good man, Mrs. Chapman admits, "but not in any sense a great one. With benevolent intentions, he could not greatly help the nineteenth century, for he knew very little about it, or, indeed, of any other. He had neither insight, courage, nor firmness. In his own church had sprung up a vigorous opposition to slavery, which he innocently, in so far as ignorantly, used the little strength he had to stay." Certainly it is not necessary to defend the memory of Dr. Channing against such a supercilious judgment as this. But we might well ask why, if he is not a great man, and did not help the nineteenth century, his works should continue to be circulated all over Europe? Why should such men in France as Laboulaye and Remusat occupy themselves in translating and diffusing them? Why should Bunsen class him among the five prophets of the Divine Consciousness in Human History, — speaking of "his fearless speech," "his unfailing good-sense," and "his grandeur of soul, which makes him a prophet of the Christianity of the Future"? Bunsen calls him a Greek in his manly nature, a Roman in his civic qualities, and an apostle in his Christianity. And was that man deficient in courage or firmness who never faltered in the support of any opinions, however unpopular, whether it was to defend Unitarianism in its weak beginnings, to appear in Faneuil Hall as the leader against the defenders of the Alton mob, to head the petition for the pardon of Abner Kneeland, and to lay on the altar of Antislavery the fame acquired by past labors? Is he to be accused of repressing the Antislavery movement in his own church, when there is on record the letter in which he advocated giving the use of the church building to the Society represented by Mrs. Chapman her-

self; and when the men of influence in his society refused it? Nor, in those days of their unpopularity, did Mrs. Chapman and her friends count Dr. Channing's aid so insignificant. In her article on "The Martyr Age," Miss Martineau describes the profound impression caused by Dr. Channing's sudden appearance in the State House to give his countenance and aid to Garrison and the Abolitionists, in what she says was a matter to them of life and death. And she adds, "He was thenceforth considered by the world an accession to their principles, though not to their organized body."

Nor do we quite understand Mrs. Chapman's giving to Miss Martineau the credit of being the cause of the Petition for the pardon of Abner Kneeland; as his conviction, and the consequent petition, did not take place until she had been nearly two years out of the country. And why does Mrs. Chapman select for special contempt, as unfaithful to their duty to mankind, the Unitarian ministers? Why does she speak of "the cowardly ranks of American Unitarians" with such peculiar emphasis? It is not our business here to defend this denomination; but we cannot but recall the "Protest against American Slavery" prepared and signed in 1845 by one hundred and seventy-three Unitarian ministers, out of a body containing not more than two hundred and fifty in all. And it was this body which furnished to the cause some of its most honored members. Of those who have belonged to the Unitarian body, we now recall the names of such persons as Samuel J. May, Samuel May, Josiah Quincy, John Quincy Adams, John Pierpont, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, John G. Palfrey, John P. Hale, Dr. and Mrs. Follen, Theodore Parker, John Parkman, John T. Sargent, James Russell Lowell, Wm. H. Furness, Charles Sumner, Caleb Stetson, John A. Andrew, Lydia Maria Child, Dr. S. G. Howe, Horace Mann, T. W. Higginson. So much for the "cowardly ranks of American Unitarians."

The last years of Miss Martineau were happy and peaceful. She had a pleasant home at Ambleside, on Lake Windermere. She had many friends, was conscious of having done a good work, and if she had no hopes in the hereafter, neither had she any fears concerning it. She was a strong, upright, true-hearted woman; one of those who have helped to vindicate "the right of women to learn the alphabet."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Art. VIII. — The Progress of Painting in America.

It has been said that the American people do not well understand, nor even greatly relish, the arts which have to do with visible beauty. That they do not well understand them is a fact which cannot easily be denied; but that they do not much care for them is not equally certain. Not only a large sympathy with, but a growing interest in, the progress of the arts, and especially pictorial art, is becoming more and more manifest in America; and the time may not be far distant when we may hope to find among our people a just taste and correct conceptions of beauty. It is true, however, that at present the American people are, to a certain extent, fostering a false taste for art, requiring in the drama, in literature, and all other æsthetic productions, an excess of coloring, an exaggeration of ornament, to arrest their attention and satisfy a vulgar craving for excitement and show. This love of sensation could in no wise prove more fatal than in its influence on the progress of pictorial art; and we would deem it vain to hope for better things from the public, did it not continually indicate an increasing fondness for the art of painting. Among the most promising evidences of this growing taste, no stronger could be adduced than that witnessed by every visitor to the late International Exhibition at Philadelphia. Memorial Hall was there the centre of attraction. Thousands who had, with hearts full of pride, witnessed the triumph of native ingenuity in the great hall consecrated to Machinery, turned from these triumphs of American genius to the thronged galleries of Memorial Hall. The sea of upturned faces which might there be seen intent on the paintings that lined the walls, and the perpetual, almost impenetrable, crowds passing and repassing from picture to picture, indicated no small æsthetic sensibility and an unaffected interest in the art of painting. Those who witnessed this scene could not fail to ask themselves: What stage have we reached in pictorial art, and whither do we tend? This is a question of no common interest and difficulty, and however inadequately it may be answered, it is surely one which courts

the investigation of every sincere and studious lover of art. But in any degree to appreciate the state of painting in America, it will be necessary to cast a glance at its growth and development in this country.

Our Puritan forefathers seem to have cared little or not at all for the arts of design. The immediate descendants of the brave little band which left England to plant its flag on Plymouth Rock possessed none of the conditions and inducements which combine to evolve even the crudest form of art. If nature ever endowed them with artistic faculties, they were as much suppressed as their impassioned vigor and religious zeal were developed. They seem to have positively cultivated everything harsh and unpleasant, frowning down all things pleasant and attractive. On the same principle, we suppose, they prohibited bear-baiting, not because it gave the bear pain, but the spectators pleasure. They seem to have regarded pictorial beauty as an attribute and instrument of Antichrist; it must be extirpated like idolatry in Canaan or altar-pieces in papal Rome. An occasional portrait in buff-coat and bandoleer may have been tolerated on the whitewashed wall, but more as a reminiscence of their old home than from any sense of beauty.

Under such conditions or in such a medium the Muses, if they ever sought these shores, became devitalized and benumbed. The understanding distanced and gradually lost sight of the imagination. The Colonies called only for artisans to build up civilization in the wilds of a new country. All taste for the external and decorative aspect of things was lost and merged in the struggle for order and existence. There was no architecture and little literature, nothing but system without proportion. Yet we must not forget that to that very system do we owe our prosperity and the success of our Revolution. The strength and vigor of these old Puritans left its imprint on the land indeed, but we doubt if any of their qualities maintained ascendency over the people so enduringly as their positive aversion to beauty and their utter neglect of the arts; and even at this day the traces of their dominating influence are not invisible in many sections of the country.

It would be a task of no common interest to go back in detail over the period which witnessed the dawn of taste in America and the advent of our early masters. But space will not permit that

careful investigation which the subject deserves, and by which it might be shown, that, though our taste was then less developed, it was not so forced and false as the taste of the present day.

Up to the year 1715 the art of painting was almost as little known to our ancestors as telegraphy is to the natives of Africa. It was in that year that the natives of Perth Amboy were astounded by the appearance of an odd Scotchman, called John Watson, who set up a studio and painted portraits for a scanty compensation. If we except the inspired coach-painter Smybert, and Rembrandt Peale, who painted the "Court of Death," the early painters who preceded Copley, Trumbull, West, and Allston might most readily be described as good sign-painters. Many of them — indeed, most of them — were the itinerant immortalizers of the heads of families, the travelling photographers of the period. Pratt appears as the Raphael of sign-painters. We are told by Niegel that Pratt's signs were by far the best signs he ever saw.

Smybert is the first artist whose productions can be said to claim a place in the history of American art. He has the merit of a pioneer. As such, if in no other regard, he undoubtedly holds respectable rank. In those days there was no gallery, no school of art, no church decoration, no architecture, not even a public building of any importance. In the face of all these barren surroundings, with the aid of a foreign tour, Smybert produced some very estimable copies and portraits. That the people were not entirely devoid of natural taste, and that there slumbered in them a sentiment which had been choked by the Puritan element, soon became evident; indeed, it cannot be doubted when we see such painters as Copley, Trumbull, Allston, and West arise from among them.

It cannot, at the same time, be denied that these artists must all have been born with an impassioned and inspired talent for the art. We are told by Lord Lyndhurst, the son of Copley, that his father never saw a good picture until he was thirty years of age. It is impossible not to admire the perseverance and native energy which must have impelled his innate genius to work against the tide of difficulties and opposing influences. Many have lamented the dry tone and formality of manner which characterize the works of Copley while he remained on this side of the

Atlantic. But much of this can be pardoned by those who have looked upon his "Death of Chatham" in the National Gallery of London. There we may see in full force his best qualities, and especially the translucence and richness of his coloring. In the Quaker painter, Benjamin West, we find the strongest manifestation of an innate and spontaneous sentiment for his calling. His successes have not equalled those of the great masters, but he presents an unrivalled instance of strong natural talent. He divested himself of his material surroundings, and, with every influence and prejudice against him, obeyed the dictates of his genius. It may indeed, perhaps, be questioned whether his merit warranted his brilliant success; but as the founder of a new school of historic painting he must hold high rank. Horace Vernet, and all the battle-painters who succeeded, adopted and followed his innovations, and the name of West became more extensively known in Europe than in America. Driven away by lack of encouragement, most of our early artists, and among them West, sought abroad that sympathy which was denied them here. West was chosen President of the Royal Academy, and earned the gratitude of his countrymen by becoming the teacher of Trumbull and Allston.

All our early painters were encouraged to paint subjects which appealed to the patriotism, religion, and imagination of the day. Their productions were all timely, and spoke well for the prevailing colonial taste. But the Colonies offered so small a field of purchase that it soon became the fashion to seek abroad a larger patronage. Here their efforts met with all due reward, and the patronage of all England was not wanting to secure the services and fortunes of our Stuarts and Copleys and Wests. Yet there was no lack of æsthetic feeling with us in those days. The patronage may have been small, but the growing taste was not yet perverted. All the heroes of the Revolution were painted by the best artists, and Trumbull's heads tell many a story not to be read in the pages of Bancroft. Nevertheless, Trumbull said to a young aspiring painter, "You had better learn to make shoes or dig potatoes than become a painter in this country"; so small was the patronage of that time. This early school, however, understood its audience. Even at the present day there are few paintings which, in point of subject, go so straight to the hearts of the people as

West's "Death of Wolfe" or Trumbull's "Hamilton" or Copley's "Chatham" or Allston's "Dream of Jacob." In the works of the last the fancy and spirit of the poet is strikingly translated to the canvas. Nor can we forget the masterly Washington, by Stuart. In every line there is a story. Stuart, of all our artists, may well be called the first colorist, and probably the first portrait-painter. His repose and softness of treatment, the depth and transparency of his shadows, his masterly handling of color, might well be imitated by the men of this generation. Dunlap, in his "History of the Arts," tells a story curiously illustrative of the intuitive and searching genius of this painter. He was engaged by Lord Mulgrave to paint the portrait of his brother, General Phipps, shortly to embark for India. Something strange in the picture drew from his Lordship the exclamation, "I see insanity in that face." The first news of General Phipps after his arrival was that he had cut his throat. Stuart died poor, although he ranked as the first American portrait-painter of his day. The writer was told by the artist's daughter, that, had her father resisted the entreaties which led him to abandon England, he would surely have died richer in wealth and fame. As it was, he was enticed to America to paint Washington, Jefferson, and other distinguished characters of the day.

Stuart died in 1829. Thus we may see that in the early part of this century the profession of the painter in America could not be called profitable. Yet it was a period which produced, perhaps, more good artists than we have since seen in this country. In a few the technique may have been inferior, but some of them have never since been surpassed in device of subjects, coloring, and perception. Even Vanderlyn, Sully, and Malbone possessed qualities which we of to-day may well envy. Their technique was English, but their productions breathe a spirit of originality and independence which seldom greets us in our modern works. As the American portrait school was losing its best representatives, and its more conspicuous features, there sprang into existence a class of painting which, more than any other American art productions, can be said to belong to a school. This was the landscape school. It bears the stamp and aspect peculiar to picturesque America, and interprets pure nature. The ruddy autumnal tints of our forests, the splendor of our shores compared with those of other lands, our unrivalled

sunsets, our vast rivers, were subjects for this new school. Doughty led the way. His autumnal effects at once touched the popular heart. His "Peep at the Catskills" and "View of the Hudson" made our people first realize the artistic surroundings of color which more than on any other Northern continent prevail in America. The start once made, it was soon followed in different directions. Our artists discovered that they could learn more from the woods and the rivers and the bays of their own country than could be taught them by all the painters of Munich, Rome, or Paris; and their efforts were not discouraged by the public. The demand for home scenes, scenes in which the people moved and lived, was constantly increasing, and marked an epoch in American art. It called forth such painters as Kensett, Whittredge, Russell Smith, Hubbard, S. R. Gifford, Church, Inness, Cole, Coleman, and others. Who has not looked with pleasure on the sea-pieces of Kensett? Pre-Raphaelite in the extreme, yet usually pure and broad in choice of subject; never neglecting finish, yet never losing sight of his effect, this artist gives us space unbounded as it is not often found combined with such fidelity to detail. Again, what could be more sympathetic or appealing than the landscapes of S. R. Gifford, who sought and painted native nature with its woods and creeks, its moors, its valleys, its rivers, waves, and gorgeous gilded sunsets? Claude-like in his sunlit evenings, and in his atmospheric effects imaginative to a rare degree, he never oversteps the boundaries of the possible.

This entire school of landscape-painters is the product of the public taste as it existed before the war. The public mind was in greater repose, less cosmopolitan. The taste was purer, devoid of that alloy which now taints it. It is to this most healthy condition of æsthetic perception that posterity owes the reproduction of scenes which must ever remain identified with this continent. What subject could be more majestic and eminently suggestive of native scenery than the "Niagara" of Church? There is sensation sufficient, one would imagine, to please the greatest lover of sensation; but it is sensation culled from Nature in her fullest vigor. In examining some of Inness's landscapes, we shall find it difficult at once to account for the pleasing, uncommon, yet quiet effect which greets us. After a while we discover that the charm lies in his strict observance of the laws of relation, his harmony,

his broad effects of light and shadow, his picturesque grouping, the hazy transparence of his atmosphere, and the infusion of a spirit and verve which can be given only by that poetic fervor which approaches the *feu sacré.* It is the genius of repose that lights the paintings of the group of artists which preceded the war. The taste for this repose is now singularly abandoned by the public for what might be termed an art essentially decorative.

In the days of the American Art Union its walls were lined with native scenes, and the success of this institution was without parallel. Indeed, as the promoter of American art, and a gauge of the public taste for years preceding the war, the Art Union did good service, and although the withdrawal of its tutelage may have been for the best, the loss of such an institution was great indeed. It had played its part as the nurse of American art, and properly, perhaps, the time of natural patronage was at hand. Yet a gap was created which, in many respects, has never since been filled.

We now come to what we may venture to term the second period of American art. In this period we include the present epoch. The war came. Vast fortunes were accumulated. Men who but yesterday had swept the streets rose to wealth and ease. Houses were bought and built in countless numbers. Pictures were needed to hang the walls of newly acquired mansions. The rooms must be furnished, the walls must be decorated, the paintings must be found. The demand came and the supply must be created, — a forced supply created by an unnatural want. It was with these new men not a question of quality, but of quantity. Their tastes were not cultivated, and everything was purchased in profusion. Paintings were turned out by the yard, good, bad, and indifferent, no matter what; but æsthetics had little to do in the selection. Fanned by the incessant excitement of war, the fever spread rapidly over the land, and bred that gaudy taste which has all but ingrained itself in American nature. Everything was splendid above and rotten below. It was the same in all property, in all corporations, in all classes, in all industries. The inflation spread over every corner of the country. We now see the reaction at every turn. In real estate, in railroads, in factories, in every walk and employment of life, do we find the terrible reaction from this unnatural state of things.

This inflation took its rise in those days of cumulative wealth

when fortunes became so vast that the value of money paled before the desires of those who were poor men yesterday and millionnaires to-day. Those were the days when one of our first painters, finishing in his studio a painting to order, was offered by some son of fortune three times the amount contracted for. Works of art became articles of commerce. The Wall Street of painting might be found in the rooms of the auctioneer. Galleries were purchased and soon disposed of at large profits. The same individual would purchase and sell again and again, prices and values being out of all proportion, and not a few of the best paintings giving way to the poorest. Young painters, only just started on a course of training, were summoned to supply the increasing demand. They painted and sold at figures which had never before been realized by the ablest of our artists. Yet the fault lay not with these young aspirants. It lay with the public. Had these young artists been encouraged to paint the scenes which at that time were being enacted, or had just passed away, — the scenes on the battle-fields which must ever touch the hearts of all Americans, — the first effect which the sight and recollection of such heroism and suffering would have inspired must have stamped the soul of all true men with that surpassing grandeur, the grandeur of national courage. It is indeed impossible to account for the small demand which the war created for scenes and episodes from the great struggle which for years was foremost in the minds of the people. The galleries and auction-rooms teemed with scenes of every age and clime, but few were the artists who were moved to translate to canvas the fury and medley of the battle-field, the cries of the wounded, the horrors of the dying, and all the picturesque and touching scenes and scenery which the eye of the soldier must have hailed with emotion. One young sculptor alone, John Rogers, made his fame and his fortune by the many appealing attitudes in which he has shown us the soldier's life. But the minds of his brother artists, the painters, seem at that time to have lost their sensitiveness. This may be accounted for by lack of public encouragement, or by the more charitable supposition that artists and the public were willing that the recollections of our civil war should drop into oblivion.

If this be so, it is well that painters should have led the way in this patriotic feeling, and done nothing to commemorate a

struggle which all are now willing to forget. The time may come when men's minds will be less agitated by the events of the late war, and when subjects connected with it will be viewed only as translations of common humanity, without the idea of conflict. Whatever the cause which may have prompted this artistic reticence, the public at that period had no craving for home subjects, and were as averse to native scenes as to the waving of the bloody shirt. Painters were urged to turn out bad imitations and superficial reproductions of foreign and especially of French schools. Purchasers longed to see their walls hung with subjects which would recall to them the Reignaults, the Meissoniers and Geromes, of Transatlantic fame. The cavalier, the Turk, the Mameluke, and the grisette were all enticing subjects for this purpose. A dash of green here, a dash of red or blue there, gave sufficient satisfaction to an untrained eye. Dealers purchased in Europe, and still continue to purchase, a few paintings by prominent masters, to surround them here in their galleries with inferior productions by inferior artists, which upon their native soil would bring hardly the value of the canvas. These in superficial coloring approached the great masters around which they clustered, and not a few were similar in choice of subject. Unable to detect the wide difference of quality, the ordinary collector was induced to possess himself of these valueless pieces at comparatively great prices, and it was not long before the failures of Paris were thrown by cargoes upon the American market. It was partly thus by the large and increasing sale of inferior imitations of the best French masters that our young artists were forced into a track which must inevitably divest them of every vestige of originality unless the taste of the public should undergo a salutary change. A finished shoe, with pink heel and silver buckle, became more attractive to the general eye than all the soul and sensibility which might speak from a fine landscape or a fine face. Taste, instead of being formed, became perverted, the conception of the artist was sacrificed to his execution, and those who failed to purchase in France had recourse to native artists, who must needs follow the mandate of the purchaser. This bade him paint things instead of thoughts, buttons instead of heads. It is painful to realize this melancholy truth at most of the auction-sales which take place to-day. A neatly painted row of buttons on the

edge of a gaudily painted mediæval coat will bring larger prices than productions of far greater merit which breathe that repose which of late has become so obnoxious to Americans. This love of decorative, foreign, and past scenes in many cases urges our artists to become guilty of anachronisms which cannot be avoided. Before we can paint knights-errant, with sword and belt and armor of bygone days, we must first possess a British Museum or a Musée de Cluny. We shall then no longer be forced to contemplate some unfortunate knight of the fifteenth century confined to the Tower of London, and arrayed in the picturesque apparel of his age, with a pair of Wellington boots to mar it. It is partly to avoid these anachronisms that our young painters are forced to seek abroad the material to fill their canvas, and pander to the public taste. It is this very habit of foreign study, as generally practised by our artists, that stamps their work with lack of character and native strength. We walk through the galleries of our exhibitions, and recognize the orthodox methods of Munich or Paris, yet we cannot blame the painter, who follows only in the current of the market, which calls yearly for such immense supplies from the schools of Europe. Unhappily most of those who sought abroad the training which might lead them to acquire the style of foreign masters were only absent long enough to catch their faults of coloring, and failed to give to the study of the figure those years which alone can make the skilled draughtsman.

Now that every advantage is being offered, especially in New York, where the system of instruction is being carried to its highest pitch, there is every inducement presented to aspirant artists who may seek for native training. Italian schooling and Italian surroundings may extend the value of the artist's product, but it can never enhance his æsthetic sensibility. When we reflect what obstacles opposed the rise of the Flemish school, and what surpassing advantages we possess, there can be no room for discouragement, but every hope of success. The Netherlands produced a school of their own only when they translated their life and surroundings to canvas. Their technique may have been partly Italian, but they clung sometimes ridiculously to the models of their own land. Their gods and goddesses were clothed with the flesh of plump Dutch women. Rubens never sought his models in Italy. He was the index and representative of the living organism which

thought and moved in the Netherlands. Even more so with Rembrandt. Whatever Rubens might have had of the ideal Rembrandt cast aside, choosing often for models positive ugliness. Yet we lose sight of the unsightly by the light of his chiaroscuro. The masterpieces of Italy were evolved from native surroundings. Their Madonnas were Italian women. No one ever sought elsewhere for manner or for matter, and with us feminine beauty is even more common than there, — perhaps, therefore, less valued. But the Italian public was appreciative; and we want, above all, an appreciative public. When Titian painted his "Venus of the Tribune" at Florence, he could never have been induced to handle the subject so laboriously, never could have given such years of toil to the acquisition of his wonderful powers, without having an audience which for appreciation has never been excelled. Such subtlety of color, such an exhibition of light and color in their most difficult combinations without the aid of the usual effect of shadow, such softness of outline, such transparency of shade, indeed, such an harmonious embodiment of truth, art, and nature, never could have been produced without the encouragement of a fostering public. Those were the days when the great painter stood almost higher than the great prince, when the public worshipped him as a god, when the pencil could win more glory than the sword. Hence, when Leonardo da Vinci dies, we find his sovereign exclaiming, "I can make ten thousand lords, but not one Leonardo." Those times have passed indeed, and if we recognize that they have passed, why not rid ourselves from the prevailing tendency to imitate them? Why not search for truth in all nature with the eye of the soul-inspired artist? Armed with such second-sight, we may, like the Flemish painter, see the beautiful in the unsightly and the surpassingly grand in the hideous. A most powerful example of his Dantesque grandeur may be seen in Reignault's "Executioner," and the faculty of seeing the beautiful in the unsightly could scarcely be more thoroughly represented than we have it in a painting by Mr. Quartly, one of our native artists, who has chosen a native subject, which now hangs on the walls of the Academy of Design, in New York. It represents a scene on a North River pier, one of sufficiently prosaic cast to require that pleasant and genuine quality of its own which has been infused by the artist.

After walking through this last exhibition at the Academy of Design, few can leave it without carrying with them the impression that our native art possesses merits which, if but called out by the public in a right direction, would be an honor to the country. There are some, indeed, among the paintings there exhibited which would not be unworthy of the salons of Paris or the Royal Academy of London. Few can fail to notice the purity and bright delicacy which characterize Gifford, the solid German excellence of Eastman Johnson, the rich, ripe, warm repose and sleeping splendor of an autumn effect by Inness. Boston is represented in a fine painting by Porter, full of color, sympathy, and grace, a freshness and fulness of life which is not often expressed by the brush. Cast in another mould, though not less attractive, is the "High Note," by J. G. Brown. The old man sitting in the country chair, the old fiddle into which he is throwing his soul, his pathetic expression, and his eyes dim with emotion, denote rare power on the part of this artist. Not far from this painting hangs a scene which recalls us to the old days when princes and prelates ruled the world. Wolsey and King Henry in the foreground of the banquet-hall at Hampton, the scene of riot and revelry around the tables, which recede into the hall, surrounded by ever-changing faces, — all this, by the dim light of the lamps, is a scene and subject well worthy of Mr. Irving, the quality of whose work would not easily be surpassed had he not been preceded by Meissonier. It is, however, to be regretted that the talent of this artist has not been applied to the rendering of modern or native scenes. Space will not permit any further glance at the best paintings on exhibition at the Academy; although there are several of equal merit with those above named, we must forego the pleasure of recalling them.

It may be doubted whether visitors to the exhibition now open at the Academy will there find a full representative gallery of American art. The paintings are mainly by New York artists, and, save a very few from Boston and elsewhere, the nation is but feebly represented. There is no better encouragement to the arts than an Annual National Exhibition organized and recognized by the country. This is essentially needed. We want, for the better promulgation of recent art productions, to gather together results of our artists from the Pacific to the Atlantic, — a gallery where we

may yearly witness the progress of painting through the Union, from New York to San Francisco, from St. Paul to Galveston. By thus collecting the results of the year under one roof, the public taste for national art will be encouraged, and diverted from foreign imports of inferior value. And only thus can we encourage native artists to wield vigorous pencils and keep pace with the material progress of the country. Then will our painters no longer fear to pass the ordeal of criticism. A sensitive public will always be followed by sensitive critics. In all the great countries of Europe national annual exhibitions of art are fostered and carefully encouraged, and every painter considers it an honor to be admitted to the Salon of Paris or the Academy of London. At the present exhibition some of our best artists are remarkable by their absence, and few visitors can leave the building without having the conviction forced upon them that all America has not competed. Those who know by what zeal and energy and in the face of what obstructions the New York Academy of Design was founded will fully appreciate the obstacles which would beset a further development of such an institution. To found the Salon at Paris, or the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, was an easy task compared with the difficulties of bringing together paintings from such vast distances as must be traversed in the United States. Yet the greater the difficulty the greater the triumph of such an achievement.

At the present moment there are signs that indicate a new departure in American art, and promise to fill our galleries with materials ample to compensate for the years of toil which will be required. It will be open to young artists to get a thorough groundwork and training in New York, where every encouragement and the best instruction for the study of the human figure are offered. Such a training must inevitably prove of greater value than an imperfect acquisition of foreign technique.

If it be true that the inventive faculty of the artist be proportioned to the active energies of the nation, then there should indeed be a promising mission for art in America. It is not without cause that we can venture to hope that there may arise among us a new school more scientific, more correct than any yet known; a school which shall combine the existent with the ideal as it has never yet been combined; a great art expressive of great

thoughts at once harmonious, spontaneous, original, which shall combine the laws of proportion and the laws of beauty. In glancing back over the history of painting in this country, we cannot but discover a sufficiently strong taste for the art to encourage great hopes for its future, especially when we consider that this is the only new country that has at all successfully vied with art in Europe.

When these now United States were Colonies of England, they constituted integral parts of a great and ancient empire. The people were English, the richer families cultivated English tastes, the artists were Englishmen, and they looked to England as the mart where their productions were most likely to be appreciated, and receive their just reward. For some time after our Independence was achieved English modes of feeling and taste still lingered among us. But when our independence as a nation began to tell upon our manners and modes of thought, our taste began to degenerate. We became a nation given up to commerce, and gain usurped the worship which was due to beauty. Now, however, we are in the midst of a *renaissance* which began with our new school of landscape-painting, was interrupted by our civil war, but is destined, we hope, to resume its progress not only in landscape but in figure painting, till America shall not shrink from competition with the older schools of older countries. When we have reached this stage, it will be possible to realize the value of art as a powerful moral agent and promoter of high civilization. It will then be possible to realize how vital it is to the completion of American character that it raise itself from the prosaic into the regions of the true; and we may then hope to possess what we have never yet possessed, — a great national epic, a great national drama, a great national painting.

THE EDITOR.

Art. IX. — Political Reflexions by a Japanese Traveller.*[1]

It is now eleven years since I first left Japan. At that time it was not permitted to Japanese to leave the country for purposes of travel; nevertheless, I managed to escape, for I was anxious to study foreigners in their own countries. I remained three years away from Japan, staying principally in England and America. I had already read about those countries, and I desired much to see how Government was carried on. The impression made in Japan by foreigners, when they first came there, was so great, that Japanese thought that their wise men must be almost like Gods, and that their political institutions must be perfect, because inventions were so wonderful. Now many Japanese have become much wiser, beeause they have lived in foreign countries and studied them deeply. Certain foreign men had a very great fame amongst Japanese youth, — such, for instance, as George Washington, whose greatness became very soon celebrated amongst us. Therefore I was very anxious to come to America, principally on his account. Whilst in England and America I studied great deal, chiefly in science and language, and returned to Japan in 1868 when the war was going on. After the revolution, when Japanese began to introduce reform into the Government, I saw they were too ignorant in political matters to understand properly how to make new Constitution; then I determined once more to come abroad to study especially the political condition of various countries. For six years I have been engaged in travel in Europe and America, and now I venture to tell my friends in this country my conclusions. I beg they will forgive my frankness. When foreigners come to Japan they write quite freely what they think about it. Sometimes they write very foolish things, staying only short time, and telling results as if they had made deep studies. Sometimes they even say things which are not true and not kind. I will try and avoid this, but at the same time I will tell quite truly and

* We have thought it best to give this contribution to our readers in the form in which it reached us, without altering the idiom. — Ed.

sincerely my feeling, because sometimes the view of the foreigner is of great assistance to a people. Japanese people received great benefit from the frank opinions about them of foreigners, because they were so accustomed to their faults, they never remarked them, but they were quite plain to strangers. It is the same with individuals. They cannot see themselves exactly like others see them. It is true that there are plenty of European travellers who have written about America, but they are all Christians, and very often they write from jealousy and mean motives. Having same religion and same manners, they cannot write so impartially as a man who comes from a much older and different kind of civilization, and who has no religion, but who tries to look at things from more high and pure ground of philosophy, which is taught by the great Master Confucius. So I beg my kind readers will believe that I have no other motive but to try and help them, by pointing out their faults, in the same way that many of their good missionaries have tried to help Japanese — but I shall not remark much upon their moral condition, however, now — though on this subject there is a great deal to be said, which I shall write in a book for Japanese in their own language. At present I desire rather to discuss American political state, because I have now studied very carefully for many months the interesting questions connected with this Government, and I think it might be possible to tell something that might improve it — but to propose any plan by which the moral condition of a people can be improved is indeed most difficult.

I will now go on with my political reflexions. When I left Japan six years ago, I determined to study Europe first — to begin with the country whose political condition was most backward, and to end with the country whose political condition was most forward. I decided therefore to land in Constantinople and to return to Japan by San Francisco. In Turkey I remained very short time. It chiefly interested me on account of the effect of religion upon the Government. I then went to Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Paris and London. I stayed nearly one year at each place. Finally I came here. Now I see how necessary it is to examine deeply political questions. When I was here the first time, I did not examine at all, and when I returned to Japan I still thought this country was more advanced than other countries

in political affairs. Now I have quite changed. I will state my reasons why I think, of all countries I have been in, this country is most backward. It is because here there is no change. In every other country there is change. The times we live in are the most changeable times that have ever been known. Japan changes, China changes even a little, Turkey changes also, only little, because of religion, all the other European countries change, only America in politics for a hundred years never changes. Always just the same Constitution — but since that Constitution was made, steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, many wonderful things have been invented, so the manners and customs of people have been changed, their opinions about every thing are quite different, liberty and freedom are being every where introduced, only in America the rights of the people have not been increased for one hundred years. In Europe the people will not allow this; they make revolutions, then comes more freedom. In twenty years how much has happened! In Austria Hungary has been separated and free institutions have been given — with two chambers. At Vienna also in two chambers all different races in the empire are represented, and can talk freely. In Germany, Empire has been formed with chambers also rather free, only Bismarck has too much power, but there is no old Constitution to stop freedom when he dies. In Italy, the whole country has been united, bad Governments of Naples and Pope have been abolished, king has no power — all power is in chambers, quite free. In France, Empire has been abolished, free chambers have been established, only they have one bad thing, written Constitution, — only it is very short, and can easily be changed. In England, Queen has no power at all — House of Commons, that is, people's House, has all power. Immediately when people want, they can change Government. One hundred years ago when American Constitution was made, people in Europe could not press themselves upon Governments; now it is almost impossible for any Government to resist will of the people. In France it is quite impossible. Always almost immediately they make revolutions. In England, also, it is not possible. There the people make peaceable revolutions, but Government never can go against the people. Only here that is possible. This is the only country in the world, where, in

a popular election, majority cannot elect their candidate. One hundred years ago this Government was most free of all Governments. Since that time all other Governments have moved on, pressed by the people, pressed by the people, always pressed; so they go forward quite rapidly in a free direction. Only this never moves. It is the same with that remarkable people, the Chinese. I remark much resemblance between Americans and Chinese. They are both afraid to move from old customs. This is in many respects a good thing. It is just opposite in Japan. Japanese go too fast; they think they know everything, when they know very little, and they go on rashly — but Americans are too slow in politics. Owing to their splendid country, and to steamboats and railroads, they are increasing more rapidly in numbers than any other people in the world. So they have not the same excuse as Chinese. They are not increasing — so they do not require to change political institutions — but how can a Constitution which was made for two millions of people a hundred years ago, be good for forty millions of people now, when all other countries have changed since then, and steam has altered every thing? Then it was quite natural to elect a man to be President for four years, and give him almost same power as the King of England had then, and allow him to govern as he likes, even when the whole country is opposed to him. Then all the world was governed that way. I do not think in Europe now is one king who would dare to govern, like President Johnson, with the whole country against him, — only Prince Bismarck, or the Emperor of Russia, could perhaps try, but even then it would not be safe. In all the countries I visited in Europe, the Cabinets must be in the Houses of Legislature to answer to the people's representatives. Only here members of Cabinet do not care about the people's representatives; they stay outside, they do what they like in their Council with the President. He appoints who he likes to be his ministers. He has so much power he can even make the Senate generally accept his men, like he did the other day, and his measures. To get rid of him, the Congress must impeach him, but how difficult is this, and how bad it looks to the rest of the world! So the Congress does not dare. Also he can bribe with offices so many people. What king can give so much without consulting the people's two Houses of Legislature as the President of the United States? Only

he must consult the Senate, but if he is obstinate man, they quarrel, then comes difficulty. If he is opposed in politics to Congress for four years, if they do not impeach him, they must veto his measures, if he won't yield. Then what? If he proposes measures and the Congress vetoes them, and they won't yield — then what? All this is very bad — very good a hundred years ago — but very bad now. Then the people did not know their rights, now they do. They want the President to govern as they think right — not as he thinks right. This is called "popular government." They are now going to have that in Japan. Surely it is time that this great country should have it also. Only one step have they made in a hundred years, and that is backwards, when they gave votes to a different race, who have no education and small intelligence, to help to elect a President who for four years is not responsible to anybody. Already it has been found that many things are not provided for in the Constitution. I counted nineteen difficulties during last election for which no provision was made in the Constitution.

Suppose a negro is elected President, the Constitution permits him to have too much power. He should certainly be made responsible to the country. The only way to do this is to follow the example of more advanced countries of Europe, and oblige all the members of his Cabinet to be in the Congress. They would probably all be negroes, but if the country did not like them, and there was a majority against them, they would have to resign. In that way you could again get a white Cabinet, otherwise it is not possible. How can you go on with a Constitution that allows such great dangers to exist? It has been proved, by what has just happened, that at any time they may occur again, but never again could you settle the question by eight to seven. I have conversed with many persons who say that never again will they agree to that. In Japan it would not be possible for those seven men to live, who have proposed this plan. After it failed they must commit *seppukku*, or the "self-despatch." Though I do not approve this practice, I think, until countries have arrived at an advanced political state, it is in some respects good. It makes men very careful in proposing political plans. The practice, in this country, by which political enemies kill each other with pistols, does not make them so careful, but perhaps it is necessary while the old Consti-

tution lasts, but with the introduction of popular government and a responsible Cabinet it might be abolished. In Japan it is hoped in the same way to abolish "self despatch," which I think is a better check upon political violence and bad language than duels. In Japan all editors of newspapers writing like those in this country would be obliged to perform this act, and even Mr. Tilden after he had got majority of nearly 300,000 votes could not survive his defeat with honor, but this is not because he has used bad language, but because he himself has been so much abused. For this reason he would have to commit *seppukku.* In my book which I am going to write in Japan upon the moral condition of this country, I will show how far the higher morality of Japan is due to *seppukku,* so that they may not abolish it rashly, or without providing some other check, by which all persons using violent language, slandering other persons, bribing other persons, being bribed, making false returns, frightening voters, or otherwise behaving badly, may be restrained. None of these vices exist now in Japan. This is in consequence of former Government when such things were not possible. I believe they in this country entirely result from the hundred years old Constitution.

It is true that I observe these same vices also in European countries but much less. As in Mahometan countries religion affects the politics, so also in Christian countries the vices of politics are different. As Japan is neither Mahometan nor Christian, I do not think that popular government, with responsible Cabinet, will produce the same vices as in Christian countries. They will be different, some kind of a vice made from mixture of Confucian Philosophy and Buddhism. If you had in this country Mikado, Emperor, or King, or Sultan, remedy would be easy, but, with President who has so much power, it is more difficult. It is always difficult when a man once has got power to take it away, and when he has got it by hundred year old Constitution, it is almost impossible.

Still I will explain my meaning. To make this Republic into a more free Government, there is no necessity to change the name. To take away power from President, there is no necessity to change his name. So I do not propose, because I want to see this Government more free, to change any names; the only thing to be done is, abolish the Constitution, then all is simple. Then make a law

that President must choose his Cabinet from two Houses of Congress. Then make another law and give more power to House of Representatives, because that is people's House more than Senate. There are many reasons why it is not a good thing, when Government is responsible, for Senate to have more power than House of Representatives. Now it is necessary, because without responsible Cabinet the President is so powerful; but when power is taken from President, then some power should also be taken from Senate and given equally to House of Representatives or lower House. Only in America has lower House least power. In other countries all the power is in lower House. Then when the President and his Cabinet are in opposition to the country, at once you find it out in the House of Representatives much quicker than in the Senate. Immediately then there must be a vote of confidence in the Government. If the majority in the House of Representatives is against the Government, then at once the President and the Cabinet must both resign. The reason why it is best that the majority in the House of Representatives should decide this matter is, because they are elected every two years and the Senate only every six years; therefore, when the opinion in the country changes, you see the change quickly in the House of Representatives, but only slowly in the Senate.

So when the House of Representatives decides that the President and the Cabinet are governing opposite to the will of the people, naturally they must be at once turned out. This is free government, — it is very simple, but the American people do not yet understand it, having been so long blinded by hundred year old Constitution. At once a new President must be elected by the people, not as he is elected now, but directly by the people — something like the plan I read in the last number of this Review proposed by Ex-Senator Buckalew, so that it is impossible for minority to force him on majority. While he is being elected, the old President might still stay till new one is elected. If the old President thinks majority in the House of Representatives is mistaken, he might ask the country to elect him again. Then, if he is re-elected, he must choose different men for his Cabinet who can obtain a majority to support them, because it might be sometimes that country likes the President but does not like his Cabinet. Now the Senate can say if they do not

like the Cabinet, but the country can say nothing. Much better plan is for the country to say if they do not like the Cabinet, and the Senate to say nothing.

Very often the Senate and the country do not agree: then the people must decide. Always in a free country people should decide every thing, — not Senate, not President, only people. This is difference between free government and old kind of government. With free government, all the power is with people; with old government under hundred year old Constitution, people have no power; only President and Senate have power. So, often there is great danger. This danger will increase, because although the American people, like Chinese, are most patient people, at last they will rebel, when they find that hundred year old Constitution makes only difficulty, and that sometimes one Judge of Supreme Court must be chosen to decide who is to be President. If the President promises some kind of reform and does not perform his promise because Senate will not allow him, even though people desire reform they can do nothing. They must wait four years. President Grant promised great deal; he performed nothing, but people must wait. Now President Hayes promises reform: perhaps he will do something, perhaps he will do nothing, because Senate will not let him, but people must wait. People do not approve all kinds of robbery and extravagance, but they cannot prevent it. Always they must wait. How much longer will they wait and pay heavy taxes, to see their money make Senators and politicians and their friends rich? Not always.

In all countries except America there is a liberal or radical party. This party is also called party of progress, or sometimes party of action. It is always in favor of reform, and desires to abolish old institutions and to secure more rights for the people. In this country there is no party of progress. There is the Republican party in favor of "federal rights," and there is the Democratic party in favor of "State rights," but there is no Reform party in favor of "people's rights." Republicans and Democrats are both old-fashioned Conservatives. In this country there are no real reformers in favor of radical changes, like there are in other countries. Therefore, this country now is not "going ahead"; it is "going astern," as sailors say. Excuse me if I am speaking so plain. It is because I love American people very

much that I want to see them get their rights, and have pure and cheap government instead of dishonest and expensive one. Therefore reform is needed. Therefore hundred year old Constitution must be abolished. No other Constitution in the world is so old, it stops all reform.

The other day I was reading Declaration of Independence, saying every man was born equal, and possesses inalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is only talking. Constitution does not secure this right. When I converse with colored person from Louisiana, he tells me life not safe, liberty only limited, pursuit of happiness very difficult. White persons from South Carolina explain exactly the same thing. They tell me Constitution prevents pursuit of happiness for white people in Southern States very much. Many clever politicians with whom I have talked have told me difficulty of all kinds of reform arises from old Constitution. One Republican gentleman very celebrated — therefore I cannot tell his name — even said to me, "our Constitution is like an old gun, it wants new stock, new lock, and new barrel." Therefore, no doubt, to throw away old Constitution would be a good thing; only they say, Who can dare to say this? It is too dangerous to propose such a thing! No man will venture to be the first. Certainly he will be much attacked. People will say he is a revolutionist — but a nation which won its independence by warlike revolution need not be afraid of making progress by peaceable one. I think American politicians rather timid. Therefore, I am not writing for politicians, but for people — and already I have said enough. The American people are very clever people. They do not require long explanations; only they require a hint. They are so busy making money they have not had time to examine this matter; therefore I have examined it for them. But what is the good of making money when you have to spend all in taxes? When government is cheap, people get rich much quicker. Therefore, stop a little from making money and think how you can most quickly abolish Constitution and make reforms to suit present time. Better to do this now than wait till some revolution comes and you will lose all money. If Supreme Court Judge had not decided quickly the other day, even now you might have been fighting, and your money would be soon flying away. Next time, perhaps, you may

not find a Judge so clever and quick. Remember how great danger you have escaped. Every time you will not be so fortunate. This is very serious warning. American people are too thoughtless. When they escape danger, immediately they forget it. In this matter they are not like Chinese, more like French people. Chinese take warnings, reflect a great deal, but don't change. French people never take warnings, do not reflect at all, but always change. Best plan is, — first, take warnings, then reflect, and then change. Do not say this is only Japanese, and his English is still not good, therefore he knows nothing. I pray you not to despise this because I am a man of low degree and moderate understanding, for this is a wise saying, "a precious stone in the dirt is apparently worthless, but he who discovers, polishes, and wears it, himself becomes of value."

When I was student in London, I learnt Latin, and when I read the motto upon your review I felt bold and became much encouraged, and I determined to write freely, because it told me you would receive truth impartially, no matter from whence it comes.

Therefore, my American friends, I now call upon you to remember and to apply the words you have yourselves chosen — "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

SIONARA,
A Japanese Traveller.

Art. X. — Recent Progress in Physical Science.

The New International Platinum-Iridium Standard of Length.

The International Metric Commission, which met in Paris in October, 1872, had two prominent objects: First, the production of standards of length and of mass with all the refinements of modern science; and second, the organization of a permanent International Bureau of Weights and Measures. The linear standard agreed upon was a bar 4 metres in length, to be made of an alloy of 90 parts platinum and 10 parts iridium, and was to have a cross section represented nearly by the letter X. The bar for this new standard was presented to the French Academy in December last, by Mr. George Matthey of London. The metals used were prepared pure by H. St.-Claire Deville and Debray of Paris. For the bar, five ingots were first made, each composed of 450 ounces of platinum and 55 ounces of iridium, melted together. These were then cut into fragments, which were again thoroughly melted and cast into a single ingot. This ingot was rolled out, cut into strips, and again melted and cast. The new ingot was forged into a bar, then rolled between polished steel cylinders until reduced to nearly the size required, and finally drawn and finished on a planing-machine. As presented, the bar had a length of 410 centimetres, a breadth of 2.1 centimetres, and a thickness of 0.5 centimetre. After annealing, the bar had a density of 21.516. Analysis showed it to be very homogeneous, and to contain 99.33 parts of the required alloy, the remaining 0.67 part being iridium in excess, rhodium, ruthenium, and iron. The production of so satisfactory a bar, considering the difficulty experienced in working the metals of which it is composed, is justly regarded as a great metallurgical triumph. The finishing and graduating of the standard has been intrusted to MM. Brünner of Paris.

Extinction of one Musical Sound by another.

Professor Mayer in a recent paper announces the remarkable discovery that one sound may entirely obliterate another, if it be more intense than this other. His earlier experiments were made

with the ticks of a clock and of a watch; when the two were at certain distances from the ear the louder clock-tick entirely extinguished the feebler watch-tick which took place at the same instant. Careful measurement proved that the intensity of the former must be at least three times that of the latter, to produce the effect. Extending his investigations to musical sounds, Professor Mayer observed that pitch had to do with the result, and that on the one side not only may a more intense sound, lower in pitch than another, obliterate it entirely, but that on the other no sound, however intense, can extinguish the sensation of a concurrent sound when the latter is lower in pitch. Some curious phenomena follow from these facts. If, for example, a sentence be read aloud in a given tone of voice, and a c′ organ pipe be at the same time forcibly sounded, it appears as though two persons were simultaneously reading, one with a grave voice, the other with a high pitched one, which is squeaky and nasal. The author makes two important applications of his discovery: First, to orchestral music, in which, as now conducted, the sounds of the violin, and even those of the clarionet are often entirely obliterated by the deeper and more intense sounds of other instruments; thus altering the peculiar expression intended by the composer. It is evident, therefore, that a knowledge of this law of extinction must not only be of the greatest value in future musical composition, but also that it has an important present application by establishing the fact that in directing our existing music the conductor should be placed, not in the midst of his performers, but in the position occupied by an average hearer. The second application is to the determination, by means of the new law, of the relative intensities of sounds, so that the data for producing any desired effect may be accurately obtained.

Experiments with the Radiometer.

The little instrument devised by Mr. Crookes in 1873, and called by him a Light-mill or Radiometer, has continued to excite great interest in scientific circles. It consists of a light frame of four arms, carrying at their extremities four disks or squares, usually of mica, blackened on one side, the whole being supported on a pivot of steel, and enclosed in a glass globe carefully exhausted. Upon exposure to light the vanes rotate, the unblackened side in advance. Mr. Crookes at first supposed the cause of the motion to

be the direct impact of light, and in a paper presented to the Royal Society in 1876, he states that the mechanical force of a candle twelve inches distant is .000444 grain, and six inches distant, .001772. The light of the sun was equal in one experiment to that of 10.2 candles six inches off; from which datum he calculates the "pressure of sunshine" to be 2.3 tons on every square mile of the earth's surface. The true cause of the motion was established by Mr. Stoney, who showed that it was due to the reaction between the walls of the globe and the blackened side of the vanes, this reaction being produced by the impact of the molecules of the residual gas, whose velocities are alternately increased and diminished by contact with the warmed and cooled surfaces, respectively. The reaction cannot take place under the atmospheric pressure, since the mean length of free path of any molecule is only one two-hundred-and-fifty-thousandth of an inch, while in a vacuum of one four-millionth of atmospheric pressure the length of this path is sixteen inches. Various experimenters, each in his own way, have abundantly confirmed this theory. On the question whether residual air is necessary, M. Kundt showed that if a delicately suspended disk be suspended in the same globe directly above the vanes, it will be set in rotation in the same direction by the current of air from the vanes. Mr. Crookes proved that when the globe is revolved, of course in complete darkness, so far as the instrument is concerned, the vanes will be carried round by the friction of the residual air. M. Alvergniat, by exhausting the globe at 400° C., obtained so perfect a vacuum that no rotation took place. A small quantity of air being admitted, the apparatus performed as usual. M. Finkener, by a very ingenious method, proved that the rotation increased with the rarefaction up to a maximum, and then decreased, becoming null when the vacuum became nearly perfect. He showed that the maximum effect was obtained in a vacuum in which the pressure was 0.007 millimetre of mercury; and also that the rotation of the vanes was the more rapid the smaller the globe in which they were enclosed. On the question of the reaction between the vanes and the containing vessel, Mr. Schuster floated the globe delicately in water, and observed that when the vanes moved one way the globe revolved slowly in the other. M. Righi obtained the same result by suspending the radiometer by a filament of silk. The torsion was

in one direction as the velocity increased, and in the other as it diminished. Reversing the instrument, and again suspending it as before, no amount of light caused a perceptible movement; proving the forces active in the phenomenon to reside entirely within the instrument. Professor Rood proved the reaction by supporting opposite to and on the same arm as one of the two vanes composing the mill, a delicate screen. When light acted on the unscreened vane, reaction took place between this vane and the walls of the vessel, and rotation was the consequence. But when the screened vane received the light, the impact of the retreating molecules was against the screen; which, being on the same support, antagonized the vane, and prevented rotation. While, therefore, the Radiometer does not establish the materiality either of light or heat, yet it is an exceedingly interesting instrument for illustrating the dynamic theory of gases.

Divided Circles on Glass.

Mr. L. M. Rutherfurd of New York has introduced an important improvement into instruments for measuring angles, which bids fair to work a revolution in this class of instruments, and which consists simply in using glass circles for the divisions instead of metal. The circle used by Mr. Rutherfurd is on a spectrometer, and is ten inches in diameter, being carefully graduated to ten minutes of arc. The great advantage of these circles lies in the fact that the lines, being ruled with a diamond point, are of the greatest delicacy, being finer when seen through the reading microscopes than even the spider-lines themselves. From the transparency of the glass, moreover, the illumination may be made as complete as is desired. Hence Mr. Rutherfurd believes that for astronomical purposes a circle fifteen inches in diameter would give greater precision, when read with powerful microscopes, than the largest metallic circles now in use. In the spectrometer referred to, in which the microscopes magnify seventy-five diameters, the probable error of a single reading is considerably less than half a second.

Spectroscopic Measurement of the Sun's Rotation.

The direct proof of change in the wave-length of light by motion of the luminous body to or from the observer, being impossible by reason of the immense velocity of this agent, Professor

Young has successfully made use of the opposite motions of the two limbs of the sun for this purpose. The spectrum used was that of the sixth order, — though the seventh and eighth were also used, — obtained from one of Mr. Rutherfurd's exquisite gratings of 8,640 lines to the inch, the overlapping of the spectra of these high orders being corrected by inserting between the ruled plate and the observing telescope a glass prism of 45°, with its edge perpendicular to the ruled lines, so arranged as to refract upward the superposed colors at any one point, in the order of their refrangibility. With this high dispersion, the difference in the position of the two D lines and of the nickel line between them becomes quite sensible; and by means of micrometers, measurable. Assuming the velocity of light to be 186,600 miles per second, and taking the best determinations of wave-length of the two D lines, Professor Young has calculated that the difference in the velocity of two points on the sun's equator on opposite limbs is 2.84 miles per second, with a probable error of 0.07. This result, which corresponds to a velocity of rotation of 1.42 miles per second, while close enough to the velocity deduced from the time of rotation of the spots, 1.25 miles per second to establish the change in wave-length by motion, is yet too widely different from the latter to allow us to suppose they refer to the same quantity. Hence, Professor Young is inclined to believe that the velocity of the chromosphere, where the absorption is effected which produces the lines measured, is actually greater by 0.17 mile per second than that of the photosphere in which the spots lie; a result by no means improbable.

Protection of Buildings from Lightning.

Professor Maxwell, believing that the ordinary arrangement of lightning-rods is calculated rather for the benefit of the surrounding country, and for the relief of clouds laboring under an accumulation of electricity than for the protection of the building on which the rod is erected, suggests some modifications in the common plan. What is really desired is to prevent the possibility of an electric discharge taking place within a certain region; as, for example, a gunpowder manufactory. Now, no discharge of electricity can take place except between bodies differing greatly in potential; the electricity passing from the body of higher to that

of lower charge. If, therefore, it be possible to keep the potential uniform within a certain region, no discharge can take place between bodies within it. This may readily be done by connecting all the bodies in the region by a metallic conductor. In the case of the powder-mill, the building should be enclosed in a network of some good conductor, say a copper wire, No. 4 of the Birmingham wire gauge. This should be carried round the foundation, up each of the corners and gables, and along the ridges. It may be built into the wall to prevent theft, but should be connected to all outside surfaces of metal. If there are water or gas pipes, they should be put in contact with the wire; but if there are none, it is not necessary to facilitate in any way the escape of the electricity into the earth.

The New Elements Gallium and Neptunium.

Two additions have recently been made to the list of chemical elements. The first of these, the metal *Gallium*, — called so from Gallia, — was observed by M. Boisbandran in a zinc blende from the Pyrenees. He recognized it as new by the peculiarities of its spectrum, which consists of two bright lines only, situated in the violet, the more refrangible of which lies beyond even the violet line of potassium. Their wave-lengths are 417 and 403 ten-millionths of a millimetre respectively. The metal itself is grayish-white and lustrous, but tarnishes in moist air. It liquefies at 30.15° C., and may therefore be melted by the heat of the hand. When melted it exhibits the property of suffusion to a remarkable degree, remaining liquid for weeks even at temperatures near zero. In the solid form, which is obtained readily by touching the fused mass with a fragment of solid gallium, the metal is hard and resistant, though it may be cut, and is flexible and malleable. It is not volatile, and has a density of 5.956. Its atomic weight has not yet been fixed, owing to the small quantity thus far prepared; but as it forms a well-defined alum, its chemical relations would seem to ally it to aluminum. The second new element was discovered in the mineral columbite, from Haddam, by M. Hermann. It is called *Neptunium*, and belongs to the group which already contains tantalum, columbium, and ilmenium. Its chemical reactions sharply distinguish it from the other members of the group, as also does its atomic weight, which M. Hermann finds to be 118.

Art. XI. — CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

1. — *Russia.* By D. Mackenzie Wallace. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1877. pp. 620.

Before the publication of Mackenzie Wallace's book no exhaustive and authentic account of Russia as it is since the reforms instituted by the present ruler was accessible in the English language. Indeed, we may say that no adequate information on the subject was extant in any language of Western Europe, since Haxthausen's work describes Russia as it was, and although a remarkable series of studies by Leroy-Beaulieu has been running through the "Revue des Deux Mondes" during the last twelvemonth, their appearance in book form may be regarded as simultaneous with Mr. Wallace's exposition. It is, of course, impossible, within the limits of this notice, to mark even in outline the answers here presented to the hundred intricate and pregnant questions connected with the social economy of the great Northern Empire. We may note, however, the main branches into which the inquiry naturally divides itself, and indicate some points where Mr. Wallace's work may be profitably supplemented with another's researches. The distribution of the Russian people into classes, which, until recently, had almost the rigidity of castes, is, of course, a preliminary topic; and here Mr. Wallace points out the wide difference between the semi-independent landed aristocracy which grew up in feudal Europe and the official nobility of Russia, which since the era of Czar Peter, at all events, has been the mere creature of the imperial pleasure. The truth is that a French noble in the Middle Ages differed from a Muscovite noble in the last three centuries precisely as *earl* and *thane* differed in Anglo-Saxon England, the former being his own man and the latter the king's man. Our attention is also directed to a significant feature of Russian society, the almost total absence of a genuine middle class. The number of persons engaged in trade and manufactures is shown to be surprisingly small, and indeed all the privileged classes taken together constitute but a very slight percentage of the total population. The changes introduced by the new law making military service compulsory for all subjects of the Czar, and the method of recruiting the Russian navy, are explained at length by Mr. Wallace; but in spite of the equalization of burdens in some directions, the weight of taxation still falls on those least able to

bear it, the peasant class. The revenues of the state are chiefly fed by the poll-tax and the impost on alcohol, by far the most profitable of the indirect contributions, and both of these are mainly sustained by the agricultural laborer. This book shows us how considerably these exactions are enhanced by the necessity of meeting the annual instalments of purchase-money for the land which the manumitted serf now owns in fee, and we are made to see that the full fruits of emancipation cannot be looked for before 1910, when the *mowjik* will be relieved of this part of his burdens. Another subject which might well engross a volume to itself, and which necessarily absorbs much space in Mr. Wallace's work, is the diversity of land tenures obtaining in the Northern Empire, and particularly the system of collective ownership which exists in the vast central belt known as Muscovy proper, or Great Russia. The account of the Russian commune given in this book is unquestionably the best in English, but it is neither so full nor so lucid as M. Leroy-Beaulieu's. Neither is Mr. Wallace's description of the *mowjik's* moral and intellectual status of the patriarchal manners engendered by the communal life and of the deplorable condition of women in the peasant class so effective as the French author's, although the former had apparently better opportunities of observation, having lived for some years in a Russian village. On the other hand, the portrayal of the ecclesiastical system, of the relations between the "white" and the "black" clergy, and of the various schismatic movements, is less complete and satisfactory in the papers communicated to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" than in the English book. Mr. Wallace exhibits the precise relation of the church to the sovereign, and points out that the ecclesiastics and the nobility are linked by none of those ties of interest and sympathy which bound the two orders together under the French *ancien régime*. About the internal economy of the monasteries he has little to say, for he does not appear to have had facilities for studying them in detail. Neither do we find much information in this volume about the actual state of the higher education in Russia, about the appliances and scope of the universities and academies established in the large cities. We miss, too, a comprehensive, discriminating view of Russian literature as it exists at the present time, — such a view as would enable us to judge whether it ought to be treated as a mature, substantial outgrowth, or with the patronizing indulgence due to incipient effort. A Russian book of tolerable cleverness is too apt to be regarded in Western Europe as a kind of miracle, and hitherto has rarely been submitted to the normal standards. Two other points to which our author allots considerable space deserve notice. One is the Imperial Code and the administration of justice by the courts of law. Under this head we are reminded that

in Russia statute legislation is but a crust superimposed upon a structure of folk-law, which presents wide discrepancies in different parts of the Empire. The system of communal ownership, for example, which is traditional with forty millions of the Czar's subjects, is not prescribed but only tolerated by the Imperial Code, and may be discarded by a given community with the concurrence of two thirds of its members. We may add that the popular impression regarding the corruption of the judicial administration and of all departments of the Russian civil service seems to be confirmed by this observer. The other topic of special interest here discussed is the extent to which the Russian people has been intrusted with self-government by the present ruler. The exact functions assigned to the local assemblies and the questionable results of the present partial experiments are set forth at length. We can only note that neither Mr. Wallace nor M. Leroy-Beaulieu considers Russia yet ripe for a parliamentary system. Such are some of the questions suggested by the study of New Russia, and we repeat that to these the present volume supplies the only adequate answers attainable in the English language.

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2. — *Joan: A Tale.* By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 216.

If we had not the Earl of Beaconsfield's word for it, we might infer from the works of certain female novelists that the social atmosphere of England is not free from a certain taint of animalism. We suppose, for instance, that the irrepressible person who signs herself "Ouida" never got anything but animadversion from the censors of the press, yet she goes on writing, and very nice people continue to buy her books. This could hardly be the case if the principles and motives which in her books shape the relations of men and women were honestly believed to be a libel on society. In her case it seems clear that the reviewer is more strait-laced than the public to which he ministers, and that the English middle-class is not at heart indisposed to accept notions of life which we should think neither rational nor wholesome. There is another author, who belongs to what ought to be described as the fleshly school, but who, we are told on the covers of her last novel, is with one exception the most popular writer of fiction of her sex. It would be unfair to ignore the positive merits which Miss Broughton's books obviously possess, although it may be doubted whether these fully account for her success. She has, for instance, a few types of character, which do duty in all her stories, but which are sufficiently clear-cut conceptions; and she has the art of making a figure winning without endowing it with

too much perfection, or perhaps we should say that she shares with the author of "Guy Livingstone" the art of making a figure winning in spite of too many imperfections. Her dialogue, too, is brisk and sometimes witty, and her style for the most part crisp and unconventional. A plot she cannot construct, but this is a point in which most English novelists are weak as compared with the French, and it may be said of Miss Broughton's situations and incidents, that they are adapted skilfully enough to the evolution of character, and are sufficiently connected for her purpose, which is not dramatic, like Charles Reade's, but biographical, like Thackeray's. In all these respects, however, Hardy's books are much superior; must be placed, indeed, on a very different plane as works of art, yet it is certain that they do not find so many readers. We cannot but think that the remarkable vogue which the writings of Lawrence, "Ouida," and Miss Broughton have had in England attests a certain obliquity of the public taste, which of course is promptly disavowed when the source of the pungent flavor characteristic of those productions is pointed out. Good people are said to be mildly curious about the lives and thoughts of persons whose acquaintance they do not court, and there is no doubt that the authors we have named contrive in a more or less overt way to satisfy that curiosity. A stock character, for example, in Miss Broughton's books, and one therefore, we must presume, in which the interest of her readers is unflagging, is the athletic, good-looking, well-mannered young man, good-natured, but thoroughly selfish and indolent, whose one purpose in life is the gratification of the appetites, and whose only creed is a misty recognition of certain gentlemanlike modes of doing it, — the sort of hero, in short, who, if he happens to hold a commission in a regiment stationed in a provincial town, is spoken of by the young women of the neighborhood as "delightfully naughty." Having brought this stereotyped favorite on the stage, the author is careful to inform us what species of attractiveness the "captain" or "colonel" most values in the other sex, and to invest one or more of her heroines with the requisite attributes. In her latest novel, "Joan," the rock of offence to the masculine intellect, but loadstone to the feminine affections, is a "colonel," who thus naïvely explains to one young lady how he came to marry another woman. "You know," he tells her, "the sort of power that she always had over me, — the domination over all that is base in me, — before I well knew it, honor, that is godfather to half the dishonorable actions in the world, had manacled me for life." We are not left in doubt as to the specific fascinations of the successful candidate. Her name is Lalage, which in a sober moment the "colonel" admits conveys the idea of a "tipsy, demoralized Bacchic," and she has "taken that earliest step toward a man's

esteem and affection, — she is plump." Moreover, she has eyes "moderate in size, narrow in shape, but brimful of a cold, quick devilry; a merry, bold red mouth; a face which through sheer gaudiness of hue and splendor of animal life drives you into hotter commendation than you often give to more real loveliness." The novelist never tires of depicting the unspiritual nature of Miss Lalage's attractions, and presently returns to the theme after this fashion: "She is the only *décolleté* woman in the room, but then probably no other woman in the room has such a bust to exhibit. What a neck it is! What a great deal of it! What a smooth sea of pearl! What shoulders! What arms, — absolutely unclothed but for the two tiny shoulder-straps which alone hinder her garment from entirely taking French leave." It is obvious that this is not the way in which a writer would depict mere animal comeliness, unless he meant the reader to rate it very highly, and unless he meant to give it a potent rôle in his story. The truth is, that physical attractiveness of a somewhat coarse sort is an almost inseparable adjunct of those heroines who in Miss Broughton's books achieve the chief end of woman, a desirable marriage. The lesson is not only left for inference, but is now and then explicitly inculcated, that the secret of feminine charm is a more or less adroit appeal to the least lofty and wholesome passions of human nature. In a word, the characteristic flavor of this author's work would vanish if her view of the normal relation existing between the sexes in society should on a sudden become somewhat etherealized. We need not say that it is quite possible to depict discreditable facts in very different colors without warping or soiling the moral purity of the most sensitive reader. The Madame Bovary, for instance, of Gustave Flaubert is more effective than most sermons which avowedly rebuke a violation of the Seventh Commandment, and it is plain enough that the career of Becky Sharp throws no glamour over vice. It was probably his wary, discreet portrayal of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's experiences which Thackeray had in mind when he dwelt with satisfaction on the thought that he had never written a line or a word which his young daughters might not read.

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3. — *First Principles of Political Economy, with reference to Statesmanship and the Progress of Civilization.* By Professor W. D. Wilson, of the Cornell University. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird & Co. Ithaca: Finch and Hagar. 1877.

If every professor of Political Economy in every educational institution in the country is to write a book, the subject bids fair to be thor-

oughly discussed; and it is to be wished that some part of the effort could be directed to procuring some application on the part of Congress even of principles upon which all the writers agree. Still it is of interest to know what principles are to be impressed upon some hundreds if not thousands of young men in such an institution as Cornell. English Political Economy is apt to be pretty hard in its contemplation of human fortunes, and to regard human beings as so much organic matter. If there is a distinction in the American branch, it is perhaps in considering that the human entity has a soul which cannot be left out of the account. With this tendency we have entire sympathy, only in a process of severe reasoning it needs to be closely watched. In all similar treatises great importance is attached to primary definitions, and as with the extended sides of an angle, a divergence apparently small in the beginning leads to conclusions extremely wide apart. Thus a supposed difference between intrinsic and exchangeable value is made by Professor Wilson on the basis of an apotheosis of labor. We have always supposed that in the struggle between labor and capital the former was at a disadvantage because capital could wait while it could not; but under the new theory the capitalist is to be coerced by fear of loss, while the laborer is to have the option of severely letting alone. It needs only the name of the publishing-house to indicate what view Professor Wilson takes of free-trade and protection; but his defence of the latter is very moderate, and involves positions which we think none but extreme doctrinaires need hesitate to accept. The accounts of money and banking cover those subjects fairly well in their ordinary operations, but do not enter upon the more subtle workings of credit-paper issues which make those instruments among the most dangerous elements of modern society. There is no edge-tool which is handled more recklessly than what is called free banking. A great deal is said about the reserve of cash which ought to be kept in banking, but few persons reflect upon the cost to the community which is involved in maintaining this unstable equilibrium, in keeping the reserve from becoming too large for profit or too small for safety. As to the law of population, Professor Wilson, after making every allowance, feels obliged to admit that its increase may overtake the possible increase of wealth. His idea of remedy appears somewhat original. He makes it an "inevitable law" that rent and interest decrease with the increase of distributive wealth, that is, wealth per head of the population. It might be doubted whether such increase would be precisely the effect of population overtaking the means of subsistence. But, assuming it to be so, he thinks the rent or interest of capital would fall very low, "most likely to nothing." As the rich would have nothing to live upon, they

must go to work, while as capital would have no value, the poor could command it. As one of the first consequences, "all mere waste will be stopped; we must give up tobacco and whiskey; and the luxuries, as they are called, will be dispensed with." Lifting the eyes to the actual world, one wonders what period, at the present rate of progress, might be assigned for attaining this desirable consummation. "But I expect nothing from Political Economy without Christianity." We should say that, as far as the evidence in hand goes, the latter was decidedly the best reliance.

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4. — *La Légende des Siècles.* Par VICTOR HUGO. Nouvelle Série. Paris: Calmann Lévy, Editeur. 1877. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE literature of our century presents one name which pales, no doubt, before the universal lustre of Goethe's, but whose many-sided brightness seems to eclipse its contemporaries. Victor Hugo has done many things, and he cannot be said to have done anything ill. His novels, for instance, have followed the stories of Dumas into every nook and corner of the civilized world, although they obviously appeal to a distinct order of minds, and challenge a far more serious attention. In the teeth of violent opposition his dramas conquered a foothold on the stage of the Comédie Française, and have since been reproduced in translation, paraphrase, or libretto by most of the great theatres in Europe and America. Until lately the success of the novelist and the notoriety of the dramatist had in some degree obscured his lyric triumphs, although he early vindicated his claim to leadership in a choir which has included the voices of Lamartine, De Musset, Gauthier, and De la Vigne. In the "Legend of the Ages," of which a new series has just appeared, we have a composite, incoherent creation which has been absurdly called an epic, but which is really strong and admirable only where the author works familiar veins, namely, in the lyric, idyllic, and narrative parts.

It would be more reasonable to treat "Les Miserables" as a novel than the "Legend of the Ages" as an epic, and this of course is tantamount to saying that the latter is in no sense an organic work, cast in a determinate artistic form, and evolving a central thought, but a mere fasciculus of poems presenting an endless diversity of structure and tone. In the compass of a brief notice we cannot be expected to glance in detail at any of these, but we may state in passing that an episode entitled "Paternity," in the Pyrenean Cycle, is a characteristic example of the writer's narrative style, and that the "Song of Sophocles at

Salamis," as well as the portrait of Chloe, in an idyl headed "Longus," express the spirit of the antique with more felicity than anything we know, unless it be Gauthier's cameos. But there is one distinctive quality which pervades Victor Hugo's poetry, and is conspicuous in the volumes before us, and which cannot therefore be overlooked in the most cursory reference. This is the spontaneity of his utterance, the catholicity of his aims and methods, his vehement revolt against the authority of models and traditions, which cramped for some two centuries the development of French literature. In lyric verse Hugo is what Diderot was in other directions, — an iconoclast, and he may be said to have burst the gyves of precision and propriety which Malherbe and Boileau affixed to the French lyre. He has created, or rather resurrected, a new art of poetry and a new poetic vocabulary. In other words, he owes almost nothing to his predecessors of the so-called classic school, and exhibits a curious case of reversion to Ronsard and Clement Marot. This is the secret both of the acrimonious debate which a new volume by Victor Hugo commonly provokes at home, and of the prompt recognition which it secures in foreign countries, — he never writes in the grooves which Frenchmen have been taught to think the immutable laws of form, but with a freedom of touch once applicable to all the Romanic languages while they were still ductile and fervid. Regarded as an artist, and with an eye to his shortcomings and failures no less than to his master-strokes, Hugo is seen to have little in common with Goethe or Racine, but to belong somewhere in the category of Shakespeare, Marlowe, De Vega, and Jean Paul.

When we weigh the influence on an author's contemporaries and immediate successors of a work like this "Legend of the Ages," which, in spite of some ruggedness and faultiness, is a positive, massive, and fecund achievement, we can see that the peculiarities of personal character, the attitude and pressure of individual minds, which in social science we have so often to disregard, are factors indispensable for the explanation of some literary phenomena. It is tolerably certain, for instance, that if Regnier had not died young, he might have hindered Malherbe and the pedants of the seventeenth century from chastising the graceful nonchalance of Ronsard, and it is equally certain that André Chenier, had he lived, would have done much of the work which it was left to Hugo to carry out. As it was, until the rise of "romanticism," of which we need not say our author is the most eminent champion, it had come to be the creed of Frenchmen that the classic school had given to every form of poetry a consummate and flawless type from which divergence was a kind of blasphemy. Even French lyric verse, for instance, like the Greek tragedy, was expected to look well to her gown,

compose her features, and move with a staid step. The troubles and perplexities of real life, homely passions and griefs, were banished from the canvas, and of course the studied refinement and chastened grace of such compositions required a language of their own, a sustained and dainty diction limited in scope, but exquisitely tempered. Now, Victor Hugo's example has gone far to dethrone such principles and models. In the "Legend of the Ages" there is a miscellany of themes, and a variety of treatment which is shocking to those conservative men of letters who take their cue from Boileau, and keep alive a reverence for what they call the "language of the gods." No doubt much of the raw material worked over in these volumes comes from what "classicists" esteem the legitimate storehouse, namely, from Greek myths and Roman chronicles; but their distinctive merit is that the author seems equally able to detect some flute-notes of beauty amid the crash and discords of daily life, and that what oppressed Racine, for instance, — the rush and scramble of interests, the jostlings and tramplings of the street, smoke of market and din of forum, — seem powerless to tease or cloud his spirit. The result is that even the levities, quips, and follies which were interdicted by that demure and fastidious mistress, the classic Muse, have been welcomed back by the apostle of romanticism. In a word, the faults not less than the felicities of Victor Hugo, considered as an artist, are the inevitable outgrowth of his method. He is not always successful in borrowing from Nature her bizarre effects of light and shade, or in compelling as she compels the trivial to relieve or heighten the sublime. He sometimes carries too far the hint that nonchalance is the refinement of artifice. And finally, his canvas undoubtedly reveals the latent powers of the grotesque, which, as he somewhere tells us, is "leagued on one side with terror, and clinging on the other to the tendrils of pity," but he does not always perceive that at its feet yawns a gulf which we call bathos.

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5. — *History of French Literature.* By Henri Van Laun. Part II. From the Classical Renaissance to the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877. 2 vols. pp. 392.

The first part of this History, which we noticed in our January issue, extended from the origin of French literature to the Classical Renaissance. The second, lately published, extends from the Renaissance to the close of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; and a third will probably complete the subject, bringing it down to the present time.

Mr. Henri Van Laun enjoys peculiar advantages for executing the task

he has undertaken, and in part performed so well. The first of these advantages consists in his not being by birth a Frenchman. This fact is indicated by his name and by the style of his book, which is not French, as a comparison of the work of M. Taine, which he translated so admirably, with this original production of his own will show. The inveterate tendency of Frenchmen to regard everything French as the best of its kind would have rendered impartiality like Van Laun's impossible. We presume that few Frenchmen would have so freely acknowledged certain points of inferiority in his own race that are exposed in the historical sketch of the Celts or Gauls, which Mr. Van Laun has prefixed to his "History of French Literature." This guaranty for a fair account of the merit and influence of the writings which he had to pass in review is certainly no mean vantage-ground.

Another peculiarity of the French people is their small success in the acquirement of foreign languages. Whether their inferiority as linguists arises from natural incapacity, or from contempt of other languages in comparison with their own, the fact is certain that in no other nation of Europe do we find so few, even among educated men, who can speak in any tongue but that of France. On the other hand, we find that the Teutonic and Sclavic races of the European continent have a facility in the acquisition of languages greater than that of the English and the Americans, and very much greater than that of Frenchmen. Now, in the absence of more reliable proof, Mr. Van Laun's remarkable proficiency, both in French and English, goes far to convince us that he is not of Celtic or Gallic extraction. But, however this may be, his familiarity with French and English is a second advantage, whose importance cannot well be overrated. Notwithstanding all pretences to the contrary, we agree in an opinion which has been ascribed to Ralph Waldo Emerson, that an Englishman or an American gains a better knowledge of any foreign writer from a good translation — such, for example, as those of our author — than from his own perusal of the original. Accordingly, when we perceive that Mr. Van Laun's knowledge of French is as perfect as that of an educated Frenchman, we feel further assured that, other things being equal, he is able to give us a better history of French literature than if he was less at home in the language in which it is written. Moreover, his thorough knowledge of English enables him to think in English, and to furnish spirited and accurate translations of all the passages which he quotes in illustration. To most English readers this is a positive boon, as M. Taine's translation of English quotations into pure French must be even a greater boon to the people of France.

Mr. Van Laun's notion of literary history is that it forms an integral

part of the civil history of nations. "The history of a literature is the history of a people; if not this, it is worthless. To know merely what books have been written, and who wrote them, is to know a number of dry facts which may encumber the mind but cannot inform it. To know what our predecessors and our contemporaries have written and thought, to throw ourselves into the mood of an author, assimilate his work, comprehend and develop his meaning, to make a literary production our own, so as to have the power of reproducing it at our pleasure, without at the same time being familiar with the circumstances under which it was first conceived, and the annals of the age in which it saw the light, — this is impossible." Following out this conception, he interweaves with the political and ecclesiastical history of France the history of the chief authors of each period and of their works, explaining the origin, estimating the merit, and valuing the influence of these works, — in a word, bringing into full view the literature of the nation as a necessary factor in the national existence.

The period embraced in the part now under consideration is, perhaps, the most important in French history. It includes what has been termed the Augustan age of French letters. It begins with the Jesuits and the League, and closes with the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, including the lives and writings of all the celebrated poets, dramatists, orators, moralists, and philosophers of the *Grande Nation*, — Ronsard, Malherbe, Corneille, Brantôme, Sully, St. Francis of Sales, Pascal, Madame Sevigné, Mademoiselle de Scudery, Richelieu, Descartes, Molière, La Fontaine, Scarron, La Rochefoucauld, Boileau, Racine, Malebranche, and La Bruyère, and the pulpit orators Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénélon, Massillon, and Saurin, together with a hundred others of less celebrity.

In conclusion, the fact that Van Laun is the translator from the French of Taine's "History of English Literature" almost forces on us a comparison of their respective works. To young men Taine must be the most fascinating, to men of mature years Van Laun must be the most satisfactory. Taine's style is characterized by splendor, yet it is the splendor of clouds, delighting while bewildering; Van Laun's is solid and perspicuous, affecting no gorgeous speculation, and venturing on no transcendental theories. His feet are continually on the ground, and we can follow him whithersoever he goes. There is no such hypothesis in his work as that Hamlet was a partial development of Shakespeare himself, or that Milton, the republican, the Puritan, and the regicide, borrowed the scenery of his celestial court from the palace of the Stuarts, — the abode of "Bacchus and his revellers," — by whose persecution driven "old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he re-

tired to his hovel to die." Van Laun's book, as we have said, is not French, although it is an excellent and interesting history of French literature.

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6. — *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* By LESLIE STEPHEN. In two Volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877. 8vo. pp. 482, 481.

THIS elaborate work was suggested directly, as Hunt's "Religious Thought in England" was indirectly, by Dr. Pattison's remarkable paper in "Essays and Reviews" on the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England between the Years 1688 – 1750." Mr. Stephen, known heretofore as a literary essayist and brilliant writer, has here boldly addressed himself to a great work, in which Mr. Hunt has met with indifferent success, and in which the Rector of Lincoln College has always displayed the hand of a master. His special qualifications for dealing with its religious and philosophical issues are great industry and an easy facility in mastering and condensing the many-sided statements of a controversy into a few intelligible propositions. To this may be added a good, clear, well-formed literary style, which makes his pages bright and readable amid the severest discussions. But the great drawback, and one which impairs this history of thought in the same way in which Gibbon's great work is permanently injured, is that the author is himself a believer neither in Christianity nor in an intelligent Deism, but a disciple in the school of Morley, Martineau, Buckle, and Harrison, who holds that "the mind becomes an accurate reflection of the external universe." He is an "agnostic" philosopher, who puts aside all faith in the supernatural, who discards the belief in a personal God, who does not even see that the world is directed by an Intelligent Will. If such a writer reduces the highest things in life to Matthew Arnold's principle of "conduct," it follows that the intellect, cut off on the spiritual side from contact with the unseen, and divorced on the human side from the sentiments which unite reason with emotion, becomes merely the cold and formal instrument of human progress, and that the many forces which blend in the shaping of thought, even when evolved chiefly out of present experience, are neglected or overlooked. Mr. Stephen's book is written upon this theory, and is thoroughly vitiated by it. It is common to speak of the eighteenth century as the lumber-room of dreary, theological speculation and impracticable philosophy, but Mr. Stephen's point of view makes it even worse, as concerned chiefly if not only with mere inanities of thought and belief; and yet out of this century came or through it was transmitted the seeds or germs which have made the

present century in some respects the bright consummate flower of civilization.

While his point of view and thoroughly pagan creed incapacitate him for understanding Butler's Analogy, and appreciating William Law's spiritual teachings, and duly estimating the religious reaction under Wesley, it does not affect his estimate of the other movements of thought during the century, — the political theories taught by Locke, the French influence of Montesquieu and Rousseau, the superb instinct of Burke for the fundamental principles of government, the work of the political economists, and the social and literary reaction which set in at the close of the century. Here he is the clear and dispassionate historian of secondary sociological movements to which the unsoundness of his religious creed has no special relation, and in our judgment these are the best parts of his work. Even in other parts, if one bears in mind that the theory behind everything is that the intellect alone is the supreme factor in human progress, the history does not fail to be instructive and helpful. But Mr. Stephen, as has been ably pointed out by Dr. Pattison in the March "Fortnightly Review," where he aptly called the eighteenth century "the age of reason," has notably failed even to indicate, much less to trace, the relation of English to contemporary Continental thought during this period. Hume is the special prophet of the century, and one hears nothing of Kant and other thinkers, save slightly in France at the period of the Revolution, and yet England was never so insular but that the currents of thought on the Continent reacted upon British leaders, and influenced, if they did not direct, English thinking. It is a limitation which seriously impairs the usefulness of these volumes to the student by ignoring the parallel movement of the century in other centres of thought. If one knows precisely why a book is written, it is comparatively easy to use it intelligently and to forget its limitations in gratitude for its fresh presentation of old questions and brilliant pictures of the days that were. Mr. Stephen has not only written laboriously, but here and there his thoughts are incisive and often become epigrammatic, condensing into single sentences the suggestive results of the widest reading. One or two specimens will illustrate our meaning: "Thought moves in a spiral curve, not in a straight line"; and again, "It would not be extravagant to say that Mr. Darwin's observations upon the breeds of pigeons have had a reaction upon the structure of European society." And such sentences also show how much of the best thinking of which a man is capable has gone into his work. It is this conscientious industry and quick intelligence, which is manifest on every page, that makes these volumes indispensable to all who would understand the sources of thought in the present century; and for a

partial statement of the truth, for that which a man can see and understand who looks only to the earthly issues of human thought, there is "a deal of confused fine feeding" in this thoughtful and learned work.

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7. — *Nach dreissig Jahren. Neue Dorfgeschichten von* BERTHOLD AUERBACH. 3 vols. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1876.

IT is not every writer who would do what Auerbach has done in these his latest volumes, that is to say, who would go back after an interval of thirty years to take up anew the very form of composition which first brought him real fame. Very many authors would prefer to forget their early writings, and would go back to them only to exterminate and destroy; but Auerbach was fortunate enough to be successful in his first attempts, and, indeed, it may well be questioned whether he has ever reached a higher mark than in the village-stories on which his fame is tolerably sure to rest. Since writing them he has tried higher flights, but with varying success, for at times he has got into the clouds, and he is best where he has the firm ground, and firm German ground, beneath his feet. In these volumes he not only goes back to his old methods, he has even taken up the threads of some of his old stories, with the double aim of writing more village-stories, and of showing indirectly how great advances Germany has made in civilization during the last thirty years. Now it is hard to believe that a man of sixty can at will recall the spirit of thirty, and, indeed, it may be questioned whether it is to be hoped that he should. There was in his first stories a certain poetical flavor, consisting of a love of nature, and a sort of simplicity which sits better on youth than on maturity, and which, if not naturally present, can never be imitated. It is as hard to recall as is light-heartedness when one is miserable, so that if this poetical aroma is missing here there is no occasion for surprise. Moreover, the other incentive to writing these stories, the patriotism, is a quality, however excellent, which is by no means sure to produce good stories, any more than in our war it produced good war-songs, although the field for them was unoccupied. A story that is written to convey instruction in modern history is as likely to fail in interest as if it was intended to teach geography or any other branch of polite learning. Hence it is not surprising that these three volumes, each of which contains the continuation of one of the old stories, should be lacking in interest.

The first one, *Des Lorle's Reinhard*, is the sequel to *Die Frau Professorin*, one of the best of all he wrote in the old days. It will be remembered for its account of the young girl who marries the painter,

and is taken by him to the city, where discord arises between them. In this continuation we have the artist in Rome, where he had been living comfortably after an informal separation from his wife, hearing suddenly of her death. Stricken by remorse, he determines to return to the village where he had first met her, and, giving up his worldly life, to atone for his previous negligence to her by living in that quiet spot and devoting himself wholly to penitence. But even here, and with thirty additional years behind him, and accustomed as he was to being made much of, he could not withstand the fascinations of a young peasant-maiden, who, moreover, had been almost an adopted daughter of his wife, and had heard from her nothing but praise of him. In time he asks her to marry him, he is accepted, but before the marriage can take place a catastrophe intervenes, and the book ends. It is hard to make out what Auerbach meant by the story. That artists must marry peasant-women, that peasant-women are the most irresistibly fascinating women in the world, or what? Be the answer what it may, the story of a man fifty years old who for the second time in his life makes a foolish marriage is not agreeable reading.

In the third volume is to be found *Das Nest an der Bahn*, the continuation of *Die Sträflinge*. It is even poorer than the one just described, for it does little more than tell how the man and wife who had their unhappy past behind them suffered from the inquisitiveness of their neighbors, and how they married their children very creditably. The father of the family is station-master at some little stopping-place, and lives with his family in the station; thirty years ago he would have had nothing to do with a railroad.

Der Tolpatsch aus Amerika is decidedly the most readable of the three. The young hero, the son of the former Tolpatsch, goes back to the old country to get a wife, and the story of his wooing is well told. To be sure, at times excessive care is taken to point out the various points of difference between the two countries, but on the whole the instructive part is but slight in comparison with the romantic. This romantic part, however, is of the old-fashioned sort, which long practice has made Auerbach know by heart. The sudden falling in love which characterizes his heroes and heroines was never more clearly marked than here, and no talk was ever naïver than that which fills all of these stories, but this one of the youth from America is by all odds the best.

The stories lack the naturalness and the charm which filled their predecessors; the characters no longer seem like men and women whom the author has studied, but like people who try to be very simple, and to live up to the quaintness of their dialect. After all, the reader should be prepared for disappointment; no writer has the gift of immortal youth.

8. — *Philosophical Discussions.* By CHAUNCEY WRIGHT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1877. 8vo. pp. 434.

THIS book is the work of an author who should and who will be more widely known. Outside of his class-fellows at college and the select circle of his Boston friends, he is little heard of, but the Discussions, fugitive as they are, which he has contributed to the most advanced philosophy of the age, are so full of profound thought and acute ratiocination, that he must stand, in future, among the yet few great thinkers which our young country has produced. It is not that we subscribe to all, or even many, of his conclusions that we thus praise him, but that we admire the extent of his researches, his mastery of the most difficult subjects, and his penetrating intellect. He has grappled with the most arduous disquisitions, both philosophical and scientific, of the present adventurous time, and dared to criticise them in such a manner as proves that, if he had lived longer, and concentrated his efforts on some great work, he might have given us a system of philosophy which, though perhaps alarmingly heterodox, would have ranked him with Jonathan Edwards and Laurens Hickok among ourselves, or with Mill and Spencer of England. In the days of Edwards he probably would have exercised his dialectic ingenuity in a defence of Calvinism, — for he is eminently a critic of contemporaneous thought, — and we regret that we have not from his pen a review of Hickok's "Rational Psychology," — a work which he was fitted to handle, either in the way of confutation or confirmation, with greater ability than any of those who have attempted to pass judgment upon it. It has always struck us as a strange thing that errors committed in other treatises of the Schenectady Professor, or some other circumstances to us unknown, have shut out from general notice this his most elaborate and meritorious production; an *a priori* or synthetic science of mind which distances anything of the kind that has yet appeared in the United States.

Mr. Wright's discussions were, with three exceptions, contributed to two periodicals. The chief of them first appeared in this Review, and are entitled, "A Physical Theory of the Universe," "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," "Limits of Natural Selection," "The Genesis of Species," "Evolution by Natural Selection," "Evolution of Self-Consciousness," and the "Conflict of Studies." It will be apparent from these very titles that all the essays, save the last, are closely connected with the modern doctrine of evolution, and even the last has no remote reference to the same theory. The author enjoyed an advantage over

most philosophers in being as much at home in science as in metaphysics; and therefore his conclusions, whether we agree with them or not, do not rest on comparative ignorance. Whosoever would competently arbitrate in present controversies between science and theology must be an expert in both, and until our clergy, or at least the ablest of them, become thorough students of science as well as of divinity they are sure to have the worst in the encounter.

Mr. Wright is an evolutionist of the extremest kind. In the minds of most believers in evolution, the term means not only continuous succession, but continuous progress or advancement from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the less perfect to the more perfect. This belief is implied in the very words "survival of the *fittest*." But Mr. Wright, while adhering strenuously to the doctrine of development, appears to have abandoned the concomitant idea of progressive improvement, and would call the Darwinian theory the *Derivative* and not the *Development* hypothesis. He regards the phenomena of the universe as resulting from "a corrupt mixture of law and apparent accident," and in opposition to "the theory of evolution," as "a generalization from the phenomena of growth," he would propose another and a better generalization, which he calls "the principle of counter-movements." As long as evolution or development included progress from the less to the more perfect, a man might be a Darwinian without being an atheist, — he could see in nature an originating power and a superintending providence. This we understand to be the position of Tyndal, Huxley, and the rest. A first cause they come to at last. But according to Mr. Wright's new principle this ultimate refuge of the theist is destroyed. Evolution is simple derivation, and may as easily be retrogressive as progressive. This is, indeed, a dreary landing-place; but our author's quest of truth as he sees it appears to lead so far, and he is not afraid to follow it.

Few expressions have been more fanatically abused than the phrases, "An evil heart of unbelief," and "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." No doubt there have been many in ancient times who ignored a Supreme Ruler because their deeds would not endure inspection, and their desires and passions were too gross to be indulged without compunction while God was in their thoughts; and in these latter days there may be as many who wish Christianity to be false and theism an illusion, because the former interferes with their wickedness by teaching retribution, and even the latter might imply responsibility and a hereafter. But to class all scepticism as proceeding from a wicked heart, and all doubt of a God as a certain mark of sinful folly, is pure fanaticism. There are at this day many unbelievers whose characters

are as lofty and whose lives are as pure and useful as the lives and characters of most orthodox believers; and among this number we must reckon Chauncey Wright. Prefixed to the Discussions is a very graceful and affectionate biographical sketch by his friend Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, from which it appears that he was a retiring, modest man, amiable, charitable, just. The pursuit of truth was the prevailing motive of his life. He was no bigot, intolerant of opposition and deaf to antagonistic argument; but, as he himself said of John Stuart Mill, "He sincerely welcomed intelligent and earnest opposition with a deference due to truth itself, and to a just regard of the diversities in men's minds from differences of education and natural dispositions. These diversities even appeared to him essential to the completeness of the examination which the evidences of truth demand. Opinions positively erroneous, if intelligent and honest, are not without their value, since the progress of truth is a succession of mistakes and corrections. Truth itself, unassailed by erroneous opinion, would soon degenerate into narrowness and error. The errors incident to individuality of mind and character are means, in the attrition of discussion, of keeping the truth bright and untarnished, and even of bringing its purity to light." Here is at once a proof of his amiability and his love of the true. The true was to be sought through good report and through evil report, and with the belief that in the free collision of minds light would be struck out.

Mr. Wright's style and mode of thinking make his disquisitions hard reading. They are too compact of thought, and are expressed in language which was familiar to the author, but which to the common reader appears extremely technical. A little more expansion and definition would have opened up their treasures without demanding a search so constant and an attention so sustained.

Besides the longer articles already alluded to, there are nearly the same number of shorter ones that appeared in the New York "Nation." These articles are on kindred subjects, and mainly on the controversy between Mill and Hamilton, as the latter was vindicated by two of his most distinguished pupils, the late Dean Mansel, and Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College.

The volume contains, besides, a long and able article "On the Uses and Origin of the Arrangements of Leaves in Plants," communicated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is a fair specimen of Mr. Wright's method of treating a scientific subject, and he has not failed to combine with his botanical observations their bearing on his favorite theory of development by fitness.

The article on education, entitled "The Conflict of Studies," was called forth by an essay of Professor Todhunter of Cambridge, England.

It chiefly discusses the place of mathematics in a college curriculum, and as a contribution to the Science of Instruction it will reward perusal. If we ever have a science of education it must be founded on an accurate psychology, for how can we train a mind in all its capacities if we do not previously know, with the precision of a true mental philosophy, what these capacities are, and what are their relations to one another? The discussion of this topic by a writer competent to the task, even though it should extend to two successive articles, might find a proper place in this Review, which aims at guiding the public mind in the freshest and most important questions of the day. With a more extended experience in teaching, another Chauncey Wright would be able to handle the subject in such a manner as to render material aid to that reform of our present methods after which our best colleges are earnestly endeavoring.

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9. — *Majolica and Fayence: Italian, Sicilian, Majorcan, Hispano-Moresque, and Persian.* By Arthur Beckwith. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. pp. 185.

Within a limited space Mr. Beckwith has not only produced a good text-book, but has succeeded in incorporating in the volume a great deal of technical and artistic information relative to Majolica and Fayence, both ancient and modern. It is pleasant to notice that, with a just appreciation of the marvels of art stored up in our midst, Mr. Beckwith, in his text and illustrations, refers generally to such specimens of Majolica as may be seen in the Castellani collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is indeed an unmistaken token of the rapid art-progress made in the United States, when such a really good volume as Mr. Beckwith's book is produced, and when comparisons between the text and the actual art-objects can be made in New York to-day, without a Transatlantic journey. Commencing with the use of Majolica, Mr. Beckwith clearly defines what is not so well known in regard to it, to wit, that this superb pottery, with its wonderful designs and glowing colors, served rather as presents, heirlooms to be preserved, than as utensils in common use. The development of art in Italy, tracing its phases from the Egypto-Assyrian period until the coming of the Renaissance, forms an excellent introduction to the book. The history of each of the numerous schools of ceramic work in Italy, the origin of the *votegas*, are carefully yet succinctly told. No less important parts of the book are those portions devoted to modern work. The names of the leading European makers in Europe, China, and Japan, their places of production, and the quality and characteristics of their work are

given. A well-executed table of marks will be found useful to the collector. Between Mr. Fortnum's ponderous volume on the Maiolica in the South Kensington Museum and Mr. Beckwith's more modest work, if a comparison is to be made, it is quite favorable to the American book. There is a certain amount of diffuseness about Fortnum which at times makes the research for information quite a laborious task. Mr. Beckwith must be congratulated for not only having compiled a useful but an interesting volume; for with both pen and pencil, in text and illustration, he has furnished ample material for the study and appreciation of Majolica and Fayence in the United States. The spelling of the word *majolica* seems still unsettled. Are we to use, in the United States, the term majolica, or are we to render it maiolica? For very good and logical reasons English authorities write maiolica. It would be wiser, perhaps, if we inclined to uniformity and adopted maiolica.

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10. — *The Poetical Works of John Keats. Chronologically Arranged and Edited, with a Memoir, by* Lord Houghton. London: George Bell and Sons. 1876. 16mo. pp. xxxii, 493.

Lord Houghton's editorial task has been spared the labor which still awaits upon the editor of Shelley's poems, or of Landor's later writings; for the text of Keats, unlike these, has escaped serious corruption. This circumstance has been especially fortunate for the fame of Keats's work, in which so much depended upon the ultimate refinements of form. For it was this "natural magic" of expression, to use Mr. Arnold's phrase, this unapproachable power to render the charm of the outward world, that constituted the special gift of Keats. The special gifts of utterance possessed by other great poets of his time — Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley — were widely different from this. Wordsworth's was an elemental dignity; Byron's, a directness and force which gave him a wider hearing than any other poet in his generation; Shelley's words were a lyric cry and rapture, *vox clamantis in deserto.* But beneath their forms of expression there was, in the case of each of these poets, an effective content of thought which would have assured him hearing and influence in spite of greater faults of diction than Byron's more frequent heaviness of manner, than Wordsworth's graver textual corruption, than any that befell Shelley. Keats, on the other hand, triumphed by the flawless perfection of his form. Although his powers of thought were in swift development when he ended; although, as we see in the Ode beginning, "What can I do to drive away Remembrance?" or in the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," these powers were begin-

ning to range on equal terms with his divine gift of expression, yet in the larger part of his achievement the value of the form predominates. Much of what Keats left is indeed, in the glowing phrase of Mr. Swinburne, "absolutely faultless, visibly unsurpassable." And how much care Keats took with his form, thus fortunately preserved uninjured, how much pains in the transmission of the vase containing the sacred fire, is illustrated by one of his letters quoted at page 314 of the present edition. Writing to Mr. Taylor, under date of June 11, 1820, he finds some alterations made for the worse in "St. Agnes' Eve," as the proofs were passing through the press. In the seventh stanza he cancels this reading: —

> "Her maiden eyes incline
> Still on the floor, while many a sweeping train
> Pass by."

"'T was originally written," he said,

> 'Her maiden eyes divine,
> Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
> Pass by.'

My meaning is quite destroyed in the alteration. I do not use *train* for *concourse of passers-by*, but for *skirts* sweeping along the floor."

Other changes here given are of equal interest, notably in the "Ode to Melancholy," at page 236. But the chief service rendered in this edition is the collection, now made for the first time, of the whole of Keats's verse, including even, in Lord Houghton's phrase, "some worthless compositions," and the arrangement of the whole in chronological order as "a faithful, self-drawn picture of a short and sad poetic life." The prefixed biography of Keats is a serviceable one; but it is written with a somewhat less clear and careful touch than that which a younger generation than Lord Houghton's has learned to look for in a similar case, — a generation accustomed to the painstaking biographical *études* of French and German editors.

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11. — *The Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.* By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876. 8vo. pp. 473.

This is one of those too frequent biographies in which the author's language of extravagant and almost unmixed eulogy puts the reader on his guard at once. Mr. Yonge seems to have forgotten that the spirit in which a modern professor can claim the right to teach us history is

not quite that in which Burke flamed into his famous panegyric on this same heroine, that "surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision." With all the ardor of an equal devotion to the beautiful French queen, this most recent among her defenders rushes to her aid as though she had but newly been assailed, and champions her cause with a spirit that does more honor to his heart than to his head. Perhaps, like Burke, he too laments that "the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded": but even the threat of this reproach cannot keep us from the opinion that he has written a most ill-considered book.

At this distance of time, as Mr. Yonge himself admits with fatal readiness (p. 37), "there is perhaps no person of historical importance whose conduct, in every transaction of gravity or interest, is more minutely known, or whose character there are fuller materials for appreciating," than Marie Antoinette. That conduct and character have certainly been fully canvassed, and an estimate has been formed of them which neither time nor any recent revelations have greatly changed. The comparatively few faults have been forgotten; the many merits and the occasional signs of greatness have been carefully remembered; the great pathos and beauty and courage of her last days will always make her a heroine to the readers of history. But it is impossible not to rebel against the demand that this estimate shall be replaced by one which either does away with her errors altogether or deduces virtues from them; and it is such a demand that Mr. Yonge has made of us. Still more impossible is it to connive at the attempt to give new lustre to her life and qualities by the simple process of blackening those of her contemporaries; and this endeavor Mr. Yonge seems to us to make with an impulsive thoughtlessness that hardly wins him confidence.

In both these directions he does not hesitate at a little inconsistency. "The part which she took against the great minister [Turgot]," he says, — a part of which he is forced to confess that "France and all Europe to this day feel the sad effects," — "was the fruit of *mere* inconsiderateness, and ignorance of the feelings and necessities of the nation; and that, *if she had known* the depth of the people's distress, and the degree in which it was caused by the viciousness of the whole existing system of government, she would gladly have promoted every measure which could tend to their relief, we may find abundant proof in a letter which she had written to her mother." The italics are ours, of course; but they merely serve to point out what we submit is a somewhat peculiar statement for an author who, a few pages before, has been holding up his heroine as strong in statecraft and political penetration, and penetrated by a desire "to promote the happiness of the people," which was

not a mere "barren philanthropy," but an intelligent purpose. The attempt to show that Marie Antoinette comprehended the needs of France, the influences at work around her, or the causes of popular discontent, is useless; and the unconscious admission in the paragraph that we have quoted shows that Mr. Yonge must feel it to be so.

If it is difficult in a few words to give a correct idea of the extravagant tone of praise that forms the one repellent feature of this book, a few extracts will at least afford an indication of the wholesale denunciation that forms the other. It is against Lafayette that perhaps the worst specimens of this are directed; and an example of them will fairly show the kind of loose statement on which Mr. Yonge expects us to rely, as well as a very easy method of pulling down a popular hero. He quotes in a footnote on page 266 a remark said to have been made by Napoleon at St. Helena, that Lafayette was a man "sans talents, ni civils ni militaires," and of "idées vagues de liberté." And having cited this opinion of an enemy with all the confidence that could be shown if the undoubted facts of history sustained it, he proceeds to amplify it into this: "He [Lafayette] had taken no part in the debates, being entirely destitute of political abilities; and he had apparently no very distinct political views, but wavered between a desire for a republic, such as that of which he had witnessed the establishment in America, and a feeling in favor of a limited monarchy, such as he understood to exist in Great Britain, though he had no accurate comprehension of its most essential principles. But his ruling passion was a desire for popularity; and as he had always been vain of his unbending ill-manners as a proof of his liberal sentiments, and as his vanity made him regard kings and queens with a general dislike as being of a rank superior to his own, he looked on the present occurrence as a favorable opportunity for showing marked disrespect to Louis." This is the mild introduction given to the character of the republican Marquis; but this is but a step toward what follows. As commander-in-chief of the National Guard and protector of the palace, he sought "every opportunity to gain an ignoble popularity by an ostentatious disregard of all their [the royal family's] wishes, and of all courtesy, not to say decency, in his behavior to them." These accusations lead on to a perfect storm against the unhappy Lafayette; he figures as one of the queen's chief persecutors throughout the story; he "plays a double game"; he is her evil genius, and she distrusts him rightly after all that she has "suffered at his hands." The very index to his exploits has a certain vindictiveness; he "shows insolence to the royal family," "insults the nobles who come to protect the king," "shows personal animosity to the king," etc.; and Mr. Yonge casts him into his Austrian prison burdened

with a load of obloquy that fairly defeats its own purpose. Mirabeau is another target for this kind of attack. The man who truly said, when he lay dying, that he "carried in his heart the death-dirge of the French monarchy,"— the one man who could and would have saved the crown, — seems to Mr. Yonge another of Marie Antoinette's brutal persecutors, another of the vindictive enemies of her peace and insulters of her majesty. Throughout the book there is something personal, something indescribably angry and hot-headed, in the way in which Mr. Yonge espouses his heroine's cause; and one has an inclination to smile at his fiercest invectives, and transfer his attention from the argument to the indications of the author's ardent temper.

Certain features of Mr. Yonge's style are perhaps less worthy of attention. Yet we confess that his translations from French documents occasionally seem to us conspicuously awkward; nor are we prepared to find Goethe spoken of with somewhat unnecessary particularity as "the celebrated German writer, Goethe." We are not informed which biography is meant when Mr. Yonge refers to "Goethe's biography, p. 287," for his authority as to the "celebrated writer"; and there are similar instances of rather slipshod reference throughout his notes.

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12. — *Report of the Board of Commissioners of the New York State Survey.*

Probably few of us are aware that we do not possess any maps of our Eastern States which are worthy of the name. Those which our map-publishers furnish us are the best, doubtless, that can be made from the material which is available, but they are wanting in the essential characteristics of a good map, in that they do not accurately represent the location of the points indicated upon them, nor do they pretend to give any information as to the surface-character of the region indicated. A good map must not only be accurate, but must distinguish mountains from valleys, and give such details that, when we see it, we can form a definite idea of the character of country it represents; whereas from our present maps it would seem as easy to build a straight railroad from New York to Buffalo as from Chicago to St. Louis, and the only distinction indicated between the fertile valley of the Mohawk and the desolate wilds of the Adirondacks is that one is colored blue and the other pink, or *vice versa*, as the case may be. Without accurate maps and well-defined boundaries there never can be any certain and undisputed titles to land. Without good topographical maps no great railroad line can be intelligently laid out, as the present deplorable financial status of railroad interests throughout the country abundantly

proves. The general government, after giving away millions for the building of railroads over practically level plains, which, by an ingenious wording of their charter, became mountains in the eyes of Congress, is spending thousands, as some may think extravagantly, for the preparation of topographical maps of its great unexplored region in the West, which will soon be better known to us geographically than many of our populous Eastern States. Pennsylvania, whose railroad interests and immense mineral resources are so intimately connected, appropriates $ 50,000 annually for the maintenance of a topographical and geological survey of her State.

From the little pamphlet under examination we learn that New York has awakened to the importance of the subject, and has commenced a State survey on principles which, if consistently and intelligently carried out, may serve as an example to the whole country. In April, 1876, a board of commissioners, consisting of six most intelligent and public-spirited men, was appointed for making an accurate trigonometric and topographical survey of the State for the determination of State and county lines, etc., "to serve without compensation." This board, which consisted of Messrs. Wm. A. Wheeler, Horatio Seymour, John V. L. Pruyn, R. S. Hale, Fred. L. Olmsted, Wm. Dorsheimer, and F. A. Stout, after deliberating upon the best method of carrying on the work, proceeded to appoint Mr. James T. Gardner, a gentleman of long experience on the California and Government Surveys, and of high personal character and enthusiastic in his profession, as Director. With the caution of a truly scientific man, Mr. Gardner devoted the first summer to making a general plan of the work, carefully examining the present maps of the State, the condition of State, county, and township boundaries, and laying out a primary triangulation through ten of the midland counties. This Report contains the result of his labors and those of the commissioners, so concisely expressed that it were almost impossible to condense it, and it should be read in its entirety by all who have the best interests of the State at heart.

The Report wisely lays principal stress upon the practical results of the Survey, which appeal to and can be understood by all, leaving the scientific advantage, which is appreciated by the few and already understood by them, to speak for itself. One of the first evils to be remedied is the want of well-defined and permanent boundaries, which vitiates the whole system of land-surveys. Mr. Gardner says of the present condition of county boundaries: "Although the boundaries of eleven counties, having over sixty corners, were examined in whole or part, yet only two corners were found marked with any authentic monuments." The present maps locate many of the principal cities and

towns, such as Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, and others, from 1½ to 3 out of their true position. He estimates that in the case of the Oswego Midland Railroad, $ 20,000,000 might have been saved to the people of the State had they possessed an accurate topographical map. He proposes to establish permanent monuments, to be used by local surveyors, and to be the basis of topographical maps, whose position shall be determined by a general triangulation throughout the State, at an estimated cost of not more than $ 200,000. Of the $ 20,000 appropriated for the first year's work, only a little over $ 3,000 was expended, and yet, in spite of the general approbation manifested by the most intelligent men throughout the country, opposition to the undertaking has been made on the ground that it is a great and unnecessary expense, and one which the condition of the country does not demand. Surely a State which has already spent $ 7,000,000 and is about to spend as much more upon a Capitol, with regard to the beauty of which, to use a mild expression, architects seriously disagree, and which certainly can be of no practical benefit to the people at large, ought to be able to give as much as this to enable its citizens to know where they live, whether they are fairly taxed, and what are the boundaries of their land.

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13. — *Gastronomy as a Fine Art; or, The Science of Good Living: A Translation of the "Physiologie du Goût" of Brillat-Savarin.* By R. E. Anderson, M. A. London: Chatto and Windus. 1877.

Presuming that among all the reserved rights of the publishers or translator of the "Physiologie du Goût," the right of criticism is not included, we must venture the remark that Mr. Anderson's *raison d'être* can hardly be considered sufficient for his performance. "The present attempt," says Mr. Anderson, "to present Brillat-Savarin in an English dress is due to a statement made last year in 'Notes and Queries,' to the effect that a translation was and had long been a decided want in English libraries." Such a want may have long been felt in English libraries, but it is not a violent presumption that most people who resort to English libraries are able to read Brillat-Savarin in his vernacular, and if they cannot, the translation of Mr. Anderson will scarcely give them an adequate idea of the original. There have been several attempts made at rendering this most Frenchy of French authors into English, and there was published in New York, some twenty-five years ago, a rendering of the "Physiologie" into our mother tongue by Fayette Robinson, which, if not as scholarly as the translation of Mr. An-

derson, answered a good purpose in affording English readers an opportunity of judging of the scope and merits of the work. What Brillat-Savarin needs is not translating into English, but competent editing in French; and it is surprising that a work so often quoted as the "Physiologie du Goût," which may be regarded as a classic, should not have already received that editorial attention which a good many works of lesser merit have had bestowed upon them. By English readers generally Brillat-Savarin seems to be regarded as a Ude or a Soyer, or a Gallic Doctor Kitchener, but, as an author, he is *sui generis*. Mr. Anderson compares him to "that charming student of humanity, Montaigne," but there never were two authors who were so dissimilar in all essential characteristics. There is not in the "Physiologie du Goût" a particle of cynicism, or of that petulant ill-nature which is the result of personal suffering, which gives a kind of piquancy to Montaigne, who takes his reader into unreserved confidence in his diaries. The author of the "Physiologie" is equally unreserved, but it is in admitting his readers to a participation in his enjoyments; if he ever had any uncomforting experiences, and he must have had many, he keeps them to himself. He is always gay, and overflowing with good-humor, notwithstanding the tragedies of which he was the witness, and the privations he must have endured when thrown upon his own personal resources in exile. He was a philosopher always, and he had established a reputation by his essays on political economy (*Vues et Projets d'Economie politique*, 1802), by his essay on duels, his work on the Archæology of the Department of L'Ain, as a member of the Constituent Assembly, and as judge of the Court of Cassation, long before he had been heard of as an authority in gastronomical science. The "Physiologie du Goût" was, in truth, the last product of his varied and long-protracted career; and although the style in which it is written is gay and graceful, and it abounds in sallies of brilliant *persiflage* and wit, it was not published until his seventy-first year, in 1826, and although he died within the year of its publication, he had the happiness of witnessing its popularity and of enjoying the fame it brought him. It has grown in popularity from the day of its publication, and has been studied with profit by many, who think it important that human life should be rendered as agreeable and innocent as the conditions of an earthly existence will permit. Few authors have achieved a reputation by their works after attaining to the years of threescore and ten, — a period at which Dr. Johnson, to test his intellectual powers, commenced the study of Dutch.

But Brillat-Savarin felt no misgivings in bestowing his "Physiologie" upon mankind; he was still fresh and vigorous, and his memory capacious, at the age of seventy. What he did fear was that his work might be

considered as frivolous, as the product of an old man whose official occupations had been of a grave character. He had special qualifications for his work. He knew the world; he had travelled extensively; he was master of seven languages; his favorite authors had been Voltaire, Jean Jacques, Fénélon, and Buffon. He had studied chemistry and physiology, and his memory was a vast repertory of facts and words. He enjoyed good health, was well connected, easy in his circumstances, and above all he was endowed with a benevolent nature that no adverse condition could impair. There was nothing lacking to render him in all respects adequate to the task he imposed upon himself of teaching mankind how to live, and he accomplished his work so well that it remains, and is likely to remain, unequalled in its special character. He did not profess to teach the art of Cookery, but some of his inventions in the preparation of delicious dishes, of which he gives hints, are still in use on both sides of the Atlantic. After escaping the guillotine, as he did by the skin of his teeth, he found his way to the United States, at a time when Talleyrand and Louis Philippe, and many others of his countrymen sought a shelter in this country, but he tells very little of the means by which he earned his living here; it is well known, however, that during the three years he remained on this side of the Atlantic, at the close of the last century, he taught French, and at one time he led the orchestra at the Park Theatre. He mentions being in Boston, and of teaching M. Julien in that town how to make *fondue.* He tells some characteristic stories of New York society, and always in good-nature, but he gives us a charming idyllic picture of rural life in New England for which every New-Englander should render him homage. An old American farmer "who lived in the backwoods," as he calls a place in the neighborhood of Hartford, invited him to his plantation to shoot partridges, gray squirrels, and wild turkeys. Accordingly on a fine day in October, 1794, he set out with a companion, both mounted on hacks, in the hope of reaching, by dusk, Mr. Barlow's farm, fifteen miles from Hartford." After inspecting the farm, which he would be happy to describe, as he says, did he not prefer to describe his host's four buxom daughters, whose ages ranged from sixteen to twenty. "They were radiant with freshness and health, and in all their manners and movements so simple, lithe, and easy, that even the most ordinary movement lent them a thousand charms." The dinner to which the farmer treated them "consisted of a superb joint of corned beef, a stewed goose, and a magnificent haunch of mutton, with vegetables of all kinds, and at each end of the table two huge jugs of excellent cider, of which he never tired of drinking. After tea they retired to bed, where they slept luxuriously, and the next morning started for the virgin forest, where they

had a fine day's sport in shooting wild turkeys, partridges, and squirrels, and on returning to the farm found the four sisters waiting for them in fresh dresses, new sashes, pretty hats, and dainty boots"; another good dinner followed, with cider, and punch, and songs, and conversation about the war and Lafayette and agriculture. The birds, the turkeys, and the squirrels were taken to Hartford the next day, and were served up artistically by the jovial Savarin himself as a banquet to his friends. It is somewhat strange that although he bestows so much praise upon the wild turkey, he does not anywhere make mention of any other of our game birds or fishes. He does not appear to have known anything of shad, nor of our oysters, nor of the canvas-back ducks which our European visitors are now so eager to become acquainted with.

The famous "Fundamental Truths" of Brillat-Savarin, twenty in number, will not all bear examination; some of them are paradoxical, and some are unmeaning; the fifth of them is, however, fundamental, and is the key to the whole mystery of the art of good living.

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14. — *Goethe: Vorlesungen gehalten an der Königl. Universtät zu Berlin von* Herman Grimm. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz. 1877.
Goethe: Lectures delivered at the Royal University in Berlin, by Herman Grimm. 1877. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 314, 303.

The press of Germany has been groaning in travail with the works of Goethe, and with the works about him, for nearly half a century since his death, and there does not seem to be any near prospect of the travail ceasing. Within a year several new and elaborate biographies of him have been announced, and each author appears to be sure of presenting some new aspect of this many-sided man. Herman Grimm has an evident advantage in his chosen point of view, as he undertakes to set forth the great poet less as the Apollo of Weimar and its Parnassus than as the master genius of Germany at large in the new pride of its consolidated empire. He gives these lectures of laudation in Berlin, which has been sometimes jealous of Weimar and her demigods of culture, and which has tried in former years to set up her severer thinkers and scholars, such as Humboldt and his associates in science and philosophy, as the greater lights. This jealousy has now vanished. The Emperor is glad to inaugurate the statue of the Grand Duke of Weimar, the patron of the poet, and Herman Grimm is welcomed to the Royal University of Berlin to put upon his hero's head the crown of honor in the name of united Germany.

These lectures are very full and instructive; especially rich in treat-

ing of the poet's personal career, the interior history of his literary life, his mode of studying his subjects, the connection of his works with the persons and events of his time, the influences that formed his character and gave him his place in his own age and in the ages of literature. If there is any defect in the author's delineations, it is more from the want of a thorough philosophical training than from the poverty of his literary knowledge and accomplishment. The sketches are very graphic, agreeable, and in the main satisfactory. Some features are quite novel in university lectures, such as the minute accounts of Goethe's love-affairs and the liberal allowance for his flirtations, in connection with the strong disposition to vindicate his morality, as in the case of the Countess von Stein, who is represented as an exemplary woman, enthusiastic for literary genius.

There are twenty-five lectures in this course, and they consider Goethe's life in two unequal parts, — the Frankfort period, 1749 – 76, and the Weimar period, 1776 – 1832. The Weimar period is again divided, by the poet's journey into Italy in 1786 and 1787, into two unequal portions, and when he returned from Italy, in 1787, he was in some respects a new man, — no longer a court functionary as before, but a devoted student, thinker, and poet, a votary of science and art for themselves. The lectures follow his career with considerable minuteness until the death of Schiller in 1805, which is reached in the twenty-first lecture, and the space remaining is given to the general characteristics of his life and works, with especial emphasis upon "Faust," the poem which is represented as embodying the poet's own experience, and as being the most original production of our age, if not of any age; Faust himself being a creation before whom the heroes of history hide their diminished heads, and in whose presence fancy is shown to be more true and real than what usually passes for fact.

The most important bearing of this book of Grimm is its influence upon the general estimate of Goethe as a man, and in this respect the result is favorable. He is shown to have been laborious, affectionate, charitable, and self-controlled. Even in his relations with women, where his softness sometimes appeared, he is seen to have been more susceptible than selfish, and in prominent cases more ready to protect weakness than to tempt folly. The story of his connection with the coarse, gifted woman who was his wife, after being his mistress, is frankly told, not without brightening light upon his married life, yet without removing English and American dislike of such laxity. The disquisitions upon Goethe's influence upon the new literature, especially upon romance and the drama, amply reward the reading of the whole book.

15. — *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877. 12mo. pp. 502.

Few men within the narrow limits of a country parish were ever more busy than Charles Kingsley, few from such possible obscurity have reached out to a wider present influence, and few have left a similar record of charming home life. The story here modestly told by Mrs. Kingsley with tender affection and excellent taste reminds one of what Coleridge said of Keble's life at Hursley Vicarage, though no men could have been wider asunder in their ways of looking at the same truths than Kingsley and Keble. The one, stepping out into the broad arena of modern thought and life, did what the other accomplished by his authority in the direction of pure ecclesiasticism, and both had that genuine literary faculty by which in the common sphere of the imagination they went beyond the bounds of creed and became religious teachers to the wide world. Mr. Kingsley inherited a passionate intensity of nature, which, unfitting him for the silent studies of a man like Mill, made him the excellent intermediate between the investigating student and the eager public. He was never in matters of thought exactly a self-contained man. Carlyle's "French Revolution" was his book for restful reading, and Carlyle in earlier, and Maurice in later years divided the honor of being his master and leader. And yet, if not himself a leader in the highest sense, he was certainly the leader of the multitude as the exponent of their thoughts. The interest in the story of his life in England is proof of the intense sympathy which all classes have with a man who was at once poet, novelist, preacher, professor, ecclesiastic, and scientist, and who was second-rate in nothing which he did. His career of usefulness in a private station has seldom been surpassed. Great indignation was aroused against him for "Alton Locke," and afterwards for "Yeast," because he had championed the Chartist and socialistic movements which aimed to protect the workingmen, and an Oxford professor could even scent the heresy of immorality in "Hypatia"; but all this he lived down by his own inherent goodness, better known in the lapse of years, and though he died at the early age of fifty-six, he had accomplished as much during these years in each of many departments of activity as most men with a longer life perform in one.

Mrs. Kingsley has been true to the memory of her husband in these pages, which are rather improved by the abridgment of the American editor, and the story has abundant merits as the full sketch of Charles

Kingsley in his essentially private life, but the memoir and letters have an independent value for the glimpses of the society of the best people in England during the middle of this century. Maurice, Carlyle, Max Müller, Tennyson, Froude, Hughes, Stanley, are a few of the persons who appear in these pages, and Kingsley gradually found himself sought out as the most desirable guest or companion wherever he went; but there are no traces of the morbid man of genius, and dangerous as were his socialistic affiliations at one period of his life, he never quite lost his balance. The qualities which give present value to these memoirs are what contribute to the value of his novels. They are largely photographs of current society and present thought. Kingsley was emphatically the man of his age, and whatever other men felt or believed he felt and believed too. Such a man is seldom consistent in thought, however he may be at heart. "You logical Scotchmen must construct consistent theories," he once said to the "Country Parson," known as A. K. H. B.; "I have intuitions of individual truth. How they are to be reconciled I know not." But his very inconsistencies as the expression of his personal convictions give a certain charm to this memoir, and in a higher sense there was no inconsistency in his way of holding and teaching the highest truths and convictions. His life carries to men a splendid example of untiring, unselfish work, in which the man always rose to his opportunity, and without the egotism and ambition which usually accompany men of genius, responded manfully to the promptings of the spirit within and of duty without. If not as great as his admirers would be inclined to rate him, few in his generation have lived a more useful or a nobler life.

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16. — *A Ride to Khiva.* By Fred Burnaby. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877.

Of the many books on Central Asia printed during the last twelvemonth, Captain Burnaby's narrative of his journey on horseback through the Aral desert to Khiva is the most spirited and readable. He does not give us so much information regarding the resources of the country visited or the social condition of its people as other travellers have collected in other parts of Turkistan, but he is endowed with the literary faculty, which cannot be said of all the workers in this field. Nevertheless, this volume, like the works of Schuyler and Arnold, is not free from the suspicion of bookmaking, because like them it wastes much space on the preliminary jaunt through European Russia, a theme which by this time is somewhat trite. When, however, he reaches

Khivan territory, after successfully traversing the most impracticable and ill-watered waste of Asia, with no escort except two or three faint-hearted and stupid servants, he has much to tell us that is novel and interesting. It will be remembered that Schuyler was unable to visit this, the most flourishing and latest conquered of the three Khanates, and it is evident from Captain Burnaby's experience that the Russian officials are still unwilling to allow the state of things in that quarter to be scrutinized by Europeans, since, although our author's journey was nominally countenanced, his guide was secretly directed to conduct him, not to the Khan's capital, but to Fort Alexandrovsk on the east bank of the Oxus. When this order was evaded, and the presence of the Englishman in Khiva became known, he was at once summoned to the post named, but meanwhile he had contrived to crowd a good deal of sight-seeing into a few days, and had convinced himself that the Russian hold upon this Khanate is precarious, while England is regarded as the natural ally of the Mohammedans in Turkistan. Our traveller had an interview, for instance, with the Khan's treasurer, who was extremely anxious to learn his business, and to know if he had been sent to Khiva by the English government. The man expressed much surprise that the Russians had not stopped Captain Burnaby on the route, but when he learned that the latter had not yet been at Fort Alexandrovsk, "Ah, that accounts for it," he said, with a sarcastic laugh. "They do not much love you English people, though by all accounts you are now on speaking terms and not at war." "Do you think this state of things will last long?" the Englishman asked. The man grinned, and stretching out his arm pointed eastward. "They are pushing onward," he replied, "you will have an opportunity of shaking hands with your friends before long. Four years ago we were quite as far from Russia as you are at the present time; and you have not many white men in India." To the same purport was a conversation which the writer of this book had with the sovereign himself. This Asiatic ruler, he tells us, is taller than the average of his subjects, being quite five feet ten in height, and is strongly built; his face is of a broad massive type, he has a low square forehead, large dark eyes, a short straight nose with dilated nostrils, and a coal-black beard and mustache, while "an enormous mouth with irregular but white teeth, and a chin somewhat concealed by his beard, and not at all in character with the otherwise determined appearance of his face," completes the picture. One of the first questions the Khan asked of the English stranger was whether it were true that the son of the latter's queen had lately married the daughter of the Czar, and he was also very anxious to know whether Englishmen loved the Russians as much as the latter said they

did; "for if I am to believe what I hear from other sources," he continued, "and particularly through the Bokharans, there is not much love lost between the two countries, and the people in India are not at all eager to have their *dear friends* as such near neighbors." And then followed an amusing speech: "You had a war with Russia some years ago, and were the allies of the Sultan. There was another Khan, however, who helped you at that time, and from all accounts you took some Russian territory. Now," pursued the speaker, "I want to know if it is true that the Khan who was then your friend has been since defeated by another power, and that thereupon the Russians laughed at you, and said you were weak and could not fight without your friend, after which they retook all the territory they had previously lost." Of course Captain Burnaby repudiates this view of contemporary history, but the Khan after a pause goes on, "We Mohammedans used to think that England was our friend because she helped the Sultan, but you have let the Russians take Taschkent, conquer me, and make her way into Khokand." The Khivan sovereign winds up with an inquiry which in the light of recent telegrams from Eastern Turkistan we can see was singularly pertinent, — "What shall you do about Kashgar? Shall you defend Kashgar or not?" On the whole, the impression left on his visitor's mind was that the Khan was the most intelligent and least bigoted Mussulman in his dominions. Of the Khivans generally, indeed, Captain Burnaby conceived a high opinion. He rates their civilization much higher than that of the rural provinces even in European Russia, and states that, owing to the custom of surrounding every farm or garden with high and strong stone-walls, the country is admirably adapted for defence. He is confident that with the help of a few English engineers and some modern artillery the Khivan territory might easily have been secured against the Russians, and he intimates that it might be as easily recovered. The writer of this book makes no secret of his conviction that the collision between the governments of Taschkent and Calcutta cannot be long delayed, and in that event it is to be hoped that England may have the services of many officers as accomplished as himself, who unites to the qualities of the soldier an intimate acquaintance with Mohammedan usages and prejudices, and a mastery of the Arabic and its derivative languages which few Europeans possess.

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